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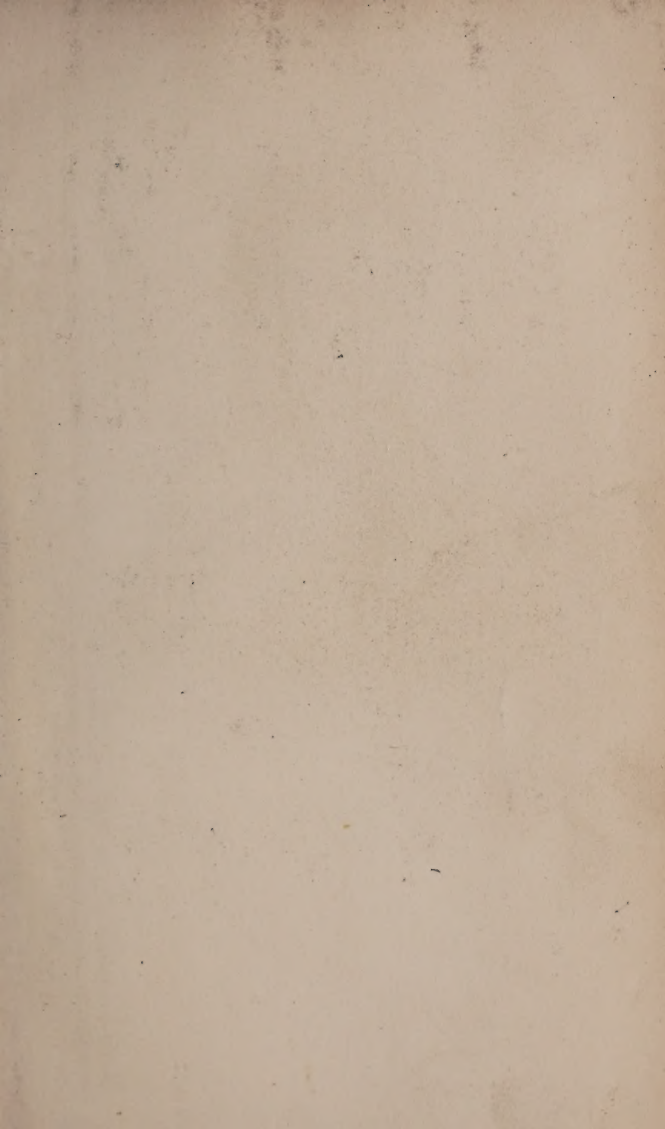


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Zeffer. Sculp.

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Curio

CURIOSITIES OF BIOGRAPHY:

OR,

MEMOIRS OF WONDERFUL

Curiosities of

AND

EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTERS.

Biography.
1855

EDITED BY

ROBERT MALCOLM.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS.

LONDON AND GLASGOW:

RICHARD GRIFFIN AND COMPANY.

1855.

2009

BELL AND BAIN, PRINTERS, GLASGOW.

ESTATE OF
JOSEPH H. CENTER,

JULY 14, 1903.

1903

1903

PREFACE.

IF there be any merit in communicating useful and curious information in a concise and portable form, this volume of REMARKABLE AND ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHY has some claim to public approbation. Within a far less space than is sometimes devoted to the life of a single obscure individual, it gives authentic accounts of ONE HUNDRED AND TEN celebrated or singular persons, distinguished by their extraordinary qualities either physical or moral; and that, too, without excluding any of the more important details contained in the original sources from which the materials of the work have been drawn. Those who are any way conversant with this department of literature, have only to cast a slight glance over some of the latest sketches in order to be sufficiently satisfied upon that point; nor will it at all surprise them to be told, when they look to the table of contents, that there is here concentrated in three hundred and seventy pages, the essence of twenty volumes.

With regard to the nature and object of the work, very little need be said. In every page it speaks significantly

for itself. The reader who loves to study human nature in its extremes, will here find a rich store of materials admirably suited to his purpose; while he who seeks merely to satisfy his curiosity as to remarkable facts respecting remarkable persons, cannot fail to be equally surprised and gratified, both by their amplitude and their singularity. As truth is always important to this last class of readers, there is one circumstance which, to them at least, must render the volume doubly valuable; the utmost pains have been taken to ascertain the accuracy of the statements it contains, and nothing has been admitted into its pages except what has been hitherto recognized in the literary world as strictly authentic. To other classes of readers, however, it is obvious that such a work must also be highly acceptable; but to none more, perhaps, than to that imaginative class who delight in the excitement created by romance; because in many of the narrative sketches which it contains, they will find real incidents and events not less remarkable, wonderful, and interesting, than those which have been wont to charm or astonish them in the novel or the fairy tale. They will discover in every page a proof of the adage, that truth is far stranger than fiction.

I N D E X:

	Page
Alice,	89
Alleyn, Edward, a Celebrated Actor and Philanthropist, .	257
Andrews, Mr., a Famous Billiard Player,	53
Aram, Eugene,	37
Bart, John,	368
Bazile, Andre,	172
Belgrade, a Remarkable Camp-Suttler,	35
Bentley, Nathaniel,	360
Beronicius,	158
Big Sam,	375
Bigg, John, the Dinton Hermit,	245
Birnie, Patie, a Famous Fiddler of Kinghorn, . . .	97
Bisset, S.,	219
Blacker, Henry, a Famous English Giant,	135
Bright, Edward, the Fat Man of Malden, in Essex, .	23
Brodie, William,	306
Bryan, Daniel, a Gallant Old Tar,	132
Burgess, Rev. Daniel,	20
Buxton, Jedediah,	68
Campbell, James, one of the Heroes of Fontenoy, . .	30
Carew, Bampfylde Moore,	14
Case, John, a Celebrated Quack Doctor,	305
Caton, Cornelius, a Whimsical Richmond Publican, .	91
Catozze, Marc,	120

	Page
Clark, Joseph,	246
Cornaro, the Celebrated Writer on Longevity, . . .	137
Crazy Crow, Porter to the Dublin Theatre, . . .	247
D'Aguilar, Baron,	288
Dancer, Daniel,	371
Desmond, Countess of,	280
Desseasau, Chevalier, an Eccentric Prussian Officer, . .	254
Dickinson, Richard, Governor at Scarborough Spa, . .	170
Dolly of the Chop-house,	52
Dunstan, Sir Jeffery,	340
Elwes, John,	271
Eponina, a Celebrated Roman Matron,	328
Evans, Henry, Born 1642, and Died 1771,	157
Farrel, Owen, a Celebrated Irish Dwarf,	131
Finch, Margaret, Queen of the Gipsies,	31
Foscue, a Famous French Miser,	213
Gale, John, born Deaf and Dumb,	88
Gibson, Richard, Royal Court Dwarf,	48
Gibson, William, a Self-taught Philosopher,	167
Godfrey, Mrs.,	165
Godiva,	200
Grahn, Theodora, an Eccentric Prussian Lady,	94
Grose, Francis,	240
Guy, Thomas, the Miser and Philanthropist,	58
Hall, Jacob, a Celebrated Rope-Dancer,	244
Hardman, the Corn-Cutter,	136
Hastings, Henry, Chief Forester to Charles I.,	153
Hobson, Tobias, the Celebrated Cambridge Carrier, . .	226
Hopkins, Matthew, Witch-Finder General,	128
Howard, The Rev. Dr.,	103
Hudson, Jeffery,	264

	Page
Jennings, William,	324
Jenkins, Henry,	142
Kelsey, John,	152
La Maupin, a French Female Singer and Duellist, . .	125
Lambert, Daniel,	175
Lamburn, Margaret,	206
Laugher, Thomas, aged One Hundred and Seven, . .	268
Law, John, Author of the Famous Mississippi Scheme, .	99
Living Skeleton, The,	343
Logan, the American-Indian Chief,	32
Lovat, Lord, Executed for Treason in 1747,	61
Mackean, James,	313
Magliabechi,	26
Manly, George,	92
Mapp, Sarah, a Remarkable Female Bone-Setter, . .	208
Massaniello,	81
Miller, Maximilian Christopher, a Saxon Giant, . .	72
Moll Cut-Purse,	292
Morland, George,	317
M'Pherson, Samuel,	215
O'Brien, the Irish Giant,	301
O'Groat, John,	75
Old Boots of Ripon,	171
Old Harry, a Famous Raree-Show-Man,	79
Old Parr,	143
Old Sealcits, <i>alias</i> Scarlet, Sexton of Peterborough Cathedral, .	229
Oliver Cromwell's Porter,	327
Orator Henley,	202
Orme, John,	223
Ostervald, a Famous French Miser,	213
Overs, John, a Miser of the Olden Time,	210

	Page
Paracelsus,	49
Patten, Margaret, or Gibson,	300
Paulet, Harry, a Patriotic English Sailor,	261
Peter, the Wild Boy,	293
Powell, Forster, the Celebrated Pedestrian,	265
Prince of Palagonia, The,	148
Pugatschew, Jemeljan,	231
Sebrimshaw, Jane, Born 1534, Died 1711,	164
Shakeshaft, Thomas, Last Claimant of the Dunmow Fitch of Bacon,	123
Shepherd, Anne, Royal Court Dwarf,	48
Sheppard, Jack,	190
Sixtus the Fifth,	1
Snell, Hannah,	7
Stanley, John, a Blind Musician and Composer,	136
Strong, Joseph, a Remarkable Blind Mechanic,	73
Topham, Thomas, the Wonderful Strong Man,	105
Trenck, Baron,	347
Van Butchell, Martin,	333
Wandering Jew, The,	55
Warner, Henry Lee,	77
Whitney, James, a Celebrated Highwayman,	196
Whittington, the Famous Lord Mayor of London,	111
Wild, Jonathan,	184
Woodcock, Elizabeth,	248

CURIOSITIES OF BIOGRAPHY.

SIXTUS THE FIFTH.

IN the long line of pontiffs who have successively filled the chair of St. Peter, few are so remarkable not only on account of their exaltation to that honour from the meanest condition in life, but also for the extraordinary expedient by which he contrived to raise himself to the papal dignity, as Sixtus the Fifth.

He was born in 1521 at La Marca, a village in the signiory of Montalto. His father, Francis Peretti, followed the humble calling of a gardener, and his mother was a servant maid. He was their eldest child and was called Felix. At the age of nine years he was hired out to an inhabitant of the village to keep sheep, but having dis-obliged his master, he was degraded to be keeper of the hogs.

In this servile employment young Felix was engaged when Father Michael Angelo Selleri, a Franciscan friar, inquired of him the road to Arcoli, to which place he was going to preach. The boy conducted him thither, and the father was so struck with his conversation and eagerness after knowledge, that he recommended him to the fraternity which he was visiting. Felix was accordingly received among them, invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and placed under the sacristan, to assist in sweeping the church, lighting the candles, and other offices of that nature, for which services he was to be taught the responses and the rudiments of grammar. His progress in learning was so surprising, that at the age of fourteen he was thought qualified to begin his noviciate, and accordingly the following year he was admitted to make his profession.

With such unwearied assiduity did he prosecute his studies, that he was soon reckoned equal to the best disputants. In 1545 he was ordained priest, and assumed the name of Father Montalto ; soon after which he took his doctor's degree and was appointed professor of theology at Sienna. The severity and obstinacy of his temper involved him in continual disputes with his monastic brethren ; but his reputation for eloquence, being by this time spread over Italy, gained him friends. Among these were the Colonna family and Father Ghisilieri, by whose recommendation he was appointed inquisitor-general at Venice ; but he exercised the office with such severity that he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat from that city. He then went to Rome, and soon afterwards accompanied Cardinal Buoncompagno to Spain, as chaplain and consulter to the inquisition.

During his residence in that country, Pope Pius the Fourth died, and was succeeded by Father Ghisilieri (who had been previously made a cardinal,) under the name of Pius the Fifth. The intelligence of this event gave the greatest pleasure to Father Montalto, who was immediately invested with new dignities. He was made general of his order and bishop of St. Agatha ; and it was not long before he was appointed a cardinal and received a pension. About this time he was employed by the pope to draw up the bull of excommunication against queen Elizabeth.

Montalto had now acquired sufficient consideration to encourage him to turn his eyes toward the papacy, and in order to obtain it he formed a deep-laid plan of hypocrisy, which he executed with unparalleled constancy and success. Hitherto he had been proud, contentious, and irascible. He now became humble, patient, and affable. He changed his dress, his air, his words, and his actions so completely that his most intimate friends declared him to be a new man. Never was such an absolute victory gained over the passions ; never was a fictitious character so long maintained ; never were the foibles of human nature so ably concealed.

On the death of Pius the Fifth, in 1572, Montalto

entered the conclave with the other cardinals, but seemed totally indifferent about the election of a new pontiff, and never left his apartment except for the purposes of devotion. When solicited to join any party, he declined it, saying that he was of no consequence, and that he would leave the choice of a pope entirely to persons of greater knowledge and experience.

He now assumed all the infirmities of old age. His head hung down upon his shoulders ; he tottered as he walked, and supported himself upon a staff. His voice became feeble and was interrupted by a cough so extremely severe, that it seemed every moment to threaten his dissolution. He interfered in no public transactions, but spent all his time in acts of devotion and benevolence. Meanwhile he secretly employed the ablest spies, who brought him intelligence of everything that occurred.

On the death of Gregory the Thirteenth, in 1585, Montalto entered the conclave with the greatest apparent reluctance. He, of course, joined no particular party, but flattered all.

He knew early that there would be great divisions in the conclave, and he was aware that when the leaders of the different parties were disappointed in their own views, they all frequently agreed in the election of some old and infirm cardinal, the length of whose life would merely enable them to prepare themselves sufficiently for the next vacancy. These views directed his conduct, nor was he disappointed in his hopes of success.

Three cardinals, the leaders of opposite factions, unable to procure the election which each of them wished, unanimously agreed to make choice of Montalto. When they came to acquaint him with their intention, he fell into such a violent fit of coughing, that all present thought he would expire on the spot. He told them that his reign would last but a few days ; that, besides a continual difficulty of breathing, he wanted strength to support such a weight, and that his small experience rendered him very unfit for so important a charge. He conjured them all three not to abandon him, but to take the whole weight upon their own shoulders, and declared that he would

never accept the mitre upon any other terms. "If you are resolved to make me pope," added he, "it will only be placing yourselves on the throne. For my part I shall be satisfied with the bare title. Let the world call me pope, and I make you heartily welcome to the power and authority." The cardinals swallowed the bait, and exerted themselves so effectually, that Monalto was elected. He now at once pulled off the mask which he had worn for fourteen years. No sooner was his election secured, than he started from his seat, threw down his staff in the middle of the hall, and appeared almost a foot taller than he had done before.

When he was asked, according to custom, if he would accept of the papacy, he replied: "It is trifling to ask whether I will accept what I have already accepted. However, to satisfy any scruple that may arise, I tell you that I accept it with great pleasure, and would accept another if I could get it; for I find myself able, by the divine assistance, to manage two papacies." His former humility disappeared with his infirmities, and he now treated all around him with haughtiness and reserve.

The first care of Montalto, who assumed the name of Sixtus the Fifth, was to correct the abuses and check the enormities which were daily committed in every part of the ecclesiastical states, the lenity of the government of his predecessor having introduced a general licentiousness of manners. It had been usual with former popes, on the day of their coronation, to release delinquents, who were therefore accustomed to surrender themselves voluntary prisoners, immediately after the election of the pope. At the coronation of Sixtus, they were, however, fatally disappointed. When the governor of Rome, and the keeper of the castle of St. Angelo waited on his holiness to inquire his pleasure in this particular, he replied: "What have you to do with pardons and the releasing of prisoners? Is it not sufficient that our predecessor has suffered the judges to remain unemployed these thirteen years? Shall we also stain our pontificate with this neglect of justice? We have too long seen, with inexpressible concern, the prodigious degree of wickedness

that reigns in the state to think of granting pardons. Let the prisoners be brought to a speedy trial, and punished as they deserve, to show the world that divine providence has called us to the chair of St. Peter to reward the good and chastise the wicked ; that we bear not the sword in vain, but are the ministers of God, and an avenger to execute his wrath on those that do evil." He accordingly enacted very severe laws respecting the administration of justice and the correction of public morals. His execution of justice was as prompt as his edicts were rigorous.

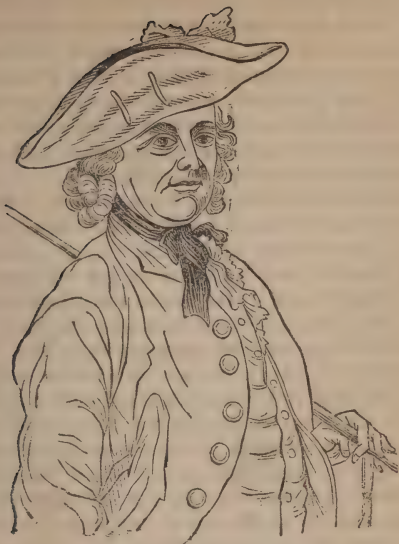
A Swiss one day happening to give a Spanish gentleman a blow with his halbert was, in return, struck by him so violently with a staff, that he expired on the spot. Sixtus having been informed of the circumstance, sent word to the governor of Rome that he was to dine early, and that justice must be executed on the criminal before he sat down to table. The Spanish ambassador and four cardinals entreated him not to disgrace the gentleman by causing him to die on a gibbet, but to order him to be beheaded. "He shall be hanged," replied Sixtus ; "but I will alleviate his disgrace by doing him the honour to assist personally at his death." He ordered the gibbet to be erected before his own windows, at which he continued sitting during the whole execution.

After his accession to the pontificate, Sixtus sent for his family to Rome, with the express injunction that they should appear in a decent and modest manner. His sister Camilla, accompanied by her daughter and two grandchildren, accordingly repaired to that city. Some of the cardinals, in order to pay court to the pope, went out to meet her, and introduced her in a very magnificent dress. Sixtus pretended not to know her, and asked twice or thrice who she was. One of the cardinals replied that it was his sister. "I have but one sister," replied Sixtus, with a frown, "and she is a poor woman at Le Grote; if you have introduced her in this disguise, I declare I do not know her; yet I think I should know her again, if I saw her in the clothes she used to wear." Her conductors at last found it necessary to return with

her to an inn and to strip her of her finery. When she was introduced a second time, Sixtus tenderly embraced her, saying: "Now we know indeed that it is our sister: nobody shall make a princess of you but ourselves." He stipulated with his sister that she should neither ask any favour in matters of government, nor intercede for criminals, nor interfere in the administration of justice, declaring that every request of the kind would meet with certain refusal. These terms being agreed to, and punctually observed, he made the most ample provision, not only for Camilla, but for all his relations.

It was to the indulgence of a disposition naturally formed for severity that most of the defects of this extraordinary man were to be ascribed. Clemency was a stranger to his bosom, and his punishments sometimes seemed to border on revenge. The reader, probably, needs not to be informed that there are two statues at Rome, by means of which the people of that city have for ages assumed the liberty of making very severe reflections on the government. These are called Pasquin and Martorio. Pasquin was one morning dressed in a very dirty shirt, and being asked by Martorio why he wore such dirty linen, he replied, that he could get no other, for the pope had made his washerwoman a princess, alluding to Camilla, who had formerly been a laundress. The pope ordered strict search to be made for the author of this lampoon, and offered him his life and a thousand pistoles if he would discover himself. The author was simple enough to make his appearance and claim the reward. "It is true," said the pope, "we made such a promise, and we shall keep it, your life shall be spared and you shall receive the money presently: but we have reserved the power of cutting off your hands and boring your tongue, to prevent your being so witty for the future." This cruel sentence was immediately executed.

Sixtus died in 1590, after a reign of little more than five years. His death was ascribed to poison, said to have been administered by the Spaniards, with whose sovereign he was at variance, but the story seems rather improbable.



HANNAH SNELL.

THAT the weaker sex is endued with fortitude, courage, and resolution, in an equal degree with the stronger, is a position which seems to be confirmed by numberless examples. The histories of Portia, daughter of the virtuous Cato and wife of Brutus, and of Arria, the wife of Thræsea Pætus, must be impressed on the recollection of every classical reader. The instances that might be collected from modern writers would furnish materials for many volumes. Among these we have accounts of women who have been induced by circumstances or inclination to disguise their sex, and embracing the military profession, have not only become familiarized with hardships and perils of every kind, but with scenes of carnage and devastation. Truth, however, compels us to observe,

that these heroines, in "overstepping the modesty of nature," almost invariably transgress those limits which are prescribed by virtue and morality; and that while they have the appearance of one sex with the reality of the other, they frequently unite in themselves the vices in both. These observations will be found to be verified of the history of the female to the particulars of whose life we now call the attention of the reader.

Hannah Snell was born in Fryer-street, in the city of Worcester, on the 23d of April, 1723. Her grandfather embracing the military profession, served under William III. and queen Anne, and terminated his career at the battle of Malplaquet. Her father was a hosier and dyer, and had a family of three sons and six daughters, of whom our heroine was the youngest but one.

In the year 1740, having lost her father and mother, Hannah removed to London, where she for some time resided with one of her sisters, the wife of a Mr Gray, carpenter, in Ship-street, Wapping. Soon after her arrival in the metropolis, she became acquainted with a Dutch seaman, named James Summs, who paid his addresses to her, and they were married on the 6th of January, 1743. It was not long, however, before she found herself miserably deceived in the opinion she had formed of her husband. He abandoned her company for that of women of the lowest description, with whom he squandered the little property which his wife possessed, and having involved himself deeply in debt, he deserted her entirely, leaving her pregnant, to struggle with all the horrors of poverty. Two months after his departure, she was delivered of a girl, who died at the early age of seven months.

When her husband abandoned her, she again went to reside with her sister; but the death of her child releasing her from every tie, she resolved to set out in quest of the man, whom, notwithstanding his ill usage, she still continued to love. In order to execute this design with a better grace, and more chance of success, she put on a suit of her brother-in-law's clothes, assumed his name, James Gray, and set off on the 23d of November, 1743. Having travelled to Coventry, and being unable to pro-

cure any intelligence of her husband, she, on the 27th of the same month, enlisted into general Guise's regiment, in the company commanded by captain Miller.

She remained at Coventry about three weeks, during which time she made many fruitless inquiries after her husband. The north was then the seat of war, and her regiment being at Carlisle, she, with seventeen other recruits, left Coventry, and joined the regiment after a march of three weeks, which she performed with as much ease as any one of her comrades.

On her arrival at Carlisle, she was instructed in the military exercise, and was soon able to perform it with great skill and dexterity. She had not been long in that city, when her serjeant, whose name was Davis, having a criminal passion for a young woman in the town, and considering our adventurer as a proper person for promoting his design, applied to her to assist him in executing it. She appeared to acquiesce in his desire, but privately disclosed the whole affair to the intended victim, and warned her of her danger. By this conduct she gained the young woman's confidence and esteem, and being frequently in each other's company, the jealousy of Davis was excited, and he was inflamed with the desire of revenge. He accordingly seized an early opportunity of charging his supposed rival before the commanding officer with neglect of duty; and she was sentenced to receive six hundred lashes. Five hundred, we are told, were inflicted, but the remaining hundred were remitted in consequence of the intercession of some of the officers.

The resentment of the jealous Davis was not yet satisfied with this cruel punishment; he omitted no opportunity to mortify her, and to put her on such duties as he knew to be difficult or disagreeable. For this treatment she however found some compensation in the increased affection of her female friend.

Not long after the above occurrence, another cause of uneasiness occurred. A fresh recruit, a native of Worcester, by trade a carpenter, and who had lodged in the house of her brother-in-law, having joined the regiment, she became justly apprehensive of a discovery

of her sex, and her uneasiness increased to such a degree, that she at length resolved to desert. Having taken every possible precaution, she repaired to her female acquaintance, and informed her of her design. The latter endeavoured to dissuade her from such a dangerous enterprise; but finding her resolution fixed, she furnished her with money; and Hannah having taken leave of her affectionate friend, immediately commenced her journey on foot for Portsmouth. About a mile from Carlisle, perceiving a number of people employed in picking peas, and their clothes lying at some distance, she exchanged her regimental coat for one of the old coats belonging to the men, and proceeded on her journey. She was about a month in travelling from Carlisle to Portsmouth, where she arrived safe, after running various risks of a discovery of her sex. Here she enlisted as a marine in colonel Fraser's regiment. Three weeks afterwards a draft was made from the regiment, for the East Indies, and Hannah, among the rest, was ordered to embark in the *Swallow* sloop-of-war, one of the ships of admiral Boscawen's fleet. She soon made herself remarkable on board by her dexterity and address in washing, mending, and cooking for her messmates; and these little good offices obtained her the particular notice of Mr Wygate, one of the lieutenants of the marines, who, in a very friendly manner, requested her to become one of their mess. This offer she readily accepted, and soon became a great favourite with the crew of the sloop.

The *Swallow* having sustained considerable damage in a storm, was obliged to put into the port of Lisbon to refit. A month having been occupied with the necessary repairs, the *Swallow* again put to sea, to rejoin the fleet; but the night after her departure, another tempest equally violent with the former, destroyed the greatest part of the rigging, so that she was reduced to a state very little better than a wreck. Hannah took her turn at the pump, which was kept constantly going, declined no office however dangerous, and established her character for courage, skill, and intrepidity.

The ship was a second time repaired at Gibraltar, and

having touched at Madeira, made the best of her way to the Cape of Good Hope, where, having joined the rest of the squadron, they proceeded to make an attack on the Mauritius, which, however, proved unsuccessful. The admiral then bore away for Fort St. David, on the coast of Coromandel, where the fleet soon afterwards arrived.

The marines being disembarked, joined the English army; encamping before Areacopong they laid siege to the place, which on the tenth day surrendered. This adventure gave our heroine fresh spirits, and afforded her an opportunity of displaying her intrepidity, which she omitted no opportunity of doing, so that her conduct acquired the commendation of all her officers.

The army then proceeded to the attack of Pondicherry, and after lying before that place eleven weeks, and suffering very great hardships, they were obliged, by the rainy season, to abandon the siege. Our heroine was in the first party of English foot who forded the river breast high, under an incessant fire from a French battery. She was likewise on the picket guard, continued on that duty seven nights successively, and laboured very hard about fourteen days at throwing up the trenches.

During this time she maintained her usual firmness, and her conduct was perfectly consistent with the character of bravery which has ever distinguished the British soldier. In one of the attacks, however, her career was well nigh terminated. She fired thirty-seven rounds during the engagement, and received, according to her account, six shots in her right leg, five in the left, and what was still more painful, a dangerous wound in the abdomen. The latter gave her great uneasiness, as she feared lest it might lead to a discovery of her sex, which, even at the hazard of her life she was determined not to reveal. It was therefore necessary that she should conceal the knowledge of her wound from the surgeons, and this she knew it would be in vain to attempt without assistance. Intrusting her secret to a black woman who attended her, and who had access to the surgeon's medicines, the latter procured lint, salve, and other necessaries. The pain became extremely acute, and she endeavoured

to extract the ball, which she at length accomplished with no other instrument than her finger and thumb. Notwithstanding this painful and dangerous operation, she soon made a perfect cure.

Being removed to the hospital of Cuddalore, during her residence there the greater part of the fleet sailed. As soon as she was completely cured, she was sent on board the Tartar pink, and continued to do the duty of a sailor till the return of the fleet from Madras. She was soon afterwards turned over to the Eltham man-of-war, commanded by captain Lloyd, and sailed with that ship to Bombay. Here the vessel, which had sprung a leak on the passage, was heaved down to have her bottom thoroughly cleaned and repaired.

This operation lasted five weeks; the captain remained on shore, while Hannah, in common with the rest of the crew, had her turn on the watch. On one of these occasions, she offended the lieutenant who commanded in the captain's absence, by peremptorily refusing to sing a song. She soon afterwards had occasion to regret her non-compliance, for being charged with making free with a shirt belonging to one of her comrades, though no proof could be adduced, the lieutenant ordered her to be put in irons. After remaining in this situation five days, she was ordered to the gangway, and received twelve lashes. The shirt was found in the chest of the man who complained that he had lost it.

After various adventures, Hannah returned with the fleet to Europe, and reached Lisbon in 1749. One day being on shore with some of her shipmates, she chanced to enter a house of entertainment, where they met with an English sailor who had been at Genoa in a Dutch vessel. She took the opportunity of inquiring after her long-lost husband, and was informed that he had been confined at Genoa, for murdering a native of that place, a gentleman of some distinction, and that, to expiate his crime he had been put into a bag with a quantity of stones, and thus thrown headlong into the sea. Distressing as this information must have been, Hannah had, however, sufficient command over herself to conceal her emotion.

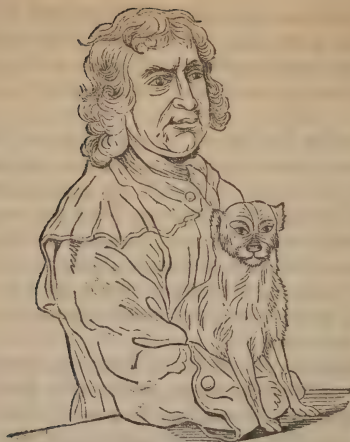
Leaving Lisbon, our adventurer arrived in safety at Spithead, and proceeded to London to the house of her sister, who, notwithstanding her disguise and long absence, immediately recognized her, and gave her a hearty welcome.

Having, when her story became known, acquired a considerable degree of popularity, she was advised, as she had a good voice, to apply for an engagement to the managers of the Royalty Theatre, Wellclose-square. As they closed with her offer, she appeared before the public in the character of Bill Bobstay, a sailor. She likewise represented Firelock, a military character, and in a most masterly and correct manner went through the manual and platoon exercises.

In this capacity, she did not, however, continue many months, but quitted the stage, and as she preferred male attire, she resolved to continue to wear it during the remainder of her life. In consideration of the hardships she had endured in the service of her country, government granted her a pension of £20, with the assistance of which she took a public house in the neighbourhood of Wapping. On one side of the sign was painted the figure of a jolly British Tar, and on the other the valiant Marine; underneath was inscribed, "The Widow in Masquerade; or, the Female Warrior."

These attractive signs produced the desired effect; her house was well frequented, and she lived many years in the enjoyment of prosperity.

Such is the substance of the account given to the public, either by this extraordinary woman herself, or under her authority. We have weeded it of several inaccuracies with respect to names and other particulars, but, after all, we cannot forbear observing, that there seems to be some reason to doubt the veracity of various circumstances recorded in it. To mention only one seeming inconsistency, how is it possible that she should have been twice flogged without a discovery of her sex? And though it is pretended that she had the art to keep her secret to the very last, yet it has been stated upon good authority, that her wound led to its exposure.



BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

AMONG those characters which deserve attention, not for any eminence in virtue on the one hand, nor uncommon depravity on the other, but for a certain eccentricity of conduct, which, with the same advantages in life, no other person would imitate, Bampfylde Moore Carew deserves a prominent place. Descended from an ancient and honourable family, he was born in 1693, at Bickley, in Devonshire, of which place his father, the Rev. Theodore Carew, was many years rector. Never was there known a more splendid appearance of persons of the first distinction at any baptism in the county, than were present at his. Hugh Bampfylde, Esq., and Major Moore, of families equally ancient and respectable as that of Carew, were his godfathers, and from them he received his two christian names.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, all of whom he educated in a tender and pious manner. At the age of twelve years, his son, the subject of this article, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an in-

timate acquaintance with many young gentlemen of the first families in Devonshire and the adjacent counties.

During the first four years of young Carew's residence at Tiverton school, his close application to his studies gave his friends great hopes that he might one day appear with distinction in the clerical profession, for which he was designed. He made considerable progress in the Latin and Greek languages. The Tiverton scholars, however, having at this time the command of a fine pack of hounds, Carew and three other young gentlemen, his most intimate companions, attached themselves with such ardour to the sport of hunting, that their studies were soon neglected. One day the pupils, with Carew and his three friends at their head, were engaged in the chase of a deer for many miles, just before the commencement of harvest. The damage done to the fields of standing corn was so great, that the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers came with heavy complaints to Mr. Rayner, the master of the school, who threatened young Carew and his companions so severely, that through fear they absconded, and joined a gang of gypsies who then happened to be in the neighbourhood. This society consisted of about eighteen persons of both sexes, who carried with them such an air of mirth and gaiety, that the youngsters were quite delighted with their company, and expressing an inclination to enter into their society, the gypsies admitted them, after the performance of the requisite ceremonies, and the administration of the customary oaths.

Young Carew was speedily initiated into some of the arts of the wandering tribe, and with such success, that besides several exploits in which he was a party, he himself had the dexterity to defraud a lady near Taunton of twenty guineas, under the pretext of discovering to her, by his skill in astrology, a hidden treasure.

His parents meanwhile lamented him as one that was no more, for though they had repeatedly advertised his name and person, they could not obtain the least intelligence of him. At length, after an interval of a year and a-half, hearing of their grief and repeated inquiries after him, his heart relented, and he returned to Bickley.

Being greatly disguised both in dress and appearance, he was not known at first by his parents; but when he discovered himself, a scene followed which no words can describe, and there were great rejoicings both in Bickley and the neighbouring parish of Cadley.

Every thing was done to render his home agreeable, but Carew had contracted such a fondness for the society of the gypsies, that, after various ineffectual struggles with the suggestions of filial piety, he once more eloped to his former connections, and soon gave new proofs of his aptitude for their peculiar calling. The first character he assumed for the purpose of levying contributions on the unsuspecting and unwary, was that of a shipwrecked seaman, in which he was very successful. He next gave himself out to be a farmer, who, living in the isle of Sheppey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have all his lands overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. Every scheme which he undertook, he executed with so much skill and dexterity, that he raised considerable sums. So artful were the disguises of his dress, countenance, and voice, that persons who knew him intimately did not discover the deception; and once, on the same day, he went under three different characters to the house of a respectable baronet, and was successful in them all.

Some time after Carew's return to the vagrant life, we find him on a voyage to Newfoundland, from motives of mere curiosity. He acquired, during his stay, such a knowledge of that island, as was highly useful to him, whenever he thought proper afterwards to assume the character of the shipwrecked seaman. He returned in the same ship to Dartmouth, where he embarked, bringing with him a dog of surprising size and fierceness, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb by an art peculiar to himself.

At Newcastle, Carew, pretending to be the mate of a collier, eloped with a young lady, the daughter of an eminent apothecary of that town. They proceeded to Dartmouth, and though he undeceived her with respect to his real character, she was soon afterwards married to him at Bath. They then visited an uncle of Carew's, a

clergyman of distinguished abilities, at Dorchester, who received them with great kindness, and endeavoured, but in vain, to persuade him to leave the community of the gypsies.

Again associating with them, his disguises were more various, and his stratagems not less successful. He first equipped himself in a clergyman's habit, put on a band, a large white wig, and a broad-brimmed hat. His whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow, his countenance grave and thoughtful, his eyes turned on the ground; from which, as if employed in secret ejaculations, he would raise them to heaven: every look and action spoke his want; but, at the same time, the hypocrite seemed overwhelmed with that shame which modest merit feels, when obliged to solicit the hand of charity. This artful behaviour excited the curiosity of many people of fortune to inquire into his circumstances, and, accordingly, with seeming reluctance, he informed them of his having long exercised the sacred office of a clergyman at Aberystwith, a parish in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several small children) to taking an oath contrary to his principles. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, and warm expressions of his trust in providence; and as he perfectly knew those persons it was proper to apply to, this stratagem succeeded beyond his expectations. But hearing that a vessel, on board of which there were many quakers, bound for Philadelphia, had been cast away on the coast of Ireland, he laid aside his gown and band, clothed himself in a plain suit, and with a demure countenance, applied to the quakers, as one of those unhappy creatures, with great success. Having also learned that there was to be a meeting of them from all parts at Thorncombe in Devonshire, he made the best of his way thither, and joining the assembly with a seeming modest assurance, made his case known, and satisfying them by his behaviour, that he was one of the sect, they made a considerable contribution for his relief.

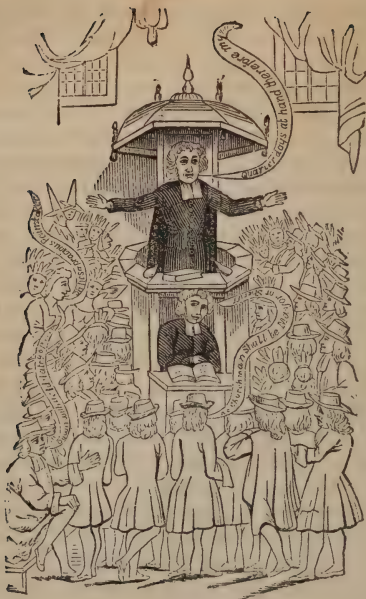
In the course of numerous adventures, he assumed such

extraordinary disguises, and moulded himself into so many different forms, that he gained the highest applause from that singular community to which he now belonged, and soon became the favourite of Clause Patch, their king, who was then very old. This flattered his ambition, and prompted him to be continually planning new stratagems. On one occasion, having spent some days in hunting with colonel Strangeways, at Melbury in Dorset, the conversation happened one day at dinner to turn on Carew's ingenuity; the colonel seemed surprised that several who were so well acquainted with him, should have been so deceived; asserting, that he thought it impossible for Carew to deceive him, as he had thoroughly observed every feature and line in his countenance; on which he modestly replied, it might be so, and some other subject being started, the matter dropped. Early the next morning, Carew being called upon to go out with the hounds, desired to be excused, which the colonel being informed of, went to the field without him. Soon after, Carew went down stairs, and slightly inquiring which way the colonel generally returned, walked out, and going to a house frequented by his community, exchanged his clothes for a ragged habit, made a counterfeit wound in his thigh, took a pair of crutches, and having disguised his face with a venerable pity-moving beard, went in search of the colonel, whom he found in the town of Evershot. His lamentable moans began almost as soon as the colonel was in sight; his countenance expressed nothing but pain; his pretended wound was exposed to the colonel's eye, and the tears trickled down his silver beard. As the colonel's heart was not proof against such an affecting sight, he threw him half-a-crown, which Carew received with exuberant gratitude, and then with great submission desired to be informed if one colonel Strangeways, a very charitable gentleman, did not live in that neighbourhood, and begged to be directed the nearest way to his seat; on which the colonel, filled with compassion, showed him the shortest way to his own house, and on this he took his leave. Carew returned before the colonel, and pretended to be greatly refreshed with

his morning's walk. When they had sat down to dinner, Carew inquired what sport they had, and if the colonel had not met a very miserable object. "I did meet a very miserable object indeed," replied the colonel. "And he has got hither before you," says Carew "and is now at your table." This occasioned a great deal of mirth; but the colonel could not be persuaded of the truth of what Carew asserted, till he slipped out, and hopped in again upon his crutches.

About this time, Clause Patch died, and Carew had the honour of being elected king in his stead; by which dignity, as he was provided with everything necessary by the joint contributions of the community, he was under no obligation to go on any cruize. Notwithstanding this, Carew was as active in his stratagems as ever, and continued to follow the bent of his genius in numerous displays of successful deception as a mendicant. His friends in vain offered to provide him with a respectable maintenance. No entreaty could prevail upon him to abandon the kind of life he had adopted. A volume has been filled with his various adventures, during a period of more than forty years, the greater portion of which was spent in the company of gypsies and beggars. He is said to have died about the year 1770, aged 77.





REV. DANIEL BURGESS.

THIS popular dissenting divine was a remarkable instance of the extreme length to which pulpit wagery may be carried in England, without injury to the clerical character. His piety and learning were unquestionable, but these were strangely mixed up with a species of humour and buffoonery, that gained him not only universal notoriety, but made him a prodigious favourite with "the million." He was born in 1645, at Staines, in Middlesex, and educated at Westminster and Oxford. His father, who was a clergyman of the church of England, sent him to Ireland in 1667, under the patronage of Lord Orrery, and he resided there as chaplain and schoolmaster till 1674, when he returned to England and became a non-

conformist, though without a particle of the puritanism which distinguished that class of divines. As a preacher he soon became as popular in London as was formerly the celebrated Hugh Peters, whom he is said to have imitated and excelled. The jests of Peters were collected and published, after his death, in a small volume. It has been said that those of Burgess, if collected, would have formed an encyclopædia of wit and facetiæ. His propensity to *punning* was uncontrollable, and often excited the mirth of his congregations. Preaching one day on Job's "robe of righteousness," "If," said he, "any of you want a cheap *suit* for a twelvemonth, you will repair to Monmouth-street; if a *suit* for life, you will go to the court of chancery; but, for an eternally durable *suit*, you must apply to the Lord Jesus, and put on his robe of righteousness." A specimen of his peculiar humour is recorded as follows:—Observing but a small congregation assembled one day, he suddenly roared out, "Fire! Fire! Fire!" The astonished and frightened congregation instantly exclaimed, "Where? Where? Where?" "In hell," shouted the preacher, "to burn such wretches as regard not the glad tidings of the gospel."

Burgess's politics caused him to be imprisoned under the act of uniformity. He was, of course, in direct opposition to the celebrated fire-brand, Dr. Sacheverell, and in the heat of party strife, suffered from the violence of the high-church mob. In the burning of the Whig meeting-houses, that of Burgess did not escape. Hence probably the following pun:—When delivering a sermon one day he affirmed that the reason why the descendants of Jacob were called Israelites was, that God would not have his chosen people called *Jacobites*.

Some of the anecdotes told of those celebrated eccentric preachers, Whitfield and Rowland Hill, can be traced to Burgess.

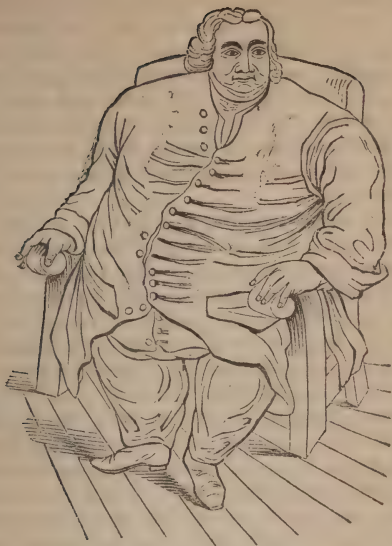
The story told of Hill preaching against the first Surrey Theatre is very characteristic, and savours of the humour of Burgess. The building of his chapel in Blackfriars' road was going on simultaneously with that of the theatre. In his sermon, he accordingly addressed

his audience as follows:—"You have a race to run now, between God and the Devil; the children of the last are making all possible haste in building him a temple, where he may receive the donations and worship of the children of vanity and sin! Now is your time, therefore, to bestir yourselves in the cause of righteousness, and never let it be said but what God can outrun the devil!"

Burgess was much courted and caressed in private society, and a wide latitude was given even to his practical jokes. While dining one day with a gentleman, who occasionally attended his chapel, a huge Cheshire cheese was brought to the table uncut, and placed before the preacher. "Where shall I cut it," said he. "Anywhere you please, Mr. Burgess," answered his host. Upon this, without more ado, Daniel handed it to the servant, desiring him to carry it to his house, and he would cut it at home.

This singular person published many works, a catalogue of which is added to his funeral sermon, from his "Golden Snuffers" to his "Latin Defence of Nonconformity." He died about the end of January, and was buried the 31st of that month, 1727.





EDWARD BRIGHT,

THE FAT MAN OF MALDEN, IN ESSEX.

ENGLAND is said to be superior to all other countries in specimens of animal obesity, and more especially in those of the human species distinguished for that property. The subject of this notice was perhaps one of the finest specimens on record, as his extreme corpulency was combined with the utmost activity both of body and mind.

Mr. Bright was descended from families greatly inclined to corpulency, both on his father's and his mother's side. He was always fat from a child, and yet very strong and active, and used a great deal of exercise, both when a boy and after he became a man, which he continued to do till within the last two or three years of his life. He could walk very well, and nimbly too, having great

strength of muscle; and could not only ride on horseback, but would sometimes gallop, after he was grown to between thirty and forty stones weight. He used frequently to go to London on his business, which was that of a grocer, till the journey of forty miles and going about there became too great a fatigue to him. But he was grown to such a size before he left it off, that he was the gazing-stock and admiration of all people, as he walked along the streets.

He was so large and fat a boy, that at the age of twelve years and a half, he weighed ten stones and four pounds, horseman's weight, *i. e.* 144 pounds. And he increased in bulk, as he grew up, so that in seven years more, that is, before he was twenty, he weighed twenty-four stones, or three hundred and thirty-six pounds. He went on increasing, and probably in pretty near the same proportion; for the last time he was weighed, which was about thirteen months before he died, his weight was forty-two stones and twelve pounds, with only his waistcoat, shirt, breeches, and stockings on, and these clothes being afterwards weighed, were found to be sixteen pounds; so that his net weight at that time was forty-one stones and ten pounds, or five hundred and eighty-four pounds. A short time before his death he had so greatly increased in bulk that his weight was computed at forty-four stones, or six hundred and sixteen pounds.

As to his dimensions, he was five feet nine inches and a-half high. His body round the chest, just under the arms, measured five feet six inches, and round the belly six feet eleven inches. His arm, in the middle of it, was two feet two inches about, and his leg two feet eight inches.

He had always a good appetite, and when a youth, used to eat somewhat remarkably; but of late years, though he continued to eat heartily, and with a good relish, yet he did not eat more in quantity than many other men who we say have good stomachs.

As to his drink, he seldom took any liquor to an intoxicating degree. When he was a very young man, he was fond of ale; but for some years in after life, his chief

liquor was small beer, of which he commonly drank about a gallon a day. In other liquors he was extremely moderate.

He enjoyed, for the most part of his life, as good health as any man, except that in the last three years, he was two or three times seized with an inflammation in his leg, attended with a little fever; and every time with such a tendency to mortification as to make it necessary to scarify the part.

He married when he was between twenty-two and twenty-three years old, and lived a little more than seven years in that state; in which time he had five children born, and left his wife with child of the sixth, near her time.

There was an amiable mind in this extraordinary overgrown body. He was cheerful and good-natured, a kind husband, a tender father, a good master, and a very fair honest man. So that he was generally beloved and respected.

His last illness, which continued about fourteen days, was a miliary fever. He died November 10, 1750, in the 30th year of his age.

Great numbers of people came to see his coffin while it was making; and at the funeral there was a vast concourse, not only of persons of the town, but from the country for several miles round, out of curiosity to see how such a corpse could be got to the ground. It was drawn to the church on a low wheeled carriage by ten or twelve men, and was let down into the grave by an engine fixed up in the church for the purpose.

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MAGLIABECHI.

THIS remarkable character was born at Florence on the 29th of October, in the year 1633. His parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were very well satisfied when they had got him into the service of a man who sold greens. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books, that were used as waste-paper in his master's shop. A bookseller who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day, "What he meant by staring so much on printed paper?" He said, "That he did not know how it was, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest creature in the world, if he could live with him, who had always so many books about him." The bookseller was pleased with his answer, and at last told him, that if his master were willing to part with him, he would take him. Young Magliabechi was highly pleased, and the more so, when his master, on the bookseller's desire, gave him leave to go. He went therefore directly to his new and much desired business; and had not been long in it, before he could find out any book that was asked for, as readily as the bookseller could himself. Some time after this, he learned to read, and then he was always reading when he could.

He seems never to have applied himself to any particular study. A passion for reading was his ruling passion; and a prodigious memory his great talent. He read every book almost indifferently, as they came into his hands, and that with a surprising quickness; and yet retained not only the sense, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling.

His extraordinary application and talents, soon recommended him to Ermina, librarian to the cardinal of Medicis, and Marmi, the Great Duke's librarian. He was by them introduced to the conversation of the learned, and made known at court: and began to be looked upon

everywhere as a prodigy, particularly for his vast and unbounded memory.

It is said that there was a trial made of the force of his memory, which, if true, is very amazing. A gentleman of Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, lent the MS. to Magliabechi; and sometime after it had been returned, came to him again with a melancholy face, told him some invented accident, by which, he said, he had lost his MS. and seemed almost inconsolable, intreating Magliabechi, at the same time, to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down. Magliabechi assured him he would, and on setting about it, wrote down the whole MS. without missing a word.

By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of all the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed it, "an universal index both of titles and matter."

By this time Magliabechi was grown so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he had read, that it began to grow common amongst the learned to consult him, when they were writing on any subject. Thus, for instance, if a priest was going to compose a panegyric on any favourite saint, and came to communicate his design to Magliabechi, he would immediately tell him who had said any thing of that saint, and in what part of their works, and that sometimes to the number of above a hundred authors. He would tell them not only who had treated of their subject designedly, but of such also as had touched upon it only accidentally, in writing on other subjects; both which he did with the greatest exactness, naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon almost as an oracle, for the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions that were proposed to him in any faculty or science whatever.

It was his great eminence this way, and his vast, I

had almost said, inconceivable knowledge of books, that induced the Great Duke, Cosmo the Third, to do him the honour of making him his librarian; and what a happiness must it have been to Magliabechi, who delighted in nothing so much as in reading, to have the supreme command and use of such a collection of books as that in the Great Duke's palace. He was also very conversant with the books in the Lorenzo library; and had the keeping of those of Leopoldo, and Francesco Maria, the two cardinals of Tuscany.

And yet even all this did not satisfy his extensive appetite; for one, who knew him well, told me, "one may say that he had read almost all books." By which, as he explained himself, he meant the greatest part of those printed before his time, and all in it; for it was latterly a general custom, not only among the authors, but the printers too, of those times, to make him a present of a copy of whatever they published; which, by the way, must have been a considerable help towards the very large collection of books which he himself made.

To read such vast numbers as he did, latterly he read the title-page only, then dipped here and there into the preface, dedication, and advertisements, if there were any; and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, and different sections or chapters of the book, and thus he conceived the matter almost as completely as if he had read it at full length. Of this he gave a very mortifying instance to a priest, who having composed a panegyric to a particular saint, brought it to Magliabechi for a present; Magliabechi looked it over in the way just mentioned, and then thanked the priest for his very excellent treatise. The author, in some pain, asked him if that was all he intended to read of it? Yes, said the other, for I know all the rest.

Magliabechi had a local memory too of the places where every book stood; as in his master's shop at first, and in the Pitti, and several other libraries afterwards; and seems to have carried this even farther than only to the collection of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the Great Duke sent for him after

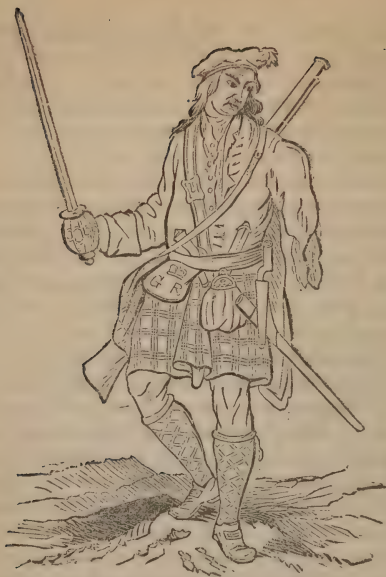
he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could get him a book that was particularly scarce, "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in."

Though Magliabechi must have lived so sedentary a life, with such an intense and almost perpetual application to books, yet he arrived to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on July 14, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library, of his own collection, for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it; and whatever should remain over, to the poor.

He was not an ecclesiastic, but chose never to marry; and was quite negligent, or rather quite slovenly in his dress. His appearance was such, as must have been far from engaging the affections of a lady, had he addressed himself to any; and his face in particular, would rather have prejudiced his suit, than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him in any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner; though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it, together with a cynical or contemptuous smile, which scarce rendered his look more agreeable. Salvini himself, one of his greatest admirers, just after he has been speaking of his person, cannot help thinking of the Satyrs that Socrates was compared to of old.

In his manner of living, he affected the character of Diogenes; three hard eggs, and a draught or two of water, was his usual repast. When his friends went to see him, they usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, in the middle of his study, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps, and others scattered about the floor, all round him; and this his cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest pile of books by a number of cobwebs; at their entrance, he commonly used to call out to them, "Not to hurt his spiders!"

Thus lived and died Magliabechi, in the midst of the public applause; and with such an affluence, for all the latter part of his life, as very few persons have ever procured by their knowledge or learning.



JAMES CAMPBELL,

ONE OF THE HEROES OF FONTENOY.

THIS gallant veteran was originally a private in one of the Highland regiments who fought at the battle of Fontenoy, but displayed such signal courage and conduct on that memorable occasion, that his valour became the theme of admiration and panegyric all over the kingdom. In the course of the day, he killed nine of the enemy with his broadsword, and was in the act of cutting down the tenth, when he was prevented following up the blow by a cannon-ball carrying away his left arm. This unlucky accident being observed by his comrades, they immediately came to his assistance and hurried him off the field. It rarely happens in our army that heroism displayed in the ranks is rewarded with promotion; but Campbell seems to have

formed an exception to the general rule, the public applause of his valour being so loud and general, that the Duke of Cumberland, though no friend to Scotsmen, was constrained to prefer him to a lieutenancy in the Highland regiment to which he belonged. It is probable, however, that Campbell owed promotion rather to his *name* than his *services*; as several other heroic actions, performed by privates during that war, were merely rewarded with the usual pension of a shilling a day. His portrait, of which the above sketch is an outline, was published in 1745, just before the breaking out of the rebellion in that year, and for a long time it continued to be one of the ornaments of almost every cottage in the kingdom.

MARGARET FINCH,

QUEEN OF THE GIPSIES.

WAS born at Sutton in Kent, in the year 1631, and after travelling over various parts of the kingdom, for nearly a century, she settled at Norwood, whither her great age and the fame of her fortune-telling talents attracted numerous visitors.

From a constant habit of sitting on the ground with her chin resting on her knees, generally with a pipe in her mouth, and attended by her faithful dog, her sinews at length became so contracted, that she was unable to rise from that posture. Accordingly, after her death, it was found necessary to inclose her body in a deep square box. She died in October, 1740, at the great age of 109 years. Her remains were conveyed in a hearse, attended by two mourning coaches, to Beckenham in Kent, where a sermon was preached on the occasion to a great concourse of people who assembled to witness the ceremony.

LOGAN,

THE AMERICAN-INDIAN CHIEF.

IN the war with the aboriginal tribes in North America, which broke out a short time before the war of independence, this celebrated chief took the side of his countrymen, and fought against the English. Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, commanded the latter, and an engagement having ensued, the Indians were totally routed. A great number of prisoners were taken, amongst whom was Logan, who had formerly been a zealous partizan of the English, and had distinguished himself, on many perilous occasions, above all other Indians in our service.

Logan was brought before the General Assembly, when numbers of officers and soldiers crowded to see this celebrated Indian chief, with whom they had often served against the French, and even against the Indians.

Logan's person being identified by many witnesses and his former comrades, the assembly were proceeding to deliberate how he should be tried, whether by a court-martial as a soldier, or at the criminal bar for treason, when their deliberations were interrupted by his asking permission to explain himself. He then proceeded to state that they had no jurisdiction to try him, "as he owed no allegiance to the king of England, being an Indian chief, independent of every nation." He was here interrogated as to his motives for taking up arms against the English, with whom he had so long been in friendly alliance, and so often distinguished himself against their enemies. In answer to this question, he spontaneously delivered the following speech, in defence of his being found in arms, with such emphatic power, that he astonished and charmed the audience into admiration and esteem for his person and character:—

"I appeal to any white man to-day, if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat—if he ever came naked, and I gave him not clothing. During

the course of the last war, I was so much the friend of your great king, over the great water, that I became in the end an object of jealousy and suspicion to my own countrymen; but I persevered, notwithstanding; and the sun can witness for me, that he never rose, but he found, nor went to rest, but he left me in arms, in defence of the cause of your great king and his people. In this attachment and alliance, I should have continued with unshaken fidelity, till death had smote this war-worn trunk, had it not been for the injuries and oppressions of one man, Colonel C——, who, without the smallest provocation on my part, farther than his own avaricious thirst for the plunder of my property, entered my territory—burned my houses—seized on my possessions—and, not contented with all this inhumanity, butchered my beloved wives and innocent children, not leaving one to call me by the tender name of husband or father! My countrymen, roused by my injuries, and fearing for all that was dear to themselves, loudly called on me to lead them on to war. Could I refuse them? I could not. We marched—but you know the rest, and my heart bleeds at the remembrance! I did not take up the hatchet, the rifle, and the tomahawk, from treachery, or disaffection to the great king or his people, but for the safety of my countrymen. I did it not in defence of my own house—of my wives—or my children—for they were all destroyed before the hatchet was thrown! I did it not to preserve my own life—for life has no longer charms for me! All that was dear to me in this world has been stript from the face of the earth, and there is not at this day a drop of Logan's blood flowing in the veins of any human creature—except himself. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one!!!”

In the Assembly, on this occasion, there was present a Doctor Menzies, who had been recently taken prisoner by the Indians, and condemned to die, but who had escaped by the instrumentality of Logan. The doctor detailed his capture and sufferings, and warmly expressed his thanks for Logan's humane endeavours to save him, by sacrificing what would have strengthened his savage neighbours, and endangered himself.

Logan confirmed the narrative of Doctor Menzies; he having marched a strong body of his Indians to rescue him, in case of a refusal of his offer to purchase him, and that he had set fire to the Indian town; but that he had been informed by those who escaped the conflagration, that the prisoner had been roasted alive, and consumed in the flames.

This pathetic and affecting speech touched the sensibility of all that heard Logan. The General Assembly applauded his noble sentiments, and immediately set him at liberty; and every house in Virginia endeavoured to rival each other who should entertain him the best, and show him the greatest respect.

He was modest and respectful in the midst of the flattering turn of affairs which so suddenly raised him out of misfortune and affliction; and, as Mr. Jefferson has beautifully observed, "This poor Indian, who, amidst the dreadful calamities of a bloody and barbarous war had never failed to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and relieve the necessitous and unfortunate fellow-soldier, then standing in the humiliating situation of a prisoner, became at once the object of their envy and their admiration; and every generous mind responsively, though silently ejaculated—Who would not be Logan? In a short time he returned to his native country, loaded with presents and honours, having exhibited proofs of heroism and bravery that would not have dishonoured an Epaminondas or a Scipio—with a heart bleeding at every vein for the loss of his most dear and darling appendages—but replete with the finest feelings of humanity."



BELGRADE.

A REMARKABLE CAMP-SUTTLE.

THE peculiar vocation followed by this singular female has been graphically described by Smollett, while portraying his hero's mother, in the celebrated novel of Ferdinand Count Fathom. Though Belgrade's vocation was the same, her character, however, was very different. She did not follow the army for the sake of plunder, but for the joint object of obtaining a livelihood, and assisting soldiers in distress. She received the soubriquet of *Belgrade*, from the circumstance of commencing her career at the battle which took place at the city of that name in Hungary. Her own name has not been handed down to us. At Waesbaden, on the Rhine, she attached herself

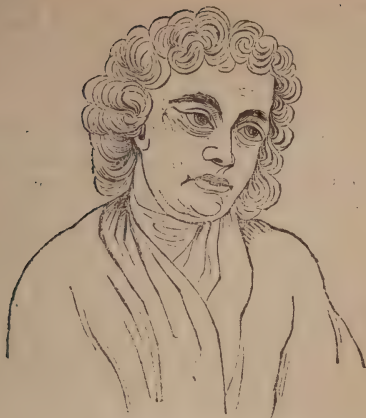
to the brigade of English horse-guards, and continued faithfully serving the soldiers with provisions during the whole of their campaigns, rendering herself famous alike for courage and humanity, by exposing her person in the very heat of action, and assisting the wounded and distressed.

At the battle of Dettingen, Belgrade was following her vocation as usual, attended by a favourite dog which she called *Clumsey*. Just as the two armies were facing one another, before the battle began, a French dog rushed out from the enemy's ranks and attacked *Clumsey*, but the latter instantly fell upon him and after a short combat compelled him to turn tail and seek shelter in his own lines. *Clumsey* then quietly returned to his mistress. The above sketch is a faithful representation of both, taken from the published portraits of the time.

HARDMAN,

THE CORN-CUTTER.

HARDMAN was a person of great notoriety in his day, both from his expertness as an operator, and from the singular dress in which he used to parade the streets. He wore ear-rings, had his moustachios cut in a peculiar style, and his hair flowed in curled locks down upon his shoulders. His coat and waistcoat were entirely of a foreign cut, and contributed to give him a strange outlandish appearance. It has been supposed that he was a Dutchman, from the circumstance of his wearing the royal arms, and this is not improbable, as London, during the reign of William III., swarmed with adventurers from Holland. Hardman is said to have operated on the toes of the king, and it is certain that he was patronized by the great; but that perhaps was not more on account of his ability as a corn-cutter, than because one of their own class, the lord Fairfax, had recently fallen a victim to the unskilfulness of another operator cutting his lordship's great toe nail to the quick.



EUGENE ARAM.

THE whole history of Eugene Aram, connected with the long concealed murder for which he suffered, is so uncommon, that our readers, no doubt, will be equally pleased and astonished with a full and explicit relation of it.

During the confinement of this remarkable person, he wrote an account of his own life, from which we learn, that one of his ancestors had been high sheriff of Yorkshire, in the reign of king Edward the Third; but, the family having been gradually reduced, his father occupied a humble station of life: the son, however, was sent to a school near Ripon, where he perfected himself in writing and arithmetic, and then went to London, to officiate as clerk to a merchant.

After a residence of two years in town, he was seized with the small-pox, which left him in so weak a condition, that he went back to Yorkshire for the recovery of his health.

On his recovery he found it necessary to do something for immediate subsistence; and accordingly engaged himself as usher to a boarding-school; but, not having been taught the learned languages in his youth, he was

obliged to supply by industry what he had failed of through neglect; so although only teaching writing and arithmetic at first, by employing all his leisure hours in the most intense study, he at length became an excellent Greek and Latin scholar.

In the year 1734, he engaged to officiate as steward of an estate belonging to Mr Norton, of Knaresborough; and while in this station he acquired a competent knowledge of the Hebrew. At this period he married, but was far from being happy in his matrimonial connection.

We shall now relate the circumstances which led to the commission of the crime which cost Aram his life. Daniel Clarke, a shoemaker, at Knaresborough, after being married a few days, circulated a report that his wife was entitled to a considerable fortune, which he should soon receive. Hereupon Aram, and Richard Houseman, conceiving hopes of making advantage of this circumstance, persuaded Clarke to make an ostentatious show of his own riches, to induce his wife's relations to give him that fortune of which he had boasted. There was sagacity, if not honesty, in this advice; for the world in general are more apt to assist persons in good circumstances than those in distress.

Clarke was easily induced to comply with a hint so agreeable to his own desires; on which he borrowed, and bought on credit, a large quantity of silver plate, with jewels, watches, rings, &c. He told the persons of whom he purchased, that a merchant in London had sent him an order to buy such plate for exportation: and no doubt was entertained of his credit till his sudden disappearance in February, 1745, when it was imagined that he had gone abroad or to London, to dispose of his ill-acquired property.

When Clarke was possessed of these goods, Aram and Houseman determined to murder him, in order to share the booty; and, on the night of the 8th of February, 1745, they persuaded Clarke to walk with them in the fields, in order to consult with them on the proper method to dispose of the effects.

On this plan they walked into a field, at a small dis-

tance from the town, well known by the name of St. Robert's Cave. When they came into this field, Aram and Clarke went over a hedge towards the cave, and when they had got within six or seven yards of it, Houseman (by the light of the moon) saw Aram strike Clarke several times, and at length beheld him fall, but never saw him afterwards. This was the state of the affair, if Houseman's testimony on the trial is to be credited.

The murderers going home, shared Clarke's ill-gotten treasure, the half of which Houseman concealed in his garden for a twelvemonth, and then took it to Scotland, where he sold it. In the meantime Aram carried his share to London, where he sold it to a Jew, and then engaged himself as an usher at an academy in Piccadilly; where, in the intervals of his duty in attending the scholars, he made himself master of the French language, and acquired some knowledge of Arabic, and other eastern tongues.

After this, he was usher at other schools in different parts of the kingdom; but, as he did not correspond with his friends in Yorkshire, it was presumed that he was dead. The sudden disappearance of Clarke had long been forgotten: but, in the year 1758, as a man was digging for lime-stone near St. Robert's Cave, he found the bones of a human body, and a conjecture hereupon arose that they were the remains of Clarke, who, it was now presumed, might have been murdered.

Houseman having been seen in company with Clarke a short time before his disappearance, was apprehended on suspicion; and, on his examination, giving but too evident signs of his guilt, he was committed to York castle. The bones of the deceased being shown to him, he denied that they were those of Clarke, but directed to the precise spot where they were deposited, and where they were accordingly found. The skull, being fractured, was preserved, to be produced in evidence on the trial.

Soon after Houseman was committed to the castle of York, it was discovered that Aram resided at Lynn in Norfolk: on which, a warrant was granted for taking him into custody; and, being apprehended while instructing

some young gentlemen at a school, he was conveyed to York, and likewise committed to the castle.

At the lent assizes following, the prosecutors were not ready with their evidence; on which he was remanded till the summer assizes, when he was brought to trial.

When Houseman had given his evidence respecting this extraordinary affair, and all such collateral testimony had been taken as could be adduced on such an occasion, Aram was called on for his defence; but, having foreseen that the perturbation of his spirits would incapacitate him to make such defence without previous preparation, he had written the following, which, by permission, he read in court:—

My Lord,—I know not whether it is of right, or through some indulgence of your lordship, that I am allowed the liberty at this bar, and at this time, to attempt a defence, incapable and uninstructed as I am to speak. Since, while I see so many eyes upon me, so numerous and awful a concourse, fixed with attention, and filled with I know not what expectancy, I labour, not with guilt, my lord, but with perplexity. For having never seen a court but this, being wholly unacquainted with law, the customs of the bar, and all judiciary proceedings, I fear I shall be so little capable of speaking with propriety in this place, that it exceeds my hope if I shall be able to speak at all.

I have heard, my lord, the indictment read, wherein I find myself charged with the highest crime, with an enormity I am altogether incapable of, a fact, to the commission of which there goes far more insensibility of heart, more profligacy of morals, than ever fell to my lot. And nothing possibly could have admitted a presumption of this nature, but a depravity not inferior to that imputed to me. However, as I stand indicted at your lordship's bar, and have heard what is called evidence adduced in support of such a charge, I very humbly solicit your lordship's patience, and beg the hearing of this respectable audience, while I, single and unskilful, destitute of friends, and unassisted by counsel, say something, perhaps like argument, in my defence. I shall consume but little of your lordship's time; what I have to say will be short,

and this brevity, probably, will be the best part of it; however, it is offered with all possible regard, and the greatest submission to your lordship's consideration, and that of this honourable court.

First, my lord, the whole tenor of my conduct in life, contradicts every particular of this indictment. Yet I had never said this, did not my present circumstances extort it from me, and seem to make it necessary. Permit me here, my lord, to call upon malignity itself, so long and cruelly busied in this prosecution, to charge upon me any immorality, of which prejudice was not the author. No, my lord, I concerted no schemes of fraud; projected no violence; injured no man's person or private property; my days were honestly laborious, my nights intensely studious. And I humbly conceive my notice of this, especially at this time, will not be thought impertinent, or unseasonable; but, at least, deserving some attention, because, my lord, that any person, after a temperate use of life, a series of thinking and acting regularly, and without one single deviation from sobriety, should plunge into the very depth of profligacy, precipitately, and at once, is altogether improbable and unprecedented, and absolutely inconsistent with the course of things. Mankind is never corrupted at once; villany is always progressive, and declines from right, step after step, till every regard of probity is lost, and every sense of all moral obligation totally perishes.

Again, my lord, a suspicion of this kind, which nothing but malevolence could entertain, and ignorance propagate is violently opposed by my very situation at that time, with respect to health; for but a little space before I was confined to my bed, and suffered under a very long and severe disorder, and was not able, for a half a year together so much as to walk. The distemper left me indeed, yet slowly and in part; but so macerated, so enfeebled, that I was reduced to crutches; and so far from being well about the time I am charged with this fact, that I never, to this day, have perfectly recovered. Could, then, a person in this condition take anything into his head so extravagant? I, past the vigour of my age,

feeble and valetudinary, with no inducement to engage, no ability to accomplish, no weapon wherewith to perpetrate such a fact; without interest, without power, without motive, without means.

Besides, it must needs occur to every one, that an action of this atrocious nature is never heard of, but when its springs are laid open it appears that it was to support some indolence or supply some luxury; to satisfy some avarice, or oblige some malice; to prevent some real or some imaginary want: yet I lay not under the influence of any one of these. Surely, my lord, I may, consistently with both truth and modesty, affirm this much; and none who have any veracity, and know me, will ever question it.

In the second place, the disappearance of Clarke is suggested as an argument of his being dead; but the uncertainty of such an inference from that, and the fallibility of all conclusions of such a sort, from such a circumstance, are too obvious, and too notorious, to require instances: yet, superseding many, permit me to procure a very recent one, and that afforded by this castle.

In June, 1757, William Thompson, for all the vigilance of this place, in open day-light, and double-ironed, made his escape; and, notwithstanding an immediate inquiry set on foot, the strictest search, and all advertisement, was never seen or heard of since. If, then, Thompson got off unseen, through all these difficulties, how very easy was it for Clarke, when none of them opposed him? but what would be thought of a prosecution commenced against any one seen last with Thompson.

Permit me next, my lord, to observe a little upon the bones which have been discovered. It is said, which perhaps is saying very far, that these are the skeleton of a man. It is possible indeed they may; but is there any certain criterion, which incontestably distinguishes the sex in human bones? Let it be considered, my lord, whether the ascertaining of this point ought not to precede any attempt to identify them.

The place of their depositum, too, claims much more attention than is commonly bestowed upon it: for, of all

places in the world, none could have mentioned any one, wherein there was greater certainty of finding human bones than a hermitage, except he should point out a church-yard; hermitages, in time past, being not only places of religious retirement, but of burial too. And it has scarce, or never been heard of, but that every cell now known contains or contained these relics of humanity; some mutilated, and some entire. I do not inform, but give me leave to remind your lordship, that here sat solitary sanctity, and here the hermit, or the anchoress, who hoped for that repose to their bones, when dead, which they here enjoyed when living.

All the while, my lord, I am sensible this is known to your lordship, and many in this court, better than to me. But it seems necessary to my case that others, who have not at all, perhaps, adverted to things of this nature, and may take an interest in my trial, should be made acquainted with it. Suffer me then, my lord, to produce a few of many evidences, that these cells were used as repositories of the dead, and to enumerate a few in which human bones have been found, as it happened in this question; lest, to some, that accident might seem extraordinary, and, consequently, occasion prejudice.

1st. The bones, as was supposed of the Saxon St. Dubritius, were discovered buried in his cell at Guy's cliff, near Warwick, as appears from the authority of Sir Wm. Dugdale.

2d. The bones, thought to be those of the anchoress Rosia, were but lately discovered in a cell at Royston, entire, fair, and undecayed, though they must have lain interred for several centuries, as is proved by Dr. Stukely.

3d. But my own country, nay, almost this neighbourhood, supplies another instance, for in January, 1747, were found, by Mr Stovin, accompanied by a reverend gentleman, the bones in part, of some recluse, in the cell at Lindholm, near Hatfield. They were believed to be those of William of Lindholm, a hermit, who had long made this cave his habitation.

4th. In February, 1744, part of Wooburn-abbey being pulled down, a large portion of a corpse appeared, even

with the flesh on, and which bore cutting with a knife ; though it is certain this had lain above 200 years, and how much longer is doubtful ; for the abbey was founded in 1145, and dissolved in 1538 or 39.

What would have been said, what believed, if this had been an accident to the bones in question.

Farther, my lord, it is not yet out of living memory, that a little distance from Knaresborough, in a field, part of the manor of the worthy and patriotic baronet who does that borough the honour to represent it in parliament, were found, in digging for gravel, not one human skeleton only, but five or six, deposited side by side, with each an urn placed at its head, as your lordship knows was usual in ancient interments.

About the same time, and in another field, almost close to this borough, was discovered also, in searching for gravel, another human skeleton ; but the piety of the same worthy gentleman ordered both pits to be filled up again, commendably unwilling to disturb the dead.

Is the invention of these bones forgotten, then, or industriously concealed, that the discovery of those in question may appear the more singular and extraordinary ? whereas, in fact, there is nothing extraordinary in it. My lord, almost every place conceals such remains. In fields, in hills, in highway sides, in commons, lie frequent and unsuspected bones. And our present allotments for rest for the departed is but of some centuries.

Another particular seems not to claim a little of your lordship's notice, and that of the gentlemen of the jury ; which is, that perhaps no example occurs of more than one skeleton being found in one cell ; and in the cell in question was found but one ; agreeable, in this, to the peculiarity of every other known cell in Britain. Not the invention of one skeleton, but of two would have appeared suspicious and uncommon.

But it seems another skeleton has been discovered by some labourer, which was full as confidently averred to be Clarke's as this. My lord, must some of the living, if it promotes some interest, be made answerable for all the bones that earth has concealed, and chance exposed ? and

might not a place where bones lay be mentioned by a person by chance, as well as found by a labourer by chance? or is it more criminal accidentally to name where bones lie, than accidentally to find where they lie?

Here, too, is a human skull produced, which is fractured; but was this the cause, or was it the consequence of death? was it owing to violence, or was it the effect of natural decay? if it was violence, was that violence before or after death? My lord, in May, 1732, the remains of William, lord archbishop of this province, were taken up, by permission, in this cathedral, and the bones of the skull were found broken; yet certainly he died by no violence offered to him alive that could occasion that fracture there.

Let it be considered, my lord, that upon the dissolution of religious houses, and the commencement of the reformation, the ravages of those times affected both the living and the dead. In search after imaginary treasures, coffins were broken up, graves and vaults dug open, monuments ransacked, and shrines demolished; and it ceased about the beginning of the reign of queen Elizabeth. I entreat your lordship, suffer not the violences, the depredations, and the iniquities of those times, to be imputed to this.

Moreover, what gentleman here is ignorant that Knaresborough had a castle; which, though now a ruin, was once considerable both for its strength and garrison? All know it was vigorously besieged by the arms of the parliament; at which siege, in sallies, conflicts, flights, pursuits, many fell in all the places round it, and where they fell were buried; for every place, my lord, is burial earth in war; and many, questionless, of these, rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover.

I hope, with all imaginable submission, that what has been said will not be thought impertinent to this indictment; and that it will be far from the wisdom, the learning, and the integrity of this place, to impute to the living what zeal in its fury may have done; what nature may have taken off, and piety interred; or what war alone may have destroyed, alone deposited.

As to the circumstances that have been raked together, I have nothing to observe, but that all circumstances whatever are precarious, and have been but too frequently found lamentably fallible; even the strongest have failed. They may rise to the utmost degree of probability, yet they are but probability still. Why need I name to your lordship the two Harrisons, recorded by Dr. Howel, who both suffered upon circumstances, because of the sudden disappearance of their lodger, who was in credit, had contracted debts, borrowed money, and went off unseen, and returned a great many years after their execution? Why name the intricate affair of Jacques du Moulin, under king Charles II., related by a gentleman who was counsel for the crown? and why the unhappy Coleman, who suffered innocent, though convicted upon positive evidence, and whose children perished for want, because the world uncharitably believed the father guilty? Why mention the perjury of Smith, incautiously admitted king's evidence; who, to screen himself, equally accused Faircloth and Loveday of the murder of Dunn; the first of whom, in 1749, was executed at Winchester; and Loveday was about to suffer at Reading, had not Smith been proved perjured, to the satisfaction of the court, by the surgeon of Gosport hospital?

Now, my lord, having endeavoured to show that the whole of this process is altogether repugnant to every part of my life; that it is inconsistent with my condition of health about that time; that no rational inference can be drawn, that a person is dead who suddenly disappears; that hermitages were the constant repositories of the bones of the recluse; that the revolutions in religion, or the fortune of war, have mangled, or buried the dead; the conclusion remains perhaps no less reasonably than impatiently wished for. I, at last, after a year's confinement, equal to either fortune, put myself upon the candour, the justice, and the humanity of your lordship, and upon yours my countrymen, gentlemen of the jury."

Aram was tried by Judge Noel, who, having remarked that this defence was one of the most ingenious pieces of reasoning that had ever fallen under his notice, summed

up the evidence to the jury, who give a verdict of guilty; in consequence of which he received sentence of death.

After conviction, a clergyman was appointed to attend him, and to exhort him to an ample confession. Aram appeared to pay proper attention to what was said, but after the minister had retired, he formed the resolution of destroying himself; and when the morning appointed for his execution arrived, the keeper on proceeding to take him out of his cell, was surprised to find him almost expiring through loss of blood, having cut his left arm above the elbow and near the wrist, with a razor. A surgeon being sent for soon stopped the bleeding: but when he was taken to the place of execution he was so very weak as to be unable to join in devotion with the clergyman who attended him.

On the table, in his cell, was found the following paper, containing his reasons for attempting to commit suicide:—
What am I better than my fathers? To die is natural and necessary. Perfectly sensible of this, I fear no more to die than I did to be born. But the manner of it is something which should, in my opinion, be decent and manly. I think I have regarded both these points. Certainly nobody has a better right to dispose of man's life than himself; and he, not others, should determine how. As for any indignities offered to my body, or silly reflections on my faith and morals, they are, as they always were, things indifferent to me. I think, though contrary to the common way of thinking, I wrong no man by this, and hope it is not offensive to the eternal Being that formed me and the world: and as by this I injure no man, no man can reasonably be offended. I solicitously recommend myself to the eternal and almighty Being, the God of nature, if I have done amiss. But perhaps I have not; and I hope this thing never will be imputed to me. Though I am now stained by malevolence, and suffer by prejudice, I hope to rise fair and unblemished. My life was not polluted, my morals irreproachable, and my opinions orthodox. I slept sound till three o'clock, awaked and wrote these lines:—

Come, pleasing rest, eternal slumber fall,
Seal mine, that once must seal the eyes of all;
Calm and composed my soul her journey takes;
No guilt that troubles, and no heart that aches;
Adieu! thou sun, all bright like her arise;
Adieu! fair friends, and all that's good and wise.

In some of the accounts published of Aram's trial, a letter is quoted, as written to one of his friends, confessing his guilt; but this document is understood to have been forged for the purpose of pleasing the illiterate jurymen who condemned him, and who were incapable of appreciating the admirable reasoning contained in his defence.

He was executed near York, on the 6th of August, 1759, and afterwards hung in chains at Knaresborough forest.

RICHARD GIBSON, AND ANNE SHEPHERD,

ROYAL COURT DWARFS.

IN the reign of Charles the First, a very diminutive artist, called Richard Gibson, who was a page of the back-stair, and a favourite at court, was married to Miss Anne Shepherd, a lady of equal height. Each of them measured three feet ten inches. They had nine children, five of which attained to maturity, and were well proportioned to the usual standard of mankind. Mr Gibson's genius led him to painting, in the rudiments of which art he was instructed by De Clein, master of the tapestry works at Mortlake.

Gibson's paintings in water-colours were well esteemed, but the copies which he made of Lely's portraits gained him the greatest reputation. He had the honour to be employed in teaching Queen Anne the art of drawing, and was sent for into Holland to instruct her sister the Princess of Orange. To recompense the shortness of their stature, nature gave them an equivalent length of days, for he died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and his wife, having survived him almost twenty years, died in the year 1709, at the great age of eighty-nine.

PARACELSUS.

AMONG the modern pretenders to divine illumination, the first name which appears with distinction is Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus. He was born at Einfidlen, near Zurich, in the year 1493. His family name, which was Bombastus, he changed, after the custom of the age, into Paracelsus. He was instructed by his father, who was a physician, in languages and medicine. So earnestly desirous was he of penetrating into the mysteries of nature, that, neglecting books, he undertook long and laborious journies through Germany, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Hungary, and Muscovy, and probably several parts of Asia and Africa. He not only visited literary and learned men, but frequented the workshops of mechanics, descended into mines, and thought no place mean or hazardous, if it afforded him an opportunity of increasing his knowledge of nature. He consulted all persons who pretended to be possessed of any secret art, particularly such as were skilled in metallurgy. Being in this manner a self-taught philosopher and physician, he despised the medical writings of the ancients, and boasted that the whole contents of his library would not amount to six folios.

Rejecting the tedious method of the Galenic school, Paracelsus had recourse to new and secret medicines, procured from metallic substances by the chemical art. And his bold practice was in many cases attended with such wonderful success, that he rose to the summit of popular fame, and even obtained the medical chair in the city of Basil.

Among others, he administered a medicine, to which he gave the name of Azoth, which, he boasted, was the philosopher's stone, the medical panacea, and which his disciples extol as the tincture of life, given through the divine favour to man in these last days. His irregular practice, and the virulence with which he censured the ignorance and indolence of other physicians, created him many enemies. The rewards which he received for the

cures he performed, were by no means adequate to his expectations. After meeting with many disappointments and mortifications, an incident occurred which determined him to leave Basil.

A wealthy canon of Lichfield, who happened to fall sick at Basil, offered Paracelsus a hundred florins to cure his disease. This Paracelsus easily effected with three pills of his laudanum, one of his most powerful medicines. The canon, restored to health so soon, and, as appeared to him, by such slight means, refused to stand to his engagement.

Paracelsus brought the matter before the magistrate, who decreed him only the usual fee. Inflamed with violent indignation at the contempt which was, by his decision, thrown upon his art, after inveighing bitterly against the canon, the magistrate, and the whole city, he left Basil, and withdrew into Alsace, whither his medical fame and success followed him.

After two years, during which time he practised medicine in the principal families of the country, about the year 1530, he removed to Switzerland, where he conversed with Bullenger and other divines. From this time, he seems for many years to have roved through various parts of Germany and Bohemia. At last, in the year 1541, he finished his days in the hospital of St. Sebastian, in Saltsburgh.

Different and even contradictory judgments have been formed by the learned concerning Paracelsus. His admirers and followers have celebrated him as a perfect master of all philosophical and medical mysteries. Some, on account of the reformation which he produced in medicine, have called him the medical Luther. Many have maintained, as indeed he himself boasted, that he was possessed of the grand secret of converting inferior metals into gold. On the contrary, others have charged his whole medical practice with ignorance, imposture, and impudence.

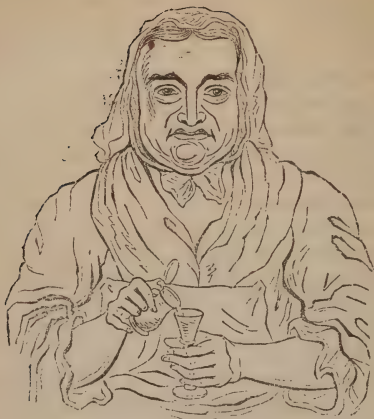
J. Crato, in an epistle to Zwinger, attests, that in Bohemia his medicines, even when they performed an apparent cure, left his patients in such a state, that they

soon after died of palsies or epilepsies. Erastus, who was for two years one of his pupils, wrote an entire book to detect his impostures. He is said to have been not only unacquainted with the Greek language, but so bad a Latin scholar, that he dared not speak a word of Latin in the presence of learned men. It is even asserted, that he was so imperfect a master of his vernacular tongue, that he was obliged to have his German writings corrected by another hand.

His adversaries also charge him with the most contemptible arrogance, the most vulgar scurrility, the grossest intemperance, and the most detestable impiety. The truth seems to be, that Paracelsus's merit chiefly consisted in improving the art of chemistry, and in inventing, or bringing to light, several chemical medicines, which to this day hold their place in the Pharmacopœia. Without either learning, or urbanity, or even decency of manners, by the mere help of physical knowledge and the chemical arts, he obtained an uncommon share of medical fame; and, to support his credit, he pretended to have an intercourse with invisible spirits, and to divine illumination.

Paracelsus wrote, or rather dictated to his amanuensis, many treatises; but they are so entirely void of elegance, so immethodical and obscure, that one may almost credit the assertion of his chemical assistant, Oponinus, that he dictated most of his books in the night, when he was intoxicated.

The chemical, or Paracelsic school, produced many eminent men, whose memoirs are alike instructive and amusing to students of medicine and philosophy. Many of these took great pains to digest the incoherent dogmas of their master into a methodical system. A summary of his doctrine may be seen in the preface to the *Basilia Chymica* of Crolius.



DOLLY OF THE CHOP-HOUSE.

It is curious to observe the various means by which individuals acquire notoriety or fame. This woman earned it merely by keeping an excellent chop-house in Queen's-head-passage, Paternoster-row and Newgate-Street, London. From the superior accommodation originally afforded at her establishment, the house soon became celebrated, was designated by her own name, and received more extensive patronage than any other chop-house in the metropolis. It long retained its superiority; and is, perhaps, still as much known and frequented, as it was at its commencement, when conducted by the renowned Dolly herself. Besides the excellent quality of the provisions and liquors, there were originally other attractions at this chop-house. Dolly's assistants were always selected with a view to draw custom. The bar-maid was chosen for her beauty and obliging disposition—the other female servants were of a similar description, and the waiters were peculiarly smart and clever:—

"All well-bred emblems of the chop-house ware,
As broth reviving, and as white bread fair;
As small beer grateful, and as pepper strong;
As beef-steaks tender, and as pot-herbs young."

It is accordingly said that many customers, including wealthy aldermen and city knights, were often content to pay double for their chop or their soup, merely for the pleasure of being waited upon by Dolly's fascinating female servants. The reputation both of mistress and maids, however, remained untarnished; and when the former retired for life, it was after a most successful career of industry, and with the satisfaction of associating her name in perpetuity with her beloved chop-house.

MR. ANDREWS,

A FAMOUS BILLIARD PLAYER.

THIS gentleman was born to an independent fortune, but unluckily began life at a time when he was incapable of judging either of the world or of himself. Led by a single passion, he devoted himself entirely to the blind goddess, and worshipped her incessantly under the form of two ivory balls. He was remarkably thin, and rather above the middle size; his face was vacancy itself, except when playing at billiards. So infatuated was he in pursuing this game, that to attain the summit of excellence he sacrificed to it days, nights, weeks, months, and years. At length he arrived at such a degree of perfection, as well in the theoretical, as the practical part of the game, that no player in Europe could equal him, except one, who was the celebrated Abraham Carter, who kept the tables at the corner of the Piazzas, Russell-street, Covent Garden. Mr. Andrews was the most devoted adept at this game that ever existed; he seemed but to live for the billiard-room. He ate, drank, slept, walked, nay, talked but to promote the system of the balls. His regimen was tea and toast and butter for breakfast, for

dinner, and for supper. It might reasonably be imagined, that so regular a professor would obtain all the advantages that could result from the science. This was the case: he won considerable sums, but then he knew not the value of money; and when playing for only five or ten pounds, he took no pains, but seemed perfectly indifferent about winning or losing. There was a latent finesse in this, but it did not operate to his advantage: he was laying off for bets, but as they were seldom offered, the strength of his play being very well known, he often lost largely by small sums frequently repeated. It is generally believed, however, that he has played for more money at billiards than any other person ever did. The following is a remarkable circumstance. He one night won of a Colonel W——e upwards of £1000, and the colonel appointed to meet him the next day, to go with him into the city, to transfer stock to him to the amount of the sum lost. Being in a hackney coach, they tossed up who should pay for it—Andrews lost; and upon this small beginning he was excited to continue, till he lost the whole sum he won the night before at billiards. When the coachman stopped to set down, he was ordered to get up again, and drive them back, as they had no occasion to get out. In this way he often lost very large sums which he had won at billiards; and in a few years, hazard, and other games of chance, stripped him of every shilling he could command. He had still left a small annuity, which he endeavoured to dispose of, but it was so securely settled upon himself that he could not sell it. He retired to a cottage in Kent, where he declared to an old acquaintance, that he never knew contentment while he was rolling in money; but since he was obliged to live upon a scanty pittance, he thought himself one of the happiest men in the universe.

THE WANDERING JEW.

WITHOUT repeating what has been said in many places concerning this wonderful man, who is yet said to be wandering under some disguise or other, having no resting place, as was prophesied of him, we must inform our readers, that very little reliance can be placed on authors who foolishly imagine, that to the catalogue of human miseries, a painful immortality should be added. Nor can any more credit be given to those, who suppose him in the possession of the renovating secret of life, and reproduction of youth. Yet authors of some repute mention several impostors who have assumed his character, and played themselves off to their own temporary advantage, and the astonishment of the ignorant.

One of this character was seen about the latter end of the sixteenth century. He was called Salathiel ben Sadi. He appeared and disappeared at Venice, in so sudden a manner, as to attract the notice and suspicion of all Europe. Dr. Campbell, in a little curious work, called *Hermippus Redivivus*, or the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave, mentions the circumstance; and even romance writers of our time have depicted his wonderful talents, but constantly exercised in a deceptive way.

Another of this character also was seen about the same time, and conversed with at Constantinople by the celebrated Turkish Spy, and is likewise reported to have laid the ghost of Agnes in the castle of Lindenberg in Germany. His wanderings in America have also been traced by some zealous believers in his existence; and this has been quoted as another proof of the prophecy concerning him, that he will not have a resting place till the day of judgment shall come to pass.

His appearance at Venice, says Dr. Campbell, made a great stir there; and his conduct was long after the subject of discourse among the curious and learned, as may be seen in the second volume of the *Turkish Spy*, and elsewhere. The great freedom and ease with which all

persons, who made a good appearance, lived in that city, at that time, is sufficiently known to all who are in the least acquainted with it; such, therefore, will not be surprised, that a stranger, who went by the name of Gualdi, and who made a considerable figure there, was admitted into the best company, though nobody knew who or what he was. He remained at Venice some months, and three things were remarked in his conduct: the first was, that he had a small collection of fine pictures, which he readily showed to any person that desired it; the next, that he was perfectly versed in all arts and sciences, and spoke on every subject with such readiness and sagacity, as astonished all who heard him. It was also observed in the third place, that he never wrote or received any letters; never desired any credit, or made use of bills of exchange, but paid for every thing in ready money, and lived decently, though not in splendour.

This wonderfully mysterious man, met one day at a coffee-house with a Venetian nobleman, who was an extraordinary good judge of pictures: he had heard of Signor Gualdi's collection, and in a very polite manner desired to see them, to which our traveller very readily consented. After the Venetian had viewed the cabinet collection, and expressed his satisfaction, by telling him that he had never seen a finer, considering the number of pieces of which it consisted, he cast his eye by chance over the chamber door, where hung a picture of this stranger. The Venetian looked upon it, and then on him. "This picture was drawn for you, Sir," said he to Signor Gualdi, the name our wandering Jew had taken up; to which the other made no answer, but by a low bow. "You look," continued the Venetian, "like a man of fifty; and yet I know this picture to be of the hand of Titian, who has been dead a hundred and thirty years; how can this be?" "It is not easy," replied Gualdi gravely, "to know all things that are possible; but there is certainly nothing wonderful in my resembling a picture painted by Titian." The Venetian easily perceived by his manner of speaking, that he had given the stranger some offence, and therefore withdrew. He could not for-

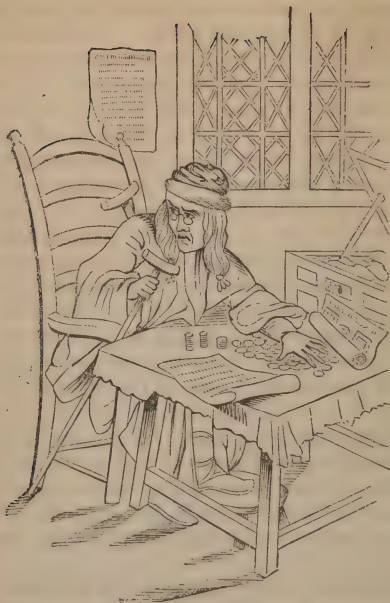
bear speaking of this in the evening to some of his friends, who resolved to satisfy themselves by having a look at this singular picture the next day. In order to have an opportunity of doing so, they went to the coffee-house about the time that Signor Gualdi was used to come there; when not meeting with him, one of them, who had often conversed with him, went to his lodgings to inquire after him, where he heard that he had set out an hour before for Vienna. This affair made a great noise, and found a place in all the newspapers of that time.

This is only one of the many tales related of this singular character, who some suppose never existed, but if he was not in existence how could the prophecy be fulfilled, that he was to remain to the end of time? The celebrated Flamel in Germany, and Fludd of our own country, have testified their knowledge of him, and his wonderful conversability on all subjects, and in all languages.

A man endowed with almost an eternity of life, and an endless source of wealth, not subject to decay as the rest of his race, is a worthy subject of admiration. Many have talked in very exalted language of him, and of his invincible constancy in the practice of the Jewish ceremonies.

Immortality without liberty, would only be a blessing of wretchedness, but, with that gift is the greatest happiness, to which nothing can be added, but the unexpected and unperceived renewal of youth: this, indeed, is a felicity that admits of no comparison, and as it is so rare, another instance is not to be found in the imperfect state of our nature.

This personage has been known by different names, at different periods and places. The play-wrights, too, have sometimes availed themselves of his character. A dramatic piece was printed in the year 1599, in 4to, and in the Minor Theatres of the Continent he has often been exhibited, to the joint advantage both of managers and authors. Voltaire, with his usual sarcastic incredulity, treats his pretended existence as an imposture.



THOMAS GUY.

THE MISER AND PHILANTHROPIST.

THIS gentleman, who afforded such an extraordinary instance of parsimony and generosity, combined in one and the same individual, was the son of a lighterman and coal-dealer, in Horsleydown, Southwark. He was bred a bookseller, and began trade in the city of London, with no more than two hundred pounds. By his industry and uncommon frugality, but more particularly by purchasing seaman's tickets during Queen Anne's wars, and by speculations in the South Sea Stock in the memorable year 1720, he amassed an immense fortune

In proof of his penurious disposition it is recorded of him that he invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table-cloth. One winter evening as he was sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick stove, and without any candle, a person, who came to inquire for him, was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle which lay on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, characterized by Pope, in his satires. "I have been told," said Hopkins, "that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art in which I used to think I excelled, but I am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior." "And is that all you are come about?" said Guy, "why, then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins acknowledged himself convinced of Guy's superior thrift, and took his leave.

This failing, however, if in him it could be called by that appellation, seemed to have for its object the indulgence of a systematic benevolence.

Mr. Guy was the founder of that excellent institution in the borough of Southwark, called after his name, Guy's hospital. The expense of erecting and furnishing it, which he defrayed during his life-time, amounted to £18,793 16s; and the sum he left at his death to endow it was £219,499, making a total of £238,292 10s, a much larger sum than was ever left in this kingdom by any individual for charitable purposes.

Nor were the benefactions of Mr. Guy confined to this single institution. In 1701, he built and furnished, at his own expence, three wards on the north side of the outer court of St. Thomas's hospital, in Southwark, and gave to them one hundred pounds per annum for eleven years,

preceding the foundation of his hospital. He likewise founded a fine hospital at Tamworth, in the county of Stafford.

To many of his relations, he gave, while living, a settled allowance of ten or twenty pounds a year, and to others money to advance them in the world. At his death, he left to his poor aged relations the sum of £870 a year, during their lives, and to his younger relations and executors he bequeathed £75,589. He left the governors of Christ's hospital, a perpetual annuity of £400, for taking in four children annually at the nomination of the governors, and bequeathed £1000 for discharging four prisoners in the city of London, and in the counties of Middlesex and Surrey.

Mr Guy, whose application of his wealth will embalm his memory with blessings to the remotest posterity, died in 1724, at the advanced age of eighty-one years.

The penurious way in which Mr Guy lived, and his amassing so much wealth, did not escape the wits and caricaturists of his time, nor the spleen of some who were disappointed at being omitted in his will. A satirical print appeared after his decease, representing him in the act of making his last testament, and committing to paper the following bequests:—"Item, to my son, fifty pounds per annum; Item, to my daughter, fifty pounds per annum, while she remains single! Item, to building an hospital, and for my statue, one hundred thousand pounds." The intention, however, to blacken Mr Guy's memory, was too apparent; and, accordingly, the satire failed to have any effect. He was never married, nor was he ever known to have any illegitimate children.



LORD LOVAT,

EXECUTED FOR TREASON IN 1747.

THE talents and accomplishments of Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, were of a nature to have distinguished their possessor as an ornament to society, in any age or country. But selfishness, duplicity, and cunning, being unfortunately the predominant qualities of his nature, they completely neutralised or destroyed all the advantages he derived from fortune and education. A brief review of his career will illustrate this estimate of his character, and prove to the reader of how little value are talents and accomplishments, when unaccompanied by integrity of principle.

Lovat, in his youth, was noted for his turbulence and the irregularity of his life. The following, among other instances, sufficiently attests the outrageous violence of his conduct.

Having addressed the heiress of Lovat in 1693, a marriage might have ensued, but that the lady was engaged to the son of Lord Salton. To remove this objection, Lovat took an armed body of his dependents to the house of that nobleman, and having caused a gibbet to be erected, swore he would hang both father and son, unless all pretensions to the heiress were instantly resigned. This was complied with through terror, and even the contract of marriage was given up. He now intended to have seized the young lady's person, but was foiled by the dexterity of the mother, who effectually concealed her. Exasperated by this disappointment, he determined on revenge. Accordingly, he proceeded to the house of the mother, accompanied by a clergyman and his band of armed followers, and there compelled the old lady to marry one of his associates. After the ceremony, he cut off her stays, and forced her to go to bed, in order to have the marriage consummated, which was done accordingly, he and his attendants meanwhile waiting without.

For this infamous transaction, Lovat was tried as an accessory to the rape, and was capitally convicted; but received a pardon from the ill-timed lenity of king William III.

Going to France in 1698, he turned papist, by which he acquired the good opinion of the abdicated James II. who employed him to raise recruits in Scotland; but he revealed the substance of his commission to the British ministry: which circumstance being discovered by some Scotch catholics, an account of it was transmitted to France; so that on his next visit to that country, in the year 1702, he was lodged in the Bastile, where he continued some years; but at length obtaining his liberty, he went to St. Omers, where he entered into the order of Jesuits.

Returning to Scotland on the demise of queen Anne, he succeeded to the title of Lovat, to which a good estate was annexed; but in the following year, when the pretender landed in Scotland, he for a while abetted his cause; but finding his interest decline, he raised a regiment in opposition to him. This was so agreeable to the reigning

family, that Lovat was sent for to court, where he was highly caressed.

At the time he was supporting the rebellion of 1745, with men and money, the lord president Forbes wrote to him, and conjured him in the most earnest manner to take a decisive and vigorous part in behalf of government; and Lovat answered him in such a manner, as seemed to imply an assent to all he urged; though at this very time the men he had sent to assist the rebels were commanded by his own son.

He was apprehended in his own house, some days after the battle of Culloden, by a party of dragoons; but being so infirm that he could not walk, he was carried in a horse-litter to Inverness, whence he was sent in a landau to Edinburgh, under a strong military escort.

Having been lodged one night in the castle, he was conveyed to London, and committed to the Tower, only two days before the Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino suffered the dreadful sentence of the law.

Several witnesses, whose presence was judged necessary on the trial of Lovat, being resident in the north of Scotland, it was thought proper to postpone it till the following year; and he was accordingly brought to trial before the house of peers in Westminster-hall, on the 9th of March, 1747, lord chancellor Hardwick presiding on the occasion.

On the first day of the trial, his Lordship objected to a witness because he was his tenant; but his competency to give his deposition being allowed, after long arguments, he deposed, that his Lordship had been active in raising supplies for the pretender, who had made a descent on the kingdom in consequence of his advice.

This was the substance of the first day's proceedings; and a great part of the second was spent in debates respecting the admissibility of Mr Murray, who had been secretary to the pretender, as a witness. It was urged that his evidence could not be allowed, as he stood attainted; but the attorney-general having read the record of the attainder, and produced the king's pardon, all further objections fell to the ground.

On the following day, Mr Murray was examined, and proved that Lord Lovat had assisted the rebels with men and money; and that he had commissioned two of his sons, to cause his tenants to take arms in behalf of the pretender.

Lord Lovat's servants proved that the pretender had been assisted with money by his Lordship; and on the fourth day, several gentlemen from the highlands gave their testimony to the same purpose.

The evidence for the crown being summed up on the fifth day, Lord Lovat was acquainted by the lord high-steward that he must prepare for his defence; and, accordingly, on the sixth day, his lordship insisted that the parties who had given evidence against him were his enemies, and that they had been induced to give their testimony by means of subornation; and he endeavoured to support his allegations by the depositions of two highlanders; but what they said, had little influence against the concurrent testimony of the other witnesses.

The Lords being assembled in parliament on the seventh day, determined on their verdict, and having returned to Westminster-hall, the culprit was informed by the lord high-steward, that he had been found guilty by his peers. To this Lovat said, that he had been ill-treated while under misfortunes; and this he declared with so much acrimony, that the high-steward reproved him for the indecency of his behaviour, and then passed on him the sentence of the law.

After his conviction, he behaved with uncommon cheerfulness, appearing by no means intimidated at the fate that awaited him. His friends advising him to apply for the royal mercy, he declined it, saying, that the remnant of his life was not worth asking for. He was always cheerful in company; entertained his friends with stories, and applied many passages of the Greek and Roman history to his own case.

On the arrival of the warrant for his execution, he immediately read it, and then pressing the gentleman who brought it, to drink a bottle of wine with him, entertained him with such a number of amusing stories as astonished

the visitor, that his lordship should have such spirits on so solemn an occasion.

The major of the Tower inquiring after his health one morning, he said, "I am well, Sir; I am preparing myself for a place where hardly any majors go, and but few lieutenant-generals." Having procured a pillow to be placed at the foot of his bed, he frequently kneeled on it, to try how he should act his part at the fatal block; and after some practice thought himself sufficiently perfect to go through it with propriety.

Waking about two in the morning on the day before his death, he prayed devoutly for some time, and then slept till near seven, when he was dressed by the assistance of the warder. This day he spent with his friends, conversing cheerfully both on public and private affairs. He was even jocose in a high degree, and told the barber who shaved him, to be cautious not to cut his throat, which might baulk many persons of the expected sight on the following day. Having eaten a hearty supper, he desired that a piece of veal might be roasted, that he might have some of it minced for his breakfast, being a dish of which he was extremely fond. He then smoked his pipe, and retired to rest.

Waking about three in the morning, he employed some time in devotion, and then reposing himself till five o'clock, he arose, and drank a glass of wine and water, as he was accustomed to do every morning. He next employed himself about two hours in reading, which he could do without spectacles, notwithstanding his advanced age, for he had lived a life of temperance, notwithstanding his turbulence, and his eye-sight was uncommonly good.

He now conversed in his customary manner, exhibiting no sign of apprehension; and at eight o'clock sent his wig to the barber; and also desired the warder to purchase a purse, in which to put the money that he intended for the executioner; and he particularly desired that it might be a good one, lest the man should refuse it.

The warder bringing two purses, his lordship took one, which though he did not entirely approve of, he said he

thought few persons would refuse it with ten guineas as its contents.

Having called for his breakfast of minced veal, he ate heartily of it, and drank some wine and water, to the health of his surrounding friends. The coffin, with his name and age, and decorated with ornaments proper to his rank, being placed on the scaffold, Mr Sheriff Alsop went to the gate of the Tower at eleven o'clock, to demand the body. This intelligence being conveyed to Lord Lovat, he requested a few minutes for his private devotions; in which being indulged, he returned cheerfully, and said, "Gentlemen, I am ready;" and having descended one pair of stairs, General Williamson requested him to repose himself a few minutes in his apartment.

Complying with this invitation, he stopped about five minutes, behaved with the utmost politeness to the company, and having drank a glass of wine, got into the governor's coach, which conveyed him to the gate of the Tower, where he was received by the sheriffs. Being conducted to a house near the scaffold, he told the sheriff, "he might give the word of command when he pleased; for," added he, "I have been long in the army, and know what it is to obey."

Having drank some burnt brandy and bitters, he ascended the scaffold, and taking a survey of the surrounding multitude: "Good lack!" said he, "what a bustle is here about seeing an old grey head taken off, that can't help itself up three steps of the scaffold without the assistance of two men!"

As he was going up the steps, observing an old acquaintance of his very melancholy, he clapt him on the back, and bid him be of good heart; "for," said he, "I am not afraid, then why should you?"

When his lordship was got upon the scaffold, he immediately inquired for the executioner, who, being brought before him, and having paid his respects, his lordship took a canvas purse out of his pocket, with ten guineas in it, and gave it to him, bidding him do his work effectually; "For," said he, "if you should cut and mangle my shoulders, I shall be very angry with you." His lordship

then desired to see the axe, but the executioner excused himself from showing it before he had the sheriff's permission for that purpose, which the sheriff, however, instantly granted ; and it being put into his lordship's hands, he felt the edge of it, and said, " He believed it would do." Then, by the help of the two warders, who attended him, he got up out of his chair, which he sat in for the ease of his legs, and took a view of his coffin, on which was written the following inscription, viz.:—" Simon, Dominus Fraser, decollat. April 9, 1747, Ætat. suæ 80."

His lordship having satisfied his curiosity, sat down again, repeating the well-known lines of Horace,

" Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori."

And the following out of Ovid :

" Nam Genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco."

His lordship then desired the crowd to retire, when, being supported by the two warders, he prayed privately. He now called Mr William Fraser to him, and give him his gold-headed cane, as an acknowledgment of his faithful services. Then he took off his wig, and his cap was put on ; after which he pulled off his clothes, which, with his wig, he gave to Mr Fraser ; then taking off his cravat, and loosening the neck of his shirt, he kneeled down by the block, and pulled the cloth to him that was to receive his head. But being told by the executioner that he was a little too near the block, he moved his body farther back ; which done, he told the executioner that the signal for him to do his office, should be the dropping of his handkerchief ; then he laid his head down upon the block, and in about half a minute gave the signal, and his head was severed from his body at one blow, and being received in a scarlet cloth, was together with his body put in a coffin, and conveyed back in a hearse to the Tower ; from whence about five o'clock, Mr Stevenson, the undertaker, took it away, in order to send it to Scotland, to be interred in his own burying-place at Kirkhill church, Inverness.



JEDEDIAH BUXTON.

A MOST extraordinary instance of native genius was afforded by this man, who was born in 1705, at Elmeton in Derbyshire. His father was a schoolmaster, and yet from some strange neglect or infatuation, Jedediah was neither taught to write or read. So great, however, were his natural talents for calculation, that he was remarkable for his knowledge of the relative proportions of numbers, their powers and progressive denominations. To these objects he applied all the powers of his mind, and his attention was so constantly rivetted upon them, that he was often totally abstracted from external objects, and when he did take notice of them, it was only with respect to their numbers. If any space of time happened to be mentioned before him, he would presently inform the company that it contained so many minutes, and if any distance, he would assign the number of hair-breadths in it, even though no question was asked him.

Being required to multiply 456 by 378, he gave the

product by mental arithmetic, as soon as a person in company had completed it in the common way. Being requested to work it audibly that his method might be known, he first multiplied 456 by 5, which produced 2280; this he again multiplied by 20, and found the product 45,600, which was the multiplicand multiplied by 100. This product he again multiplied by 3, which gave 136,800, the product of the multiplicand by 300. It remained therefore to multiply this by 78, which he effected by multiplying 2280, or the product of the multiplicand multiplied by 5, by 15, as 5 times 15 is 75. This product being 34,200, he added to 136,800, which gave 171,000, being the amount of 375 times 456. To complete his operation, therefore, he multiplied 456 by 3, which produced 1368, and this being added to 171,000 yielded 172,368, as the product of 456 multiplied by 378.

From these particulars it appears that Jedediah's method of calculation was entirely his own, and that he was so little acquainted with the common rules of arithmetic as to multiply first by 5, and the product by 20, to find the amount when multiplied by 100, which the addition of two ciphers to the multiplicand would have given at once.

A person who had heard of these astonishing efforts of memory, once meeting with him accidentally, proposed the following question, in order to try his calculating powers. If a field be 423 yards long and 383 broad, what is the area? After the figures were read to him distinctly, he gave the true product, 162,009 yards, in the space of two minutes; for the proposer observed by his watch how long each operation took him. The same person asked, how many acres the said field measured, and in eleven minutes he replied 33 acres, 1 rood, 35 perches, 20 yards and a quarter. He was then asked how many barley-corns would reach eight miles. In a minute and a-half he answered 1,520,640. The next question was: Supposing the distance between London and York to be 204 miles, how many times will a coach-wheel turn round in that space, allowing the circumference of that wheel to be six yards? In thirteen minutes he answered 59,840 times.

On another occasion a person proposed to him this question: In a body, the three sides of which are 23,145,789 yards, 5,642,732 yards, and 54,965 yards, how many cubic eighths of an inch? In about five hours Jedediah had accurately solved this intricate problem, though in the midst of business and surrounded by more than a hundred labourers.

Though these instances, which are well authenticated, are sufficient proofs of Jedediah's strength of mind, yet for the further satisfaction of the curious, the following facts are subjoined. Being asked how long after the firing of one of the cannons at Retford, the report might be heard at Houghton Park, the distance being five miles, and supposing the sound to move at the rate of 1142 feet in one second? In a quarter of an hour he replied—in 23 seconds, 7 thirds, and that 46 remained. He was then asked: Admit that 3584 brocoli-plants are set in rows, four feet asunder, and the plants seven feet apart, in a rectangular plot of ground, how much land will these plants occupy? In nearly half an hour he said: 2 acres, 1 rood, 8 perches and a half.

This extraordinary man would stride over a piece of land, or a field, and tell the contents of it as accurately as if he had measured it by the chain. In this manner he had measured the whole lordship of Elmeton, consisting of some thousands of acres, belonging to Sir John Rhodes, and brought him the contents not only in acres, roods, and perches, but even in square inches. After this he reduced them for his own amusement into square hair-breadths, computing about 48 to each side of an inch, which produced such an astonishing number as appeared almost incomprehensible.

Next to figures, the only objects of Jedediah's curiosity were the king and royal family. So strong was his desire to see them, that in the beginning of the spring of 1754, he walked up to London for that purpose, but returned disappointed, as his majesty had removed to Kensington just as he arrived in town. He was, however, introduced to the Royal Society, whom he called the *Folk of the Siety court*. The gentlemen present asked him

several questions in arithmetic to try his abilities, and dismissed him with a handsome present.

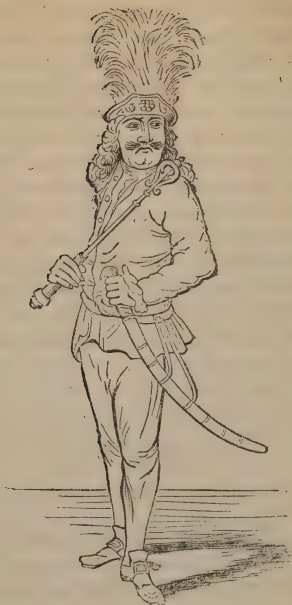
During his residence in the metropolis, he was taken to see the tragedy of King Richard the Third performed at Drury Lane. It was expected that the novelty of every thing in that place, together with the splendour of the surrounding objects, would have filled him with astonishment; or that his passions would have been roused in some degree by the action of the performers, even though he might not fully comprehend the dialogue. This certainly was a rational idea; but his thoughts were far otherwise employed. During the dances, his attention was engaged in reckoning the number of steps; after a fine piece of music he declared that the innumerable sounds produced by the instruments perplexed him beyond measure, but he counted the words uttered by Mr Garrick, in the whole course of the entertainment, and declared that in this part of the business he had perfectly succeeded.

Heir to no fortune and educated to no particular profession, Jedediah Buxton supported himself by the labour of his hands. His talents, had they been properly cultivated, might have qualified him for acting a distinguished part on the theatre of life; he nevertheless pursued the "noiseless tenor of his way," content if he could satisfy the wants of nature, and procure a daily sustenance for himself and family.

If the enjoyments of this singular man were few, they seem at least to have been fully equivalent to his desires. Though the powers of his mind raised him far above his humble companions, who earned their bread in like manner by the sweat of their brow, yet ambitious thoughts never interrupted his repose, nor did he, on his return from London, regret the loss of any of the pleasures he had left behind him.

Had he lived in the present age of speculation and experiment, he might have acquired an easy fortune by travelling the kingdom and exhibiting his extraordinary powers for money.

Buxton was married and had several children. He died in the year 1775, aged 70 years.



MAXIMILIAN CHRISTOPHER MILLER,

A SAXON GIANT.

THIS man belonged to that race of beings whom nature in her occasional freaks distinguishes from the rest of the human species, either by enlarging or diminishing beyond measure their physical powers, and like most of the tribe, he availed himself of her peculiar gifts to make a fortune, by exhibiting himself for money. He was born at Leipsic, in 1674, and even from his infancy, was remarkable for his size and strength. After travelling through the greater portion of Europe, he arrived in England about 1733, and attracted general attention in the metropolis,

from the pompousness of his demeanour, as well as from his great height, and the surprising dimensions of his various members. He wore a rich Hungarian jacket, a fancy-wrought cap, with a towering plume of feathers; and when visitors were introduced, he assumed a grand and important air, carrying a rich sceptre in his right hand, and having his left placed on the handle of a tremendous falchion, elegantly mounted. He thus paraded the apartment with a prodigious show of state and dignity. He was at that time fifty-nine years of age. His height was about eight feet, and his face and head were of so enormous a size that they almost struck the beholders with terror. His hand measured a foot, and his finger was nine inches long. Boistard drew his portrait, from the life, in 1733. He died in London in 1734, aged 60.

JOSEPH STRONG,

A REMARKABLE BLIND MECHANIC.

THE propensity of the blind to cultivate the science of music, is well known to every person of the least observation. With this propensity there is sometimes combined an extraordinary genius for mechanics, but few have possessed both in a greater degree than Mr Joseph Strong.

He was a native of Carlisle, and was blind from his birth. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, he displayed even in his infancy astonishing skill in mechanics. He attached himself early to the study of music, and was a good performer on the organ. The following circumstance affords a striking instance of his ingenuity and perseverance, by means of which he contrived to produce everything he thought worth possessing:—At the age of fifteen he one afternoon concealed himself in the cathedral of Carlisle, during the time of divine service. When the congregation had retired he proceeded to the organ-loft, and examined every part of the instrument. He was thus occupied till about midnight, when, having satisfied him-

self respecting the general construction, he began to try the tone of the different stops, and the proportion they bore to each other. This experiment could not, however, be concluded in so silent a manner as the business which had before engaged his attention. The neighbourhood was alarmed; various were the conjectures as to the cause of the nocturnal music. At length some persons mustered courage sufficient to go and see what was the matter, and Joseph was found playing the organ. Next day he was sent for by the dean, who, after reprimanding him for the method he had taken to gratify his curiosity, gave him permission to play whenever he pleased.

He now set about making himself a chamber-organ, which he completed without any assistance whatever. He also constructed various other pieces of machinery, among which was the model of a loom, with a figure representing a man working in it.

At the age of twenty he could make himself almost every article of wearing apparel; and all his household furniture, with few exceptions, was of his own manufacture. The first pair of shoes he made, was for the purpose of walking from Carlisle to London, to visit Mr Stanley, the celebrated blind organist of the Temple Church. This visit he actually paid, and was highly gratified with the jaunt.

Though he indulged his fancy in the manner described above, yet these amusements did not prevent him from following with great assiduity the business of a diaper weaver, at which he was accounted a good workman.

Mr Strong was married at the age of twenty-five, and had several children. He died at Carlisle, in March, 1798, in the 66th year of his age.

JOHN O'GROAT.

ALL the world has heard of John O'Groat's House, but few know anything about John O'Groat himself. The spot where the house stood is still visited by numerous travellers, both from abroad and at home, although it is probable that most of them are ignorant of the peculiar circumstance which first give rise to its celebrity. Its fame has been generally, but erroneously, ascribed to its mere local position—as the most northern inhabited spot of the island ; whereas, it originated in an event not unpleasing to relate, and which furnishes a useful lesson of morality.

In the reign of James IV. of Scotland, Malcolm Gavin, and John de Groat (supposed to have been brothers, and originally from Holland), arrived at Caithness, from the south of Scotland, bringing with them a letter written in Latin by that prince, recommending them to the countenance and protection of his loving subjects in the county of Caithness. They purchased, or got possession of, the lands of Warse and Dungisbay, lying in the parish of Canisbay, on the side of the Pentland Firth ; and each of them obtained an equal share of the property they acquired. In process of time, their families increased, and there came to be eight different proprietors of the name of Groat, who possessed these lands amongst them ; but whether the three original settlers split their property among their children, or whether they purchased for them small possessions from one another, does not appear.

These eight families, having lived peaceably and comfortably in their possessions for a number of years, established an annual meeting, to celebrate the anniversary of the arrival of their ancestors on that coast. In the course of their festivity, on one of these occasions, a question arose respecting the right of taking the door, and sitting at the head of the table, and such like points of precedence (each contending for the seniority, and chieftainship of the clan), which increased to such a height, as would probably have proved fatal in its consequences to

some if not all of them, had not John de Groat, who was proprietor of the ferry, interposed. He being a man of matured judgment and much sagacity, and having also acquired more knowledge of mankind, by his constant intercourse with strangers passing the Pentland Firth, saw the danger of such disputes: and, having had address enough to procure silence, he began with expatiating on the comfort and happiness they had hitherto enjoyed, since their arrival in that remote corner, owing to the harmony which had subsisted among them. He assured them, that so soon as they appeared to split and quarrel among themselves, their neighbours, who till then had treated them with respect, would fall upon them, and expel them from the country. He therefore conjured them, by the ties of blood and their mutual safety, to return quietly that night to their several homes; and he pledged himself, that he would devise a plan to satisfy them all with respect to precedency, and prevent the possibility of such disputes among them, at their future anniversary meetings.

They all acquiesced, and departed in peace. In the meantime, John de Groat, to fulfil his engagement, built a room, distinct by itself, of an octagon shape, with eight doors and windows in it, and, having placed in the middle a table of oak, of the same shape, when the anniversary meeting took place he desired each of them to enter at his own door, and to sit at the head of the table; he taking himself the seat that was left unoccupied. By this ingenious contrivance, any dispute in regard to rank was prevented, as they all found themselves on a footing of equality, and their former harmony and good humour were accordingly restored. This building then bore the name of John O'Groat's House; and, though the house is totally gone, the place where it stood still retains the name, and deserves to be remembered as long as good intentions and good sense are estimable in the country. The particulars above-mentioned were communicated to John Sutherland, Esq., of Wester, above eighty years ago, by his father, who was then advanced in life, and who had seen the letter written by James IV. in the possession of

George Groat of Warse. The remains of the oak table had been seen by many persons who were still living in 1795, and who had stated to Sir John Sinclair the fact of their having inscribed their names on it.

The site of this famous house is in the vicinity of Dungisbay Head, the *Berubium*, of Ptolemy, which lies in the angle where the line of coast, from a northern direction, turns towards the west. In coming down from the head, and travelling westward for two miles, the walk is extremely pleasant. The greatest luxuriance of growth prevails, extending from the shore about a mile inland. The beach itself consists wholly of shells and shell sand of the purest white, which contributes alike to beautify the coast, and to enrich the soil. In the middle of this delightful walk you approach the spot which has been immortalized by the good sense and ingenuity of John O'Groat. As already said, the building itself has perished, but the remembrance of it, together with the name of its owner, will assuredly live for ever.

HENRY LEE WARNER.

It is universally admitted that no country in the world produces so many humourists and eccentric characters as the British Islands; but we much doubt whether any parallel case can be produced to the following instance of eccentricity and benevolence.

Henry Lee Warner, of Walsingham Abbey, in Norfolk, was born in 1722. He was the descendant of John Warner, bishop of Rochester, whose estates he possessed, as well as those of Sir James Howe, Bart., Wilts, and Henry Lee, Esq., Kent.

Of the various traits which marked the character of this extraordinary but truly amiable man, his conduct towards those who abused his confidence and generosity, was the most remarkable. "At the Abbey, at Walsingham," says Mr Pratt in his "Gleanings," "resides a gentleman in the possession of a once-finely wooded

domain, of great politeness and urbanity, much reading, of sound understanding, who, nevertheless, has allowed almost every tree which his domain had to boast, to be deliberately cut down and carried away, without so much as making any manner of inquiry after the offenders, or entering into any remonstrance as to their past, present, or future depredations, though this went to the loss of £20,000. Whoever has a mind to it, goes into his stable, saddles or harnesses a horse, and rides or ploughs with him, brings him home at night, or keeps him a week or a fortnight together, without so much as a question being asked by the squire; and what is worse, they not only steal wheat, barley, and other grain, from the field where it is sheaved, to save themselves the trouble of cutting it, but they are wicked enough to cut off the corn-ears, by whole acres, before they are ripe." In fact, from a principle of lenity, as well as an extreme tenderness of disposition, he permitted the most injurious depredations to be committed on his property with impunity; and when, during his midnight walk, any of the offenders were perceived by him, he would mildly exclaim, "Take care how you get down that tree, or you may hurt yourself."

Mr Warner was remarkable for another peculiarity. With him the common distribution of time was completely reversed, and night was turned into day. He rose late in the evening, breakfasted at midnight, and dined at five in the morning. His dress was precisely that of the English gentleman of the last age: a gold-laced coat and waistcoat, with deep slash-worked sleeves, and richly embossed buttons, a deep chitterlin of rich yellow lace, curved-toed shoes, and oblong buckles. He was the accomplished scholar, the complete gentleman, and the sincere friend; and universally respected for his steady adherence to the rules of justice and moderation. Yet he never entered a church or a place of worship—a circumstance which greatly displeased the clergy. Notwithstanding all the deep drawbacks upon his property, he died extremely rich.



OLD HARRY,

A FAMOUS RAREE-SHOW-MAN.

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, Old Harry was a remarkable character in London, his notoriety being established by the facetious and felicitous manner in which he described the sights to be seen in his raree-show. According to all accounts, it was quite a treat, both to old and young, to hear his learned and elaborate description of every subject and article which his attractive little cabinet contained. Pierce Tempest in his *Cries of London*, from drawings by Marcellus Laroon, has described *Old Harry* with his cabinet on his back, strolling the streets, and bawling aloud for an audience to his *show*. Sutton

Nicholls, the engraver and printseller, published two representations of him, from one of which we have taken the above sketch. Underneath the original are the following lines :—

“ Reader, behold the Efigie of one
 Wrinkl'd by age, Decrepit and Forlorne;
 Then what's Inscrib'd beneath his picture trace,
 That shows the Man, the Picture but his Face;
 His tinkling bell doth you together call,
 To see his RARY-SHOW, Spectators all;
 That will be pleased before you by him pass,
 To pay a Farthing and look through his glass,
 Where every Object that it doth present,
 Will please your fancy, yield your mind content!
 Objects as strange in Nature as in Number,
 Such a vast many as will make you wonder;
 That when you do look through his glass you'd swear,
 That by one small sight you view'd a whole Fair
 Of Monsters stranger than can be express'd,
 There's NIPPOTATE lies among the rest.
 Twelve years together he has drove this trade,
 And by no upstart yet has been dismaid;
 'Tis so long since he did himself betake,
 To show the Louse, the Flea, and Spangl'd Snake,
 His NIPPOTATE which on Raw flesh fed,
 He liveing shew'd, and does the same now dead;
 The Bells that he when Liveing always wore,
 He wears about his neck as heretofore,
 Then Buy OLD HARRY, stick him up that he
 May be remembered by Posterity.”

His NIPPOTATE, referred to above, was the body of a tame hedge-hog which had been a special favourite of Old Harry when alive, and which his affection for it had caused him to preserve by stuffing when it died.

According to Caulfield, Harry contrived to make a comfortable living by thus harmlessly amusing the public at a very trifling expense. In the latter period of his life, he had two or three successful rivals. He then confined his perambulations to the vicinity of Moorfields, seldom straying beyond the boundaries of Hoxton and Islington, and he was rarely known to travel westward beyond Temple-bar. It is said that he died about 1710.



MASSANIELLO.

THE history of the Revolution effected by this obscure but remarkable person, affords one of the most striking examples on record, of the sudden and extraordinary vicissitudes which frequently occur in the affair of nations, as well as in those of individuals.

Thomas Annello, by construction called Massaniello, was born in the year 1623, and at the time when he attracted the notice of the world, was about twenty-four years of age. He lived in a corner of the great market-place of Naples, and it was a singular circumstance, that under one of his windows were fixed the arms and name of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. That monarch had granted to the people of Naples a charter of privileges, which about this period were grossly violated. Massaniello was robust, of a good countenance, and middle size ; he wore linen trousers, a blue waistcoat, and went bare-foot, with a mariner's cap. His profession was that of a dealer in fish, which he either caught himself or purchased

for the purpose of retailing. The discontents excited in the city did not escape the observation of Massaniello; nay, so alive was he to the cause of them, that notwithstanding the meanness of his profession, he began to form a project for effecting a reformation. Going home one day violently agitated, he met with the famous Banditto Perrone, and one of his companions, as he passed by a church to which they had fled for refuge. Being known to them, they inquired what ailed him: on which he replied, that he would be bound to be hanged, if he did not right the city. They laughed at the extreme improbability of such an event, but Massaniello swore that if he had two or three of his own humour to join him, he would keep his word. They gave him a solemn promise of assistance, and he departed.

His resolution was soon afterwards strengthened by a circumstance in which he was personally interested. Some of the officers of the customs having met his wife carrying a small quantity of contraband flour, seized her, and carried her to prison; nor could Massaniello procure her release till he had sold the whole of his property to pay a fine of one hundred ducats as the price of her freedom. He now determined to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by the popular discontents, on account of the tax on fruit, which fell particularly heavy on the lower classes, and accordingly went round among the fruit-shops in his quarter, advising the keepers of them to go in a body the next day to the market, and tell the country-fruiterers that they would buy no more taxed fruit.

The market-place was frequented by a great number of boys, who assembled there to pick up such fruit as fell. Massaniello associated with them, taught them certain cries and clamours suited to his purpose, and collected such a number of them between sixteen and seventeen years of age, that at first they amounted to five hundred, and afterwards to five thousand. Of this youthful army, Massaniello acted as general, providing each of the individuals who composed it with a small cane. The shopkeepers complying with his instructions, a great tumult took place the next day between them and the fruiterers.

An officer, named Anaclerio, was sent by the viceroy to quell this disturbance.

Among the fruiterers was a cousin of Massaniello, who seconding the views of the latter, endeavoured as much as possible to inflame the people. He found that he could not sell his fruit, unless at a very low price, which, when the tax was paid, would be less than the prime cost. On this he fell into a violent rage, and threw two large baskets on the ground, exclaiming, "God gives plenty, and the bad government a dearth. I care not for this fruit, let those take it that will." The boys eagerly ran to pick up and eat the fruit. At this moment Massaniello rushed in among them, crying out, "No tax! No tax!" Anaclerio threatened him with with whipping and the galleys, on which not only the fruiterers but the rest of the people threw figs, apples, and other fruits with great fury in his face. Massaniello hit him on the breast with a stone, and encouraged his regiment of boys to follow his example; but Anaclerio saved his life by flight.

The people, by this time, flocked in multitudes to the market-place, loudly exclaiming against the intolerable grievances under which they groaned, and protesting their resolution to submit to them no longer. The uproar still increasing, Massaniello leaped upon the highest table among the fruiterers, and harangued the crowd. He compared himself to Moses, who delivered the Egyptians from the rod of Pharaoh; to Peter, who was a fisherman like himself, yet rescued Rome and the world from the slavery of Satan, promising them a similar deliverance from their oppressors by his means, and declaring his readiness to sacrifice his life in such a glorious cause. By harangues of this kind, Massaniello wonderfully inflamed the minds of the people, and disposed them to assist heartily in his design.

They commenced their operations by setting fire to the house next to the toll-house for fruit, both of which were burned to the ground, with all the books, accounts, and goods they contained. All the shops were by this time shut up, and the numbers increasing, many thousands of people went in bodies to those quarters of the city where

all the other toll-houses were situated. These they plundered of all their books and writings, great quantities of money and many rich moveables, all of which were thrown into a great fire of straw, and burned to ashes in the streets. Meeting with no resistance, the people became still bolder, and proceeded towards the palace of the viceroy. First marched the corps of Massaniello, consisting of 2000 boys, every one holding up his cane with a piece of black cloth at the top, and with loud and doleful cries exciting the compassion, and entreating the assistance of their fellow-citizens.

On their arrival at the palace, they not only demanded, by loud cries, to be relieved from the fruit tax, but that all others, and especially the tax on corn, should be suppressed. At length they entered the palace, which they rifled, in spite of the resistance of the guards, whom they disarmed. The viceroy endeavoured to escape in his carriage, with the intention of securing himself in the church of St. Lewis, but being observed by the people, they stopped the coach, and surrounding it with drawn swords, threatened his life, if he refused to take off the taxes. By means of fair promises and assurances of redress, and by throwing money among the multitude, which they were eager to pick up, he at length reached the church in safety, and ordered the doors to be shut. The people then applied to the Prince de Bisignano, who was greatly beloved by them, to be their advocate. He promised to obtain what they desired; but, finding after much labour and fatigue, that it was impossible to restrain their licentiousness or to quell their fury, he availed himself of the first opportunity to escape from the labyrinth of popular commotion.

Finding themselves without a head, after the retirement of the prince, Massaniello was nominated by the people to be their leader, which charge he accepted. They appointed Genoino, a priest of approved knowledge, temper, and abilities, to attend his person; and for a companion they added the above-mentioned famous Banditto Perrone. By his spirit, good sense, and resolution, Massaniello gained the hearts of all the people, who became

willing to confer solemnly upon him the supreme command, and to obey him accordingly. A stage was, therefore, erected in the middle of the market-place, where, clothed in white, like the Neapolitan mariners of those days, he, with his counsellors, gave public audience, received petitions, and pronounced sentence in all cases both criminal and civil.

Massaniello now had no less than one hundred and fifty thousand persons under his command, including a multitude of women, armed like so many Amazons. A list was made out of above sixty persons who farmed the taxes, and had enriched themselves by oppressing the people, in order to be made examples to posterity. It was therefore decreed that their houses and goods should be burned; and this was done with such regularity, that no one was suffered to carry away the smallest article. Many, for stealing mere trifles from the flames, were instantly hanged in the market-place.

The viceroy, who had shut himself up in the castle, was meanwhile devising methods to bring about an accommodation. He applied to the archbishop, of whose attachment to the government he was well assured, and of whose paternal care and affection for them the people had no doubt, to second his endeavours. He agreed to give them the original charter of Charles the Fifth, which exempted them from all taxes, and likewise to grant a general pardon for all past offences. Furnished with these powers, the archbishop prevailed upon Massaniello to assemble the principle leaders of the people, and great hopes of a happy accommodation were entertained.

While this negotiation was on foot, five hundred banditti, all armed and on horseback, entered the city under pretence that they came for the service of the people, but in reality, as it afterwards appeared, for the purpose of destroying Massaniello, for they discharged several shots at him, some of which narrowly missed him. This proceeding immediately put a stop to the whole business, and it was suspected that the viceroy was concerned in the treachery. The streets were barricaded and orders were issued, that the aqueduct leading to the castle in which

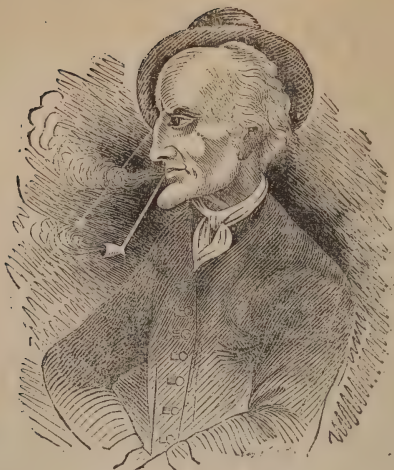
were the viceroy and all the principal officers of state, should be cut off, and that no provisions should be carried thither, except a small quantity of roots and herbs.

The viceroy again applied to the archbishop, charging him to assure the people of his good intentions, of his abhorrence of the design manifested by the banditti, and of his resolution to bring them to condign punishment. The treaty was renewed and soon concluded, after which it was judged proper that Massaniello should pay a visit to the viceroy in his palace. He directed that all the windows and balconies should be hung with the richest silks and tapestries that could be procured. He threw off his mariner's habit, and dressed himself in cloth of silver, with a fine plume of feathers on his hat; and mounted on a beautiful charger, with a drawn sword in his hand, he went attended by at least fifty thousand people.

During his interview with the viceroy in the balcony of the palace, he gave him surprising proofs of the ready obedience of the people; whatever cry he gave out was immediately re-echoed by the crowd, and when he put his finger to his mouth, the most profound silence prevailed. On the following Sunday, the stipulations were signed in the cathedral, and solemnly sworn to be observed. Massaniello having now accomplished his designs, declared his resolution to return to his former occupation. Had he adhered to it, he might justly have been regarded as one of the greatest characters that any age or country has produced. But unfortunately being either instigated by his family, induced by fear, or allured by the sweets of power, he still retained his authority, and what was worse, he exercised it in such a capricious and tyrannical manner, that his best friends began to be afraid of him. It has been imagined that something was infused into his drink to take away his senses, or what is still more probable, that he drank to such excess as to deprive himself of reason. Be the cause, however, what it might, his conduct became singularly outrageous. He galloped through the streets like a madman, wantonly cutting and maiming every person, without distinction. The natural consequence was, that instead of being followed by the

people as before, they all avoided his presence. Fatigued and exhausted by one of these paroxysms, he took refuge in the church of the Carmelites, of which the archbishop immediately sent information to the viceroy.

At this stage of the revolution, a sudden reaction took place in the public mind, and a portion of the citizens instantly turned it to the advantage of the government. Hastening to the church, they entered it, shouting, "Long live the King of Spain, and down with Massaniello!" The unfortunate man hearing his name pronounced, came out at once, crying, "Are you looking for me, my friends? Here I am." The only answer he received was the discharge of four muskets at him, when he instantly fell, and had only time to exclaim, "Ah, ungrateful traitors!" before he expired. One of his murderers then cut off his head, which he carried to the viceroy, in sight of eight or ten thousand of the populace, assembled in the church and market-place. A more remarkable instance of the inconstancy of popular favour can scarcely be produced, for so far from avenging the death of their captain-general, they exhibited unequivocal signs of satisfaction. Nay, no sooner was the breath out of his body, than those who had hitherto been his followers took his mutilated corpse, and having afterwards procured his head, they first dragged them through the streets, and then threw each of them into a different ditch. The same mutability of disposition was exemplified the succeeding day, when they began to appreciate their loss, and to mourn over the fate of their idol. The mangled relics of the unfortunate Massaniello were then carefully sought, and when found, were washed from the filth by which they were defaced. A more sumptuous funeral was never seen in Naples than that which was now prepared for him. His body was followed to the cathedral by forty thousand persons of all ranks. The Spanish ensigns were lowered as it passed, and the viceroy sent out numerous attendants with torches to assist at the ceremony. The commotion began 7th of July, 1647, and terminated on the 16th of same month. Massaniello thus ruled only nine days, but perhaps with more unlimited power than was ever enjoyed by any sovereign.



JOHN GALE,

BORN DEAF AND DUMB.

THIS person was long familiar to the public in the metropolis, under the title of Dumb Jack. He seems to have been chiefly remarkable for some peculiarities of look and manner, being quite destitute of mental powers, and according to the Reverend Mark Noble, little better than an idiot. Caulfield, however, appreciates him at a higher rate, and describes him as rather a felicitous character, enjoying life after a manner of his own, with peculiar zest. One of his chief enjoyments was to be present at public executions; hence he was a constant attendant on occasions of that kind at Tyburn, and uniformly accompanied the unfortunate culprit from the gaol to the gallows, "riding," as Caulfield says, "on the corpse of the cart, and smoking his pipe with perfect decorum the whole way, seemingly quite unmoved at the passing scene." The same writer states, "that he always wore his hat in a particular direction, as in the

above sketch; so much on one side, as hardly to keep its place on his head; that he was seldom seen without a pipe in his mouth; and that ale and tobacco were his two grand animal gratifications." Although uncouth in his physiognomy and manner, he was a general favourite with the mobility. He lived in the reign of William the Third, and earned a livelihood chiefly in the employment of the butchers of Clare-market.

ALICE.

IN the history of American longevity, this venerable female holds a distinguished place. She was a native of Philadelphia, and born of parents who came from Barbadoes. At ten years of age, her master removed her to Dunk's Ferry, where she continued to the end of her days. She remembered the ground on which Philadelphia stands, when it was a wilderness, and when the Indians, its chief inhabitants, hunted game in the woods, while the panther, the wolf, and other wild beasts of the forest, were prowling about the wigwams and cabins in which they lived.

Being a sensible woman, she would often make judicious remarks on the improvements of the city and country; hence her conversation became peculiarly interesting, especially to the immediate descendants of the first settlers, of whose ancestors she often related acceptable anecdotes. She remembered William Penn, the proprietor of Pennsylvania, Thomas Story, James Logan, and several other distinguished characters of that day.

In observing the increase of the city, she pointed out the house next to the episcopal church, to the southward in Second-Street, as the first brick building that was erected in it. The first church, she said, was a small frame that stood where the present building stands, the ceiling of which she could reach with her hands from the floor. She was a member of the episcopal society, and attended their public worship as long as she lived.

Indeed, she was so zealous to perform this duty, in proper season, that she has often been met on horseback, in full gallop to church, at the age of 95 years. Her temperance and integrity were alike conspicuous, through the whole of her long life. She was so strict an observer of truth, that her veracity was never questioned; and such was her master's confidence in her honesty, that she was trusted at all times to receive the ferriage money for upwards of forty years.

This extraordinary woman retained her hearing to the end of her life, but her sight began to fail gradually in the ninety-sixth year of her age. At one hundred she became blind, so that she could not see the sun at noon day. Her last master kindly excused her from labour; but being habituated from her childhood to constant employment, she could not be idle, and she afterwards devoted her time to fishing, at which she was very expert. Even at this late period, when her sight had so entirely left her, she would frequently row herself out into the middle of the stream, from which she seldom returned without a handsome supply of fish for her master's table. About the hundred and second year of her age, her sight gradually returned, and improved so far, that she could perceive objects moving before her, though she could not distinguish persons. Before she died, her hair became perfectly white, and the last of her teeth dropt sound from her head. She died in 1802, aged 116, at Bristol, in Pennsylvania.



CORNELIUS CATON,

A WHIMSICAL RICHMOND PUBLICAN.

THIS little man acquired great notoriety as the keeper of a tavern at Richmond, in Surrey, in consequence of his wit, pleasantry, and singular appearance. His house, called the "White Lion," was for many years the best frequented in Richmond, and became, while kept by him, a favourite resort of the Londoners, who were attracted to it by the facetious qualities and peculiar humour of its landlord. Caton, however, was physically as well as mentally a *rara avis in terra*. His person was of the most grotesque appearance, and so diminutive was he in stature, that he might have made a fortune by exhibiting himself as a dwarf. When he had become, as it were,

a public character, Beckham, the engraver, speculated on his portrait, of which the above sketch is a copy, and it had a prodigious sale. As may easily be conceived, it also greatly increased the number of the little man's customers, for many a one made a journey from London to Richmond, with no other view than to see the landlord of the White Lion. According to Caulfield, the rise of Caton was progressive, since he did not come into public notice until he had passed through all the gradations of pot-boy, helper in the stables, and waiter at a country inn, where he prudently laid up a little hoard, which enabled him to speculate on the house at Richmond, in which he became alike successful and celebrated. His death happened about the beginning of the reign of George the Third.

GEORGE MANLY.

THIS man was convicted of murder at Wicklow, in Ireland, in 1738, and made himself remarkable by delivering the following speech on the scaffold:—

“My friends, you assemble to see—What?—A man take a leap into the abyss of death. Look, and you shall see me go with as much courage as Curtius, when he leapt into the gulf to save his country from destruction. What then will you see of me?—You say that no man without virtue can be courageous. You will say I have killed a man.—Marlborough killed his thousands and Alexander his millions. Marlborough and Alexander, and many others who have done the like, are famous in history as great men: but I killed one solitary man—ay, that's the case—one solitary man! I'm a little murderer, and must be hanged. Marlborough and Alexander plundered countries—they were great men. I ran in debt with the ale-wife—I must be hanged! Now, my friends, I have drawn a parallel between two of the greatest men that ever lived and myself; but these were

men of former days. Now I'll speak a word of some of the present day. How many men were lost in Italy and upon the Rhine, during the last war, for setting a king in Poland? But both sides could not be in the right: they are great men; but I killed a solitary man, I'm a little fellow. The King of Spain takes our ships, plunders our merchants, kills and tortures our men; but what of all that? what he does is good; he's a great man; he is clothed in purple; his instruments of murder are bright and shining, mine was but a rusty gun; and so much for comparison. Now I would fain know what authority there is in Scripture for a rich man to plunder, to torture, and ravage whole countries; and what law it is that condemns a poor man to death for killing a solitary man, or for stealing a solitary sheep to feed his family? But bring the matter closer to our own country: what is the difference between running in a poor man's debt, and by the power of gold, or any other privilege, preventing him from obtaining his right, and clapping a pistol to a man's breast, and taking from him his purse? yet the one shall thereby obtain a coach, and honours, and titles; the other—what?—a cart and a rope. From what I have said, my brethren, you may, perhaps, imagine I am hardened; but, believe me, I am fully convinced of my follies, and acknowledge that the just judgment of God has overtaken me. I have no hopes but from the merits of my Redeemer, who I trust will have mercy on me, as he knows that murder was far from my heart, and what I did was through rage and passion, being provoked thereto, by the deceased. Take warning, my dear comrades: think! O think!—What would I now give, that I had lived another life!"

THEODORA GRAHN.

AN ECCENTRIC PRUSSIAN LADY.

CONCERNING this female, whose extraordinary appearance in male attire attracted considerable notice for many years in the streets of the British metropolis, various and contradictory accounts have been given since her death. We profess not to decide which of them is correct, but shall submit to the reader that which appears most probable.

Theodora Grahn was the only daughter of an architect, who after residing for many years at Berlin, where he erected several edifices, and particularly the church of St. Peter, died at Bayreuth. After his decease she returned to Berlin, where she lived with one of her relatives. Possessing an excellent capacity, she made herself mistress of the mathematics, and of the French, English, and Italian languages; but with these accomplishments she combined extraordinary eccentricity of manners. On the death of her aunt in 1758, who left her a legacy of one thousand rix-dollars, in order to improve this little fortune, Theodora immediately commenced business as an exchange broker. This was during the period of the seven years' war, which was extremely favourable to the occupation she had adopted. As it required her daily attendance in various parts of the city, she began in dirty weather to wear boots, and with these and other accoutrements she cut a remarkable figure, though she had not yet relinquished the female dress.

On the conclusion of the war, by which she had more than doubled her little capital, she removed to Bayreuth, where she made her appearance in male attire, assuming at the same time the title of Baron de Verdion. She did not, however, attract much notice, till in 1769 Mr. Basedow commenced his scholastic reforms in Germany, in which he was warmly supported by the self-created baron, who, at length, engaged with him as his secretary and amanuensis. The secret of her sex was suspected,

and so great was the scandal raised against Basedow, that he was at length obliged to dismiss her, though he persisted in asserting his belief that she was not a woman. She betrayed herself by the indulgence of a vice to which she appears to have been addicted through life. The public curiosity was so far excited, that some young men formed a plan to invite her to an inn and make her intoxicated. This they accomplished with such success as to ascertain her sex beyond the possibility of doubt.

This unfortunate exposure disgusted her with her native country, which she quitted for ever, and proceeding to England, fixed her residence in London. Here she assumed the appellation of Dr. John de Verdion, and gave instructions in the German language. She is said to have been patronized by many persons of distinction, but more particularly by Madame Schwellenberg, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Charlotte. If this was the case, it is more than probable that she lost their favour by her singularities, for we find her after some years principally employed in dealing in second-hand books, purchased chiefly at auctions. In consequence of her intimacy with Madame Schwellenberg she was admitted at court, and used to attend the Queen's drawing-rooms in court costume.

Her figure was striking and grotesque. She always wore a bag wig, a large cocked hat and boots; and was never seen without a cane and an umbrella, which she carried in all weathers, while her pockets were generally filled with books.

For upwards of twenty years she was in the habit of frequenting Furnival's inn coffee-house, where she freely indulged her love of good living, and gratified her propensity to drinking to such a degree that she was often seen rolling upon the floor. Notwithstanding her sacrificing so frequently and so copiously at the shrine of Bacchus, it is remarkable that her imprudence never led to a disclosure of her sex, though various circumstances, and her timidity in particular, excited suspicions in many on that subject. At home she never employed a servant, but performed all the domestic offices with her own hands,

and it has been said that while engaged in these occupations, she always wore a woman's cap and bed-gown. Another of her singularities was, that neither in winter nor summer was she ever known to have any fire in her apartments.

With respect to religion, she is reported to have been an extraordinary admirer of the celebrated John Wesley. Such was the strength of her attachment to him that she was one of his most constant attendants, and has often been observed to follow him and kiss the skirts of his coat with enthusiastic delight.

In consequence of her extravagant mode of living, and perhaps also the failure of some of her sources of income, she became toward the latter end of her life much reduced in circumstances. This caused her to intrude upon her acquaintances for eating and drinking, to whom she gave indirect promises of making them amends and remembering them in her will.

The disorder which terminated the life of this singular character was a cancer in the breast, occasioned by an accidental fall down stairs. This circumstance she concealed as long as she could, but was at length compelled to communicate it to a friend, a medical practitioner and a countryman of her own, who lived in the same house with her; a dropsy supervening, in addition to her former disorder, baffled all his endeavours, and she expired at her lodgings in Upper Charles-Street, Hatton-Garden, on the 15th of July, 1802, aged about sixty years.

Till the last she had no expectation that her dissolution was so near at hand, for she ordered some new clothes, saying that she was going out, and they were sent home to her only the day preceding her death. She was so terrified at the idea of being interred alive, that in her will she gave an injunction to be kept above ground eight days, but with this desire the state of her complaint rendered it impossible to comply. Her motive for laying aside the habit of her sex is a secret that is buried with her.



PATIE BIRNIE,

A FAMOUS FIDDLER OF KINGHORN.

THIS clever scraper of catgut was a character of no small note in his day, being both a humourist and a wag, and the best musician of the district in which he lived. With these qualities, he was uniformly the life and soul of every kirk and wedding that took place for years in and around Kinghorn, during the early part of the last century. Patie wore a bushy *beard*, which at that time was unusual, and this gave him additional notoriety. Accordingly, his portrait was published, and as if to put the top-stone to his fame, Allan Ramsay immortalized him in verse.

Birnie, according to all accounts, was quite an original. Besides his musical talents, he possessed the knack of making tolerable verses; and some humorous songs of that period are ascribed to him. Johnny Stocks, who is referred to in the poem by Ramsay, appears to have been one of the Fiddler's satellites, who generally attended him at kirns and weddings as a professed dancer.

He was a man of very small stature, but remarkably broad, as his description in the poem indicates. According to Ramsay, the humour of Birnie was not the least of his recommendations to public patronage. His looks and gestures were irresistibly comical, and his performances often consisted of recitation and singing, as well as music, his beard greatly assisting his powers of grimace. The stanza which describes him as taking the pet on one occasion, and having "flung his fiddle ower the yett," is founded on a real incident, which occurred in one of his peregrinations. The Duke of Rothes was giving an entertainment. Birnie hied himself to his Grace's seat on the occasion, but being refused admission by the servants, he did what the poet states, either in a fit of passion, or from a shrewd anticipation of the consequence which actually followed. The destruction of his fiddle procured him a handsome recompense from the lords and ladies at the feast. He is described in the poem as having been at the battle of Bothwell Bridge; but he seems, like Falstaff, to have considered discretion the better part of valour, and accordingly saved his bacon by taking to his heels. Ramsay, in a note, refers to the *little points of faith* for which the battle was fought; but candidly says, that he could not safely assert that it was for the sake of *religion* that Birnie went to the field. From these and a few other features of his character, described by contemporaries, this facetious local minstrel appears to have merited all the notoriety he acquired, and to have been in reality

The famous fiddler of Kinghorn,
 ' Wha gart the folk guffaw and girn ay,
 Aft till the cock proclaimed the morn,
 Though baith his weeds and mirth were pirny.

The word *pirny* in this last line signifies, when speaking of stuffs wrought in the loom, unequal in texture, or made of yarn of different colours, part coarse and part fine.



JOHN LAW,

AUTHOR OF THE FAMOUS MISSISSIPPI SCHEME.

THIS celebrated financial projector was a bold speculator in political economy, when that science was yet in its infancy. His father was a goldsmith in Edinburgh, where he was born in April, 1671. He received a liberal education, and made considerable progress in polite literature; but his favourite study was finance, as connected with national prosperity. Having visited London in 1694, his talents and accomplishments procured him a ready admission into the first circles. Possessing an elegant person and an easy address, he also became a favourite with the fair, and his gallantries acquired him considerable notoriety in fashionable life. One of his intrigues having involved him in a quarrel with a Mr Wilson, a duel took

place, and Law killed his antagonist. He was immediately committed to the King's Bench prison, but contrived to make his escape, and retired to the Continent. After remaining there a considerable time, he returned to Edinburgh in 1700, and made himself conspicuous by publishing a pamphlet, entitled, "Proposals and Reasons for Constituting a Council of Trade." This brochure was favourably received, and procured him the patronage of several noblemen, in consequence of which, he was induced, in 1703, to publish another plan for removing the difficulties the nation then laboured under, from the great scarcity of money, and the insolvency of the bank. This proposal being made at a time when the people of Scotland were extremely dispirited, and their commerce severely injured by the failure of the Darien expedition, many thought favourably of it, and not a few were sanguine enough to suppose that it would go far to remedy every existing evil. The plan appears to have been founded upon the notion, which was long prevalent among speculative men, that as current money is the representative of lands and goods, there may be at any time circulating money in a country equal to the whole price of all the lands and goods belonging to the nation; the money and the property being regarded as the representatives and counterparts of each other. It was likewise supposed that this money might safely be made to consist of paper or promissory notes; and thus it was thought that, by issuing abundance of notes on the security of lands and goods, money might be made to abound in such an enormous degree, that the Scots would be enabled to equal, in their activity and commercial enterprises, the wealthy states of England and Holland. Now that further experience has instructed mankind better upon this subject, it seems strange that so obvious a fact should have been overlooked, as that money only represents goods or lands which are brought to market; and that in the course of one day a guinea may pass through ten different hands, or may become the means of buying and selling ten times its own value in goods. Thus in the course of a year, a guinea may represent property to the amount of two or

three thousand times its own worth. Law's project for the exaltation of Scotland consisted of constituting a council of trade, under the control of parliament, with power to issue notes, which were to be circulated in three ways: 1st, By purchasing lands, and paying the price in these notes; 2dly, By purchasing lands at a full price, to be paid in these notes; but with a power of redemption for a certain time in favour of the seller; and, lastly, By lending money to proprietors of land at ordinary interest, to the extent of two-thirds of the value of their land. It was alleged that the security of the notes would be undoubted, being thus uniformly fixed upon land; and that they would be preferred to gold and silver. And it was proposed to declare them a legal tender of payment, or to compel the acceptance of them in all transactions.

The Scottish nation have usually been extremely fond of novelties, and ready to run eagerly into them. On this occasion, however, a majority of the parliament resolved that it was improper to oblige the public to receive paper money of any sort. The scheme is said to have been considered as extremely practicable; but an apprehension was entertained that, by means of Law's scheme, government would become the creditor, and thereby the master of every proprietor of land in the nation.

Law, thus unsuccessful in procuring the acceptance of his scheme in his own country, next visited the principal cities on the continent of Europe. His personal address, and his uncommon skill and success as a gamester, procured him countenance and support in all countries. He settled at last in Paris, and was there during the regency of the Duke of Orleans as guardian of Louis XV. The expensive wars by which the ambition of Louis XIV. exhausted France, had brought the national finances into such a state of embarrassment, that a bankruptcy on the part of government seemed inevitable. Law stood forward at this critical juncture with his projects for creating paper money, in which he alleged that no nation could sufficiently abound. With a people much more volatile than the Scots, his projects were received with boundless avidity; and he speedily rose to be comptroller-general of

the finances of France. He created, what had not been permitted in Scotland, a royal bank, and united with it the plan of a company for colonizing Louisiana; the access to which territory being by the river Mississippi, gave to his project the name of the Mississippi scheme. This project went so far as to vest the whole privileges, effects, and possessions of all the foreign companies, the great farms, the profits of the mint, the general receipt of the king's revenue, and the management and property of the bank, in one great company, who thus having in their hands all the trade, taxes, and royal revenues, might be enabled to multiply the notes of the bank to any extent they pleased, doubling or even trebling at will the circulating cash of the kingdom; and, by the vast extent of their funds, possessed of a power to carry the foreign trade, and the culture of the colonies, to a height altogether impracticable by other means. This monstrous attempt at monopoly was so specious in detail that it was hailed with universal applause. Thousands embarked in it with enthusiasm. The *actions* or shares, were greedily bought up, and such was the rage for speculation, that even the unimproved parts of the new colony were actually sold for 30,000 livres the square league! But the delusion did not stop here. In consequence of the company promising an annual dividend of 200 livres per share, the price of *actions* rose from 550 to 5,000 livres, and the mania for purchasing their stock spread over the nation like wild fire. Every class, clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen and princes, nay, even ladies, who had or could produce money for that purpose, turned stock-jobbers, outbidding each other with such avidity, that in November, 1719, after some fluctuations, the price of *actions* rose to above 10,000 livres, or more than sixty times the sum for which they were originally sold!!! The bubble, however, soon burst. As no provision was made for preserving the credit of the paper money, by giving specie in exchange for it on demand, it soon sunk in value; and along with it the shares of the Louisiana company. The bank and the company became at once insolvent, and, along with them, the government itself.

Law was under the necessity of flying from the kingdom to escape the fury of a people who had recently looked up to him with a sort of adoration. He ultimately retired to Venice; where, in the year 1729, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, he died in obscurity and indigence. His property, however, in the parish of Cramond (Lauriston) still belongs to his family, who from his time have been settled in France. It is in the memory of every one, that the ratification of the short-lived treaty of peace, concluded during the administration of Mr Addington, was brought to London by an aide-de-camp of Buonaparte, citizen Lauriston, the owner of the mansion of that name.

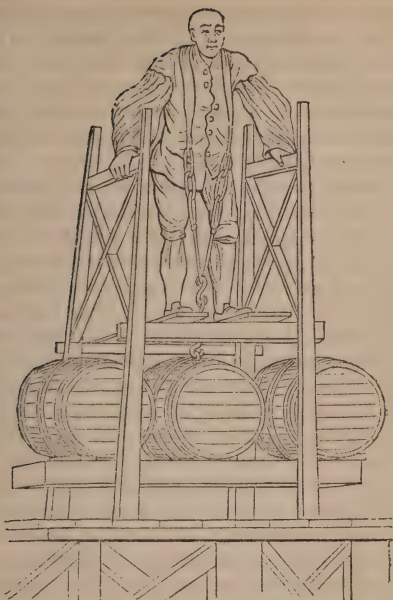
THE REV. DR. HOWARD.

THIS clerical wit was chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and Rector of Saint George's, Southwark. Delighting much in the good things of this world, he so far indulged his hunger and thirst after delicacies, that he found himself much in arrear to many of his trading parishioners. Fortunately for himself he lived in the rules of the King's Bench, which shielded him from the rude intrusion of clamorous creditors. The Doctor, however, was a man of humour, and frequently hit upon expedients to keep them in good temper. He once preached a sermon to them from the following text—"Have patience, and I will pay you all." He expatiated at great length on the virtue and advantage of *patience*. "And now, my brethren," said he, "I am come to the second part of my discourse, which is—And I will pay you all—but that I shall defer to a future opportunity."

Another anecdote of him may tend to elucidate his character. Passing by a peruke-maker's shop in Leicester-fields, he saw a canonical wig in the window, which took his fancy, and entering the shop he gave orders for one in the same pompous style, and of the same colour. In order to obtain credit, he informed the master that he was Rector of St. George's, Southwark, and chaplain to

the Princess Dowager of Wales. Happy in the acquisition of such a customer, the hair-dresser finished the peruke with the utmost despatch; but before he sent it home, he had heard some whispers about the reverend Doctor which did not perfectly please him, and therefore ordered his journeyman, whom he sent with the wig, not to deliver it without the money.—“I have brought your wig, sir,” said the journeyman to his reverence. “Very well, put it down.”—“I can’t, sir, without the cole.”—“Let me try it, however, to see whether it will fit me.” This the man thought so reasonable a request, that he consented to it. The consequence was, that the Doctor ordered him instantly out of the room without the peruke, protesting that if he touched it after he had sold and delivered it, he would prosecute him for a robbery; a regular transfer had been made, and it was now his property. Strap was constrained to depart without payment.

The Doctor, when collecting a brief with the parish officers of St. George’s, called, among the rest of the inhabitants, on a grocer with whom he had a running account. To prevent being first asked for a settlement, he inquired if he was not some trifle in his debt: on referring to the ledger, there appeared a balance of seventeen shillings in favour of the tradesman. The Doctor had recourse to his pocket, and pulled out some halfpence, a little silver, and a guinea; the grocer eyeing the latter, with a degree of surprise exclaimed, “Good heavens, sir, you have got a *stranger* there!” “Indeed I have, Mr Brown,” replied the wit, returning it into his pocket, “*and before we part we shall be better acquainted.*”



THOMAS TOPHAM,

THE WONDERFUL STRONG MAN.

“It is curious,” observes the venerable and ingenious Mr William Hutton, in his account of the extraordinary subject of this article, “to observe nature step out of the common road and enter the precincts of the marvellous. To march in her usual track excites no admiration; but when, in her wanton moods, she forms an O’Brien of eight feet, and a Boruwlaski of three, an Admirable Crichton with every accomplishment, and a thousand other men with none, ’tis by these deviations that she raises astonishment.”

Thomas Topham, a man whose feats of strength might have figured beside those of Homer's heroes, was born in London about the year 1710. His father, who was a carpenter, brought him up to the same trade. Though his stature was not remarkable, being, at his full growth, five feet ten inches in height, yet he was endowed by nature with muscular powers so extraordinary as to exceed anything of the kind on record.

He followed the trade of his father until he had attained the age of twenty-four years, when he exchanged it for the less laborious employment of a publican. That Topham was fond of athletic exercises, and that the practice of them contributed to give him that superior strength for which he was so remarkable, can scarcely be doubted; for we find that the house he first took was the Red Lion, at the corner of the City Road, nearly opposite St. Luke's Hospital, in order that he might be near the ring in Moorfields, at that time the theatre of gymnastic exhibitions, such as cudgelling, wrestling, backsword and boxing.

It was here that he gave the first public display of his astonishing corporeal powers, by pulling against a horse, with his feet placed against a low wall, which divided upper and lower Moorfields. He next tried his strength against two horses, but his legs not being properly placed, he received an injury in one of his knees from a jerk. But the most extraordinary feat in point of magnitude was that which he performed in Bath-Street, Cold Bath Fields, on the 28th of May, 1741, when he lifted three hogsheads of water, weighing 1,836 pounds, in the presence of thousands of spectators, assembled to witness this uncommon exertion.

The various performances of this prodigy of strength are of such a nature as almost to exceed credibility, were they not attested by persons of undoubted veracity, and who were themselves eye-witnesses of the facts they relate. Dr. Desaguliers assures us, that he saw him perform the following feats:—With his fingers he rolled up a very large and strong pewter dish. Thrusting the bowl of a strong tobacco-pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces with the tendons of his ham.

He broke another bowl of the same kind between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. A table, six feet long, with half a hundredweight fastened to the end of it, he lifted with his teeth, and held a considerable time in a horizontal position. He struck an iron poker, a yard long and three inches thick, against his bare left arm, between the elbow and wrist, till the instrument was bent so as nearly to form a right angle. Taking another poker of the same kind, he held the ends of it in his hands, and placing the middle against the back of his neck, made both ends meet before him, after which he pulled it almost straight again. He broke a rope two inches in circumference, though he was obliged to exert four times the strength that was requisite for the purpose, in consequence of the awkward manner which he adopted. He lifted a stone roller, weighing eight hundred pounds, by a chain to which it was fastened, with his hands only, and standing on a frame above it.

These exhibitions probably took up Topham's time, and drew his attention from his business, for we find that he failed at the Golden Lion; after which he took another house in the same line at Islington. His fame for strength now began to spread all over the country, and he visited various provincial towns for the purpose of exhibiting his wonderful feats. His performances at Derby are thus described by Mr Hutton of Birmingham, who, at that time, was an inhabitant of the former place:—

“We learnt,” says he, “from private accounts well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man that kept a public-house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength, such as breaking a broomstick of the largest size by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over a turnpike gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock; and others of a similar description. However belief might at first be staggered, all doubt was soon removed when this second Samson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, and that at the rate of a shilling for each spectator. On application to Alderman Cooper for permission to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed, and

as his appearance resembled that of other men, he requested him to strip that he might examine whether he was made like them. He was found to be extremely muscular; what were hollows under the arms and hams of others were filled up with ligaments in him.

“He appeared to be nearly five feet ten inches in height, upwards of thirty years of age, well-made, but without any singularity. He walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden lash turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk broke his thigh.

“The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, consisted in rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arm’s length and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundredweight with his little finger and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their power of gravitation. He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundredweight; lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundredweight was hung to the extremity: a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people, of fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron one inch in diameter against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

“Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Werburgh’s church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, seemed scarcely human. Though

of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler, at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him some cause of displeasure, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantelpiece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laughter of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist, would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnston and Mendoza."

These, however, were only the usual performances of Topham, when he went about for the purpose of showing his powers. Many other occasional demonstrations of them are related by persons who knew him. One night perceiving a watchman asleep in his box, he raised them both from the ground, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the wooden tenement with its inhabitant over the wall of Tindall's burying-ground. The consternation of the watchman on awaking from his nap, may be more easily conceived than described.

Sitting one day at the window of a low public-house in Chiswell-Street, a butcher passed by tottering under the burden of nearly half an ox. Of this Topham relieved him with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load.


On another occasion, having gone on board a West Indiaman lying in the river, he was presented with a cocoa-nut, which to the no small astonishment of the crew he cracked close to the ear of one of the sailors, with the same facility as an ordinary person would crack an egg-shell. The mate having made some remark displeasing to Topham, the latter observed that, if he had pleased, he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head.

Topham having one day gone to witness a race that

was run on the Hackney road, the spectators were greatly annoyed by a man in a cart, who endeavoured to keep close to the contending parties. Topham at length resolved to stop the career of this disagreeable intruder, and laying hold of the tail of the cart, drew it back with the greatest ease, in spite of all the exertions of the driver to make his horse advance. The rage of the latter was equalled only by the delight and astonishment of the beholders; while nothing but the fear of being crushed or torn to pieces prevented the fellow from exercising his whip on the formidable cause of his mortification.

Notwithstanding his superiority, Topham seems to have been a man of a quiet and peaceable disposition. He even possessed a greater share of patience than falls to the lot of the generality of people. While he kept a public-house he was visited by two men who were so exceedingly quarrelsome, that though Topham quietly put up with their humour for a considerable time, yet, at last, nothing would satisfy them but fighting the landlord. Topham finding it impossible to appease them in any other way, seized them both by the neck, as if they had been children, and knocked their heads together, till they asked pardon with the most abject submission.

Topham, however, was not endued with fortitude of mind equal to his strength of body. A faithless woman embittered the concluding portion of his life, as it did that of his prototype of old. Unable to endure the reflections occasioned by his wife's inconstancy, Topham at length embraced the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life in the flower of his age.





WHITTINGTON,

THE FAMOUS LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

It cannot be doubted that many fabulous circumstances have crept into the early history of this remarkable character. As no authentic account of his life is extant, and it is impossible, at this distance of time, to ascertain the truth of many particulars recorded of him, we are obliged to follow the popular tradition, leaving it to the judgment of the reader to decide what he ought to believe and what to reject.

Richard Whittington was born in Gloucestershire, which he left at an early age, about the year 1363, and repaired to the metropolis. By the way, he chiefly subsisted on the charity of well-disposed persons, and on his arrival in London, he made an application to the prior of the hospital of St. John's, Clerkenwell, where he was kindly relieved; and being handy and willing, was soon put into an inferior post in the house. How long he remained here, is uncertain, but to this charitable foundation he was certainly indebted for his first support in London. His

next reception was in the family of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant, whose house was in the Minories, near the Tower. Here he undoubtedly acted as under scullion, for his keep only.

In this situation he met with many crosses and difficulties; for the servants made sport of him; and particularly the cook, who was of a morose temper, used him very ill, and not unfrequently with a sturdy arm, laid the ladle across his shoulders; so that to keep in the family, he had many a mortification to endure; but his patience carried it off, and at last he grew used to her choleric disposition.

This was not the only misfortune under which he laboured, for lying in a place for a long time unfrequented, such abundance of rats and mice had bred there, that they were almost ready at times to dispute the possession with him, and full as troublesome by night as the cook was by day, so that he knew not what to think of his condition or how to mend it. After many disquieting thoughts, he at last comforted himself with the hopes that the cook might soon marry, or die, or quit her service, and as for the rats and mice, a cat would be an effectual remedy against them.

Soon after a merchant came to dinner, and it raining exceedingly, he stayed all night. The next morning, Whittington having cleaned his shoes, this gentleman gave him a penny. Going along the streets on an errand, he saw a woman with a cat under her arm, and desired to know the price of her: the woman praised her for a good mouser, and told him sixpence; but he declaring that a penny was all his stock, she let him have her. He took the cat home, and kept her in a box all day, lest the cook should kill her if she came into the kitchen, and at night he set her to work for her living. Puss delivered him from one plague; but the other remained, though not for many years.

It was the custom with the worthy merchant, Mr. Hugh Fitzwarren, that God might give him a greater blessing for his endeavours, to call all his servants together when he sent out a ship, and cause every one to

venture something in it, to try their fortunes. Just at this juncture he had a ship ready to sail, and all but Whittington appeared, and brought things according to their abilities; but his young mistress being present, and supposing that poverty made him decline coming, she ordered him to be called, on which he made several excuses. Being, however, constrained to come, he said he hoped they would not jeer a poor simpleton for being in expectation of turning merchant, since all that he could lay claim to as his own, was but a poor cat, which he had bought for one penny, and which had much befriended him in keeping the rats and mice from him. On this the young lady offered to lay something down for him, but her father told her that according to the custom, what he ventured must be his own. He then ordered him to bring his cat, which he did, but with great reluctance, and with tears delivered her to the master of the ship, called the Unicorn, which had fallen down to Blackwall, in order to proceed on her voyage.

No sooner had this vessel arrived at Algiers than the intelligence reached the Dey, who immediately ordered the captain and officers to wait upon him with presents; for then, as well as now, nothing could be done without a bribe. After this first ceremony was over, trade went on briskly, at the conclusion of which his Moorish majesty gave a grand entertainment, which was served upon carpets, interwoven with gold. This feast was no sooner served up than the scent of the various dishes brought together a number of rats, who unmercifully fell on all that came in their way.

These audacious and destructive vermin did not show any symptoms of fear upon the approach of the company, but on the contrary, kept to it as if they only were invited. This excited the astonishment of the captain and his people, who, interrogating the Algerines, were informed that a very great price would be given by the Dey for a riddance of these vermin, which were grown so numerous and offensive, that not only his table, but his private apartments and bed, were so infested, that he was forced to be constantly watched for fear of being devoured.

This information put the English immediately in mind of poor Dick Whittington's cat, which had done them great service on the passage: and wishing to serve the youth, thought this the best time to come forward with the little industrious animal. Accordingly she was brought the next day, when her presence suddenly kept off most of the vermin; a few only of the boldest daring to venture forward, she despatched them with wonderful celerity. This pleased his Highness so much, that he immediately made very advantageous proposals to the factor of the ship for the possession of this surprising and useful animal. At first the crew seemed very reluctant to part with her; but his liberality soon overcame every objection; and her purchase amounted, in various commodities, to a very large sum. During the time the English remained here, her industry in destroying those vermin so completely pleased the Moorish chief, that on their departure, he again loaded them with rich presents.

The cook, who little thought how advantageous Whittington's cat would prove, incessantly persecuted the youth on account of his penury, so that he grew weary of enduring it, and resolved rather to try his fortune again in the wide world, than lead such a disagreeable life. Accordingly he set out early on Allhallows morning, resolving to go into the country, and get into a more agreeable service.

As he went over Finsbury Moor, since called Moorfields, his mind began to fail; he hesitated, and halted several times; he grew pensive, and his resolution left him. In this solitary manner he wandered on till he reached Holloway, where he sat down upon a large stone, which is still called Whittington's stone. Here he began to ruminate upon his ill-luck, and in the depth of his meditation, he suddenly heard Bow bells begin to ring. This attracted his attention; and as he listened, he fancied they called him back again to his master. The more he hearkened, the more he became confirmed in this notion, conceiving that the bells expressed the following distich:—

“Return again Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

This proved a happy thought for him; and it made so great an impression on his fancy, that finding it early, and thinking he might get back before the family were stirring, he instantly returned, and entered unperceived, to pursue his usual daily drudgery.

Things were in this situation when the news arrived of the success of the voyage. When the bill of lading was presented to the merchant, the principal part was found to belong to Whittington, amongst which was a cabinet of rich jewels, the last present of the Dey. This was the first thing brought to Mr. Fitzwarren's house, it being deemed too valuable to remain on board. When the servants' goods for their ventures were all brought up to be divided, Whittington's portion was too bulky to be unpacked before them; but the pearls and jewels alone were estimated at several thousand pounds.

This story, however improbable, is not without a parallel in the history of another country, for in a description of Guinea, published in 1665, it is recorded how Alphonso, a Portuguese, being wrecked on the coast of Guinea, and being presented by the king with his weight in gold for a cat to kill their mice, and an ointment to kill their flies; this he greatly improved within five years, and returning to Portugal after fifteen years' traffic, became, not, like Whittington, the second, but the third man in the kingdom.

The humility of Whittington's mind prevented him from displaying the least degree of arrogance, petulance, or superciliousness, on this sudden change of his fortune. At first he could scarcely be prevailed upon to quit the scullery, but Mr. Fitzwarren, who, it would appear, took him into partnership, omitted no opportunity of promoting his interest, introducing him at court and to the principal characters in the city.

In this new career Whittington's success must have been truly extraordinary, for we find that in a few years, King Edward III., being at war with France, and soliciting of his subjects a subsidy to carry it on, Whittington paid towards the contribution offered by the city of London, no less than ten thousand pounds, an astonishing sum in

those days, for an individual's share, when it is considered that history has almost left us in the dark as to the remuneration expected. Be that as it may, history places it in the forty-sixth year of the king's reign, A.D. 1372. The success did not answer his great expectations, for his fleet was dispersed by contrary winds, and he was forced to disband his soldiers.

What contributed much at this time in favour of Whittington, was the absence of the Lombard merchants, who withdrew themselves from London on account of the oppressions of the king, which became excessive towards the latter end of his reign, for continual draughts to support his ambition in France. These, and the Jews abroad, conducted at that time the whole financial commerce of the city of London; but Mr. Whittington, upon their departure, came in for a considerable share of it.

In the fifty-second year of Edward's reign, the Lords and Commons granted the king a poll-tax of fourpence a head, for every man and woman passing the age of fourteen years, beggars excepted. The king demanding of the city of London to advance him £4,000 upon this poll, and the mayor, Adam Staple, proving backward in complying, he was by the king turned out of that office, and Sir Richard Whittington put into his place, to finish the year; and this is the first mention of his being knighted, and of his great importance in the city at that time, being only about ten years after his first coming thither.

According to Stow, Sir Richard Whittington was a great dealer in wool, leather, cloth, and pearls, which were universally worn at that time by the ladies. In 1377, the first year of King Richard II., he was called by summons to the parliament that met at London.

In 1395, the eighteenth of this king's reign, Edmund, Duke of York, the king's uncle, held a parliament at London, the king being absent in Ireland, and relating to the citizens the great straits the king was reduced to in Ireland, they granted him a tenth upon their personal estates; first protesting that they were not in rigour of right obliged to do it, but that they did it out of affection. The mission to this parliament, we are particularly in-

formed by Sir Robert Cotton, from Leland's papers, was managed by the uprightness of Sir Richard Whittington. It also appears from the parliamentary rolls, that the citizens only granted this for four years, on condition that it should be bestowed upon the wars; that the king should be advised by his council; and that the wars ceasing before the time expired, payment might terminate.

Thus he grew in riches and fame the most considerable of the citizens, greatly beloved by all, especially the poor, several hundreds of whom he publicly or secretly assisted or supplied.

About this time it was that he married his master's daughter, Miss Fitzwarren. According to the pretorian banner, once existing in Guildhall, but destroyed by the fire which consumed the city archives, Whittington served his first mayoralty in 1397. He was now near forty years of age, and was chosen into the office by his fellow-citizens, whose approbation of his conduct, after having once before filled the office, when put in by King Edward, is a proof that he was a good, loyal, and patriotic man.

He was one of those who went from the city to the Tower to King Richard II., to put him in mind of his promise to relinquish the government; and was upon that constituted one of the king's proxies to declare his renunciation. According to Stow and Collier, he assisted at the coronation of Henry IV. when he took the oath of homage and allegiance to him. He assisted at the great council which that king soon after summoned, to demand aid of the lords spiritual and temporal against his enemies, the kings of France and Scotland, who were then preparing to invade England; in which council the city of London, as well as the barons and clergy, unanimously granted the king a tenth to support him in the war, which was undertaken by Charles IX. of France to restore his father-in-law, Richard II., who was yet alive. Whittington's name stands second, Scroop, archbishop of York, being first, of those privy counsellors who were commissioned to treat on the king's part with the Earl of Northumberland, about the exchange of castles and lands.

But the designs of Whittington and the city were frustrated by the death of the unfortunate Richard.

Whittington's second mayoralty occurred in 1406. His third and last service of mayor, happened in 1419, in Henry the IV's time, in which situation he behaved with his usual prudence. Though age had now taken off much of his activity, yet he was the most vigilant magistrate of his time. Soon after Henry's conquest of France, Sir Richard entertained him and his queen at Guildhall, in such grand style, that he was pleased to say, "Never prince had such a subject;" and conferred upon some of the aldermen the honour of knighthood.

At this entertainment the king particularly praised the fire, which was made of choice wood, mixed with mace, cloves, and all other spices; on which Sir Richard said, he would endeavour to make one still more agreeable to his majesty; and immediately tore, and threw into the fire, the king's bond for 10,000 marks, due to the company of mercers; 12,500 to the chamber of London; 12,000 to the grocers; to the staplers, goldsmiths, haberdashers, vintners, brewers, and bakers, 3,000 marks each. "All these," said Sir Richard, "with divers others lent for the payment of your soldiers in France, I have taken in and discharged to the amount of £60,000 sterling. Can your majesty desire to see such another sight?" The king and nobles were struck dumb with surprise at his wealth and liberality.

Sir Richard spent the remainder of his days in honourable retirement, in his house in Grub-Street, beloved by the rich and the poor. By his wife he left two sons. He built many charitable houses, and founded a church in Vintry Ward, dedicated to St. Michael. Here he constructed a handsome vault, for the sepulchre of his father and mother-in-law, and the remainder of the Fitzwarren family, and there himself and wife afterwards were interred.

In 1413, he founded an alms-house and college in the Vintry. The latter was suppressed by order of council in King Edward VIth's time: but the former on College-hill, still remains.

The munificence of Whittington, it would appear, though he was an inhabitant of Vintry Ward, was felt and acknowledged all over the city. The library of the famous church of the grey friars, near the spot where Christ Church, in Newgate-Street, now stands, was founded by him in 1429. In three years it was filled with books to the value of £556, of which Sir Richard contributed £400, the rest being supplied by Dr. Thomas Winchelsey, a friar. This was about thirty years before the invention of printing. He also rebuilt Newgate, contributed largely to the repairs of Guildhall, and endowed Christ's Hospital with a considerable sum.

Whittington, as well as his master, Mr. Fitzwarren, was a mercer. How long he lived is uncertain, as his Latin epitaph in the church of St. Michael, called Pater-noster, in the Vintry, where he was buried, does not specify his birth. His will, however, is dated December 21, 1423. In the above-mentioned church, Sir Richard Whittington was three times buried; first by his executors, under a handsome monument; then in the reign of Edward VI., when the parson of the church, thinking to find great riches in his tomb, broke it open and despoiled the body of its leaden sheet, then burying it a second time. In the reign of Queen Mary, she obliged the parishioners to take up the body, and restore the lead as before, and it was again buried; and so he remained till the great fire of London violated his resting-place a third time. This church also, which his piety had founded, together with a college and alms-houses near the spot, became a prey to the flames in the great conflagration of 1666.

The capital house called Whittington College, with the garden, was sold to Armagill Wade, in the second year of Edward VI. The alms-houses which he founded for thirteen poor men, are still supported by the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member, and in whose custody are still extant the original ordinances of Sir Richard Whittington's charity, made by his executors, Coventre, Carpenter, and Grove. The first page, curiously illustrated, represents Whittington lying on his death-bed,

his body very lean and meagre, with his three executors, a priest, and some other persons, standing by his bed-side.

Dame Alice, the wife of Sir Richard, died in the 63d year of her age: after which he never remarried, though he outlived her near twenty years. At last he expired, like the patriarch, full of age and honour, leaving a good name and an excellent example to posterity. The following curious epitaph is said to have been cut on the upper stone of his vault, and to have continued perfect till destroyed by the fire of London:—

M. S.

Beneath this stone lies Whittington,
 Sir Richard rightly nam'd;
 Who three times Lord Mayor serv'd in London,
 In which he ne'er was blam'd.
 He rose from Indigence to Wealth,
 By industry and that,
 For lo! he scorn'd to gain by stealth,
 What he got by a Cat.
 Let none who reads this verse despair
 Of Providence's ways:
 Who trust in him, he'll make his care,
 And prosper all their days.
 Then sing a requiem to departed merit,
 And rest in peace till death demands his spirit.

MARC CATOZZE.

MARC CATOZZE, called the Little Dwarf, was born at Venice, in the year 1741, of robust parents. He had several brothers, all of whom were tall and well made; his body was not deformed, and appeared to belong to a man of five feet six inches; but he had neither arms nor legs, the pectoral members consisting of a very prominent shoulder, and a perfect hand. The lower part of the body was very flat, terminating in a misshapen foot, but complete in all its parts.

This man was well known; he had spent the greatest part of his life in traversing almost all the states of

Europe, exhibiting himself to the public as a curiosity. He attracted the multitude, not only by the singularity of his form, but likewise by the astonishing strength of his jaws, and the dexterity with which he threw up into the air, sticks and other things with one of his hands, and caught them with the other.

As he could scarcely reach his mouth with the ends of his fingers, his greatest difficulty would have been to feed himself without assistance, if nature had not furnished him with the extraordinary power of protruding, and at the same time lowering his under jaw, as was discovered in dissecting his body after his death.

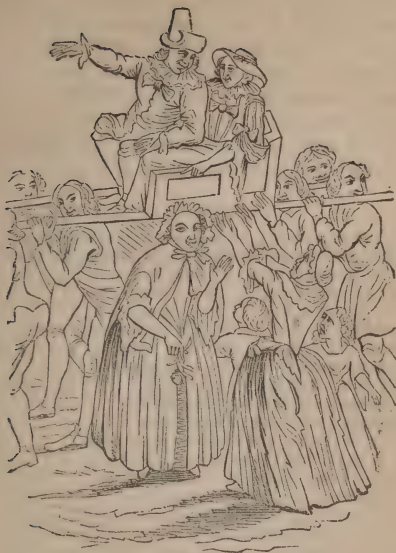
Though Catozze could walk and stand upright on his feet, yet he would have experienced great difficulty in reaching objects situated above, or at a certain distance from his hands. He had therefore contrived to lengthen them, as it were, by a very simple instrument, which was to him of the utmost utility. This was a hollow piece of elder, about three feet in length, through which passed a cylindrical iron rod, fixed so as to slide up and down, terminating in a very sharp hook. If he wished to lay hold of an object at some distance from his hand, for instance, to button his clothes, to take up or set down his metal goblet, to pull the clothes upon him in bed, he took his tube, which he always kept near him, in one hand and pushed it between his fingers, till he brought the hooked end towards the hand that was at liberty, then seizing the object that he wanted with the hook, he drew it towards him, turning it any way he pleased, without letting go the stick, but drawing back the hooked piece of iron as into a sheath. The habit of using this instrument had rendered him so dexterous, that by means of it he has frequently been seen to take up a piece of money from a table or from the ground.

In his youth, Catozze travelled on horseback. For that purpose he procured a particular kind of saddle, and usually appeared in public, holding the reins, beating a drum, going through the military exercise with a musket, writing, winding up his watch, cutting his victuals, or performing other manœuvres. He possessed a very

robust constitution; was of a disposition more than cheerful, and took a pleasure in relating his travels and adventures. He spoke very well, and wrote English, German, French, and Italian. The vivacity of his disposition rendered his conversation extremely interesting; but he was addicted to wine and spirituous liquors, and was fond of good living. He was very obstinate, had much self-love, and a ridiculous haughtiness. When he went abroad, for instance, he was drawn in a small vehicle, by a man whom he called his horse, and to whom he gave a few halfpence; but he never suffered this man, whom he considered as his servant, to eat with him.

The lower extremities, as has been already observed, consisted only of his feet; yet he could use them for walking in an upright position. More than once he has been seen walking in the court of the hospital at Paris in which he resided during the last years of his life, and even to go nearly three quarters of a mile on foot. In order to rest himself, he turned out his toes as far as he could, supported himself before on his stick, and behind against any place that he happened to be near, and thus remained whole hours conversing with strangers who called to see him.

He expired at the age of 62, of an inflammation of the bowels; having for two years previous to his death complained of excruciating pains from cholic.



THOMAS SHAKESHAFT,

LAST CLAIMANT OF THE DUNMOW FLITCH OF BACON.

A CUSTOM anciently prevailed in England, by which any wedded pair, who, at the expiry of twelve months, could take a certain oath in evidence of their continence and perfect connubial happiness during that period, might claim from the lord of the manor in which they resided, a gammon of bacon. At Dunmow, in Essex, which was formerly a priory, the custom is still in force, but we believe the bacon has not been claimed for nearly a century. Thomas Shakeshaft, of the parish of Weathersfield, weaver, and Ann his wife, were the last claimants to whom it was awarded, and this event took place on the 20th of June, 1751. Shakeshaft is accordingly renowned as the last of the very few persons who were enabled to

test the custom and compel its fulfilment. The above sketch, taken from an original print, published at the time, represents the happy couple paraded in triumph by the inhabitants of the district, as was the rule on such extraordinary occasions. As this singular custom is curiously characteristic of ancient manners in England, we subjoin the oath prescribed to the claimants, and the ceremony which follows the taking of it:—

OATH.

You shall swear, by the custom of our confession,
That you never made any nuptial transgression,
Since you were married man and wife,
By household brawls, or contentious strife ·
Or otherwise, in bed, or at board,
Offended each other in deed or in word ;
Or since the parish-clerk said Amen,
Wished yourselves unmarried again ;
Or, in a twelvemonth and a day,
Repented not in thought any way,
But continued true and in desire,
As when you join'd hands in holy quire ;
If to these conditions, without all fear,
Of your own accord you will freely swear,
A gammon of bacon you shall receive,
And bear it hence with love and good leave ;
For this is our custom, at Dunmow well known,
Though the sport be ours, the bacon's your own.

While taking this oath, the parties kneel down upon two bare stones, within the church door, in presence of the clerical officials. The ceremony being finished, custom enjoins that the happy pair be taken upon men's shoulders in a chair kept for that purpose, and carried round the site of the priory, from the church to the house, with minstrels of every description, the gammon of bacon being borne high on a pole before the procession, which is attended by the steward, gentlemen, and officers of the manor, as well as the several inferior tenants, carrying wands and other insignia. On the occasion of Shakeshaft's triumph, an immense crowd of people assembled from all the neighbouring towns and villages, and rent the air with acclamations. The picture, which was painted in commemoration of the event, contained the portraits of the affectionate and happy couple. It is

not less singular than true that the Dunmow fitch has only been claimed six times since the institution of the custom in 1111; so rare are the instances of perfect conjugal felicity!

LA MAUPIN,

A FRENCH FEMALE SINGER AND DUELLIST.

THIS female, who acquired extraordinary celebrity as a singer in France in the seventeenth century, was one of the numerous instances, in which a stage heroine, fortified by public favour, and presuming on the magic of a melodious voice, defied the laws and institutions of a country by which she was supported, and committed, with impunity, crimes which would have doomed a common unaccomplished desperado to an ignominious death.

This romantic and indecorous adventurer, who dressed, fought, made love, and conquered like a man, having been married at an early age, fortunately for her husband, Mons. Maupin, quitted him a few months after their nuptials, for the superior attractions of a fencing master, who taught her the use of the small sword, a weapon which she afterwards handled with destructive dexterity against many antagonists. In an excursion from Paris to Marseilles, her performance in the character of a man, in a favourite piece, was received with admiration and the most extravagant applause; and she won the affections of a beautiful young lady, the only child of a wealthy merchant in the latter city, prevailed on the infatuated girl to elope with her in the night from her father's house, and being pursued, took refuge in a convent. The discipline and correct intercourse of such a society did not suit the views and temper of La Maupin; she was also alarmed by certain religious doubts and scruples, suggested by the fair fugitive, who began to repent of her rash and unwarrantable conduct in quitting her father's house, with all that was decent and respectable in society, for a female

bravo, whom she dreaded and submitted to rather than loved. Interrupted in her designs, and irritated by the opposition, this theatrical miscreant set fire, at midnight, to the building which had so hospitably sheltered her, and in the general confusion, secured by force her unhappy victim, and fled to a sequestered village, where they were concealed for several weeks; but the country being alarmed by such flagrant enormity, a diligent search took place, the offender was traced to her retreat, and seized after an obstinate resistance, in which she killed one of the officers of justice, and dangerously wounded two others. The fair but frail young lady was restored to her afflicted parents, and La Maupin, this notorious murderer, this incendiary and seducer of innocence, was condemned to be burnt alive; but the syren, whose tones enchanted every hearer, while the poison of asps was within her lips, had secured such powerful intercessors, that the execution of her sentence was delayed, and, to the eternal disgrace of the government, this abominable and profligate woman escaped the punishment she deserved.

From infamy and fetters she hurried to Paris, was received with raptures at the opera, but could not shake off the characteristic audacity of her former deportment. In a crowded theatre, conceiving herself affronted by Dumenil, a favourite actor, remarkable for mild temper and inoffensive manners, she rushed on the stage, poured forth a torrent of abuse on the poor man, interrupted the entertainment, and actually caned him before all the audience! This indignity was submitted to without a murmur; and basking in the warm sunshine of public patronage, she exercised for several years a capricious and insulting tyranny over princes, magistrates, managers and people. At a ball given by a prince of the blood, in the reign of Louis XIV., La Maupin insolently paraded the rooms in men's clothes, and treating a lady of distinction with indecency, was called out at different times by three gentlemen, each of whom she ran through the body; yet such was the public infatuation, or so polluted at that period the fountain of justice in France, that this infamous woman was again pardoned!

Under the impulse of prevalent fashion, peculiar taste, vicious caprice, or a combination of appetite and curiosity, the Elector of Bavaria made her proposals which she accepted, and for a short time she insulted the inhabitants of Brussels as an appendage to the loose pleasures of the sovereign; but her reign, which could only have been prolonged by discreet management and gentle conduct, was by her eccentricities rapidly shortened. The satiated Elector, with a mixture of cruelty and kindness, sent this virago a purse of forty thousand livres, by the husband of a new mistress, who informed her that a carriage was at the door, in which she must immediately quit Brussels. The enraged courtesan threw the purse at the messenger's head, abused him as a cuckold and a scoundrel, told him his insignificance protected him, that she would not disgrace her sword with the blood of such a contemptible rascal, and kicked him down stairs!

The applause of a Parisian circle again soothed her chagrin. As old age and infirmity came on, she quitted the stage and associated with her forsaken husband, who, in her accumulation of wealth, overlooked his domestic disgrace. After a life of impudence and vice, this extraordinary character was comforted in her last moments by an indulgent priest, who, from gratitude or conviction, thus replied to certain doubts and questions naturally arising in the breast of so great a sinner, "Your peace is made with heaven—and although you have been a late labourer in the vineyard, you shall sleep in Abraham's bosom."



MATTHEW HOPKINS,

WITCH-FINDER GENERAL.

THE frequency of accusations of witchcraft and executions for that supposed crime, during the seventeenth century, may be traced back to the publication of our weak and witch-ridden monarch James the First, entitled *Dæmonologia*; or, a discourse on witchcraft. Fortunately for the present age, the belief in the arts of necromancy, magic, and sorcery, is now exploded from the enlightened classes of society, and confined only to individuals the most illiterate and the most credulous. Of the mischiefs resulting from such notions, the subjoined account of the havoc committed by one person only affords ample evidence. The reader, while he peruses it with astonish-

ment and horror, will not fail to discover in it a signal example of the retributive justice of Providence.

Matthew Hopkins resided at Manningtree, in Essex, and was witch-finder for the associated counties of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Huntingdonshire. In the years 1644, 1645, and 1646, assisted by one John Stern, he brought many poor wretches to the fatal tree for witchcraft. He hanged in one year no less than sixty reputed witches of his own county of Essex. The old, the ignorant, and the indigent, such as could neither plead their own cause, nor hire an advocate, were the miserable victims of this villain's credulity, spleen, and avarice. He pretended to be a great critic in special marks, which were only moles, scorbutic spots, or warts, that frequently grow large and pendulous in old age, but were absurdly supposed to be teats to suckle imps. His ultimate method of proof was by tying together the thumbs and toes of the suspected person, about whose waist was fastened a cord, the ends of which were held on the banks of the river by two men, in whose power it was to strain or slacken it. Swimming, upon this experiment, was deemed a sufficient proof of guilt; for which King James (who is said to have recommended, if he did not invent it) assigned a ridiculous reason, that "as some persons had renounced their baptism by water, so the water refuses to receive them." Sometimes those who were accused of diabolical practices were tied neck and heels, and tossed into a pond; "if they floated or swam they were consequently guilty, and therefore taken out and burnt; if they were innocent, they were *only* drowned." The experiment of swimming was at length tried upon Hopkins himself, in his own way, and he was upon the event condemned, and, as it seems, executed as a wizard. Dr. Zach. Grey says that he had seen an account of between three and four thousand persons who suffered death for witchcraft in the king's dominions, from 1643 to the restoration of Charles the Second. In a letter from Serjeant Widrington to Lord Whitelocke, mention is made of another fellow of the same profession as Hopkins. This wretch received twenty shillings a-head for every witch

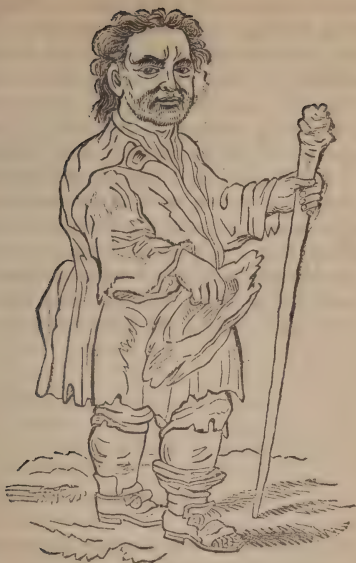
No. 9.

that he discovered, and thereby obtained rewards amounting to thirty pounds. Dr. Grey supposes, with great reason, that Hopkins is the man meant in the following lines by Butler:—

“Has not the present parliament
A lodger to the devil sent;
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted witches out?
And has not he within a year,
Hang'd *threescore* of them in one shire?
Some only for not being drown'd:
And some for sitting above ground
Whole days and nights upon their breeches,
And feeling pain were hang'd for witches;
And some for putting knavish tricks
Upon green geese and turkey-chicks,
Or pigs that suddenly deceas'd
Of griefs unnat'ral, as he guess'd,
Who after prov'd himself a witch
And made a rod for his own breech.”

Hudib. P. II. Cant. 3.

In an old print of this execrable character, he is represented with two witches. One of them, named Holt, is supposed to say, “My Impes are—1. Ilemauzyr; 2. Pye-wackett; 3. Pecke in the Crown; 4. Griezell Griediegutt.” Four animals attend; Jarmara, a black dog; Sacke and Sugar, a hare; Newes, a ferret; Vinegar Tom, a bull-headed greyhound. This print is in the Pepysian library.



OWEN FARREL,

A CELEBRATED IRISH DWARF.

THIS singular *lusus naturee* was born in Cavan, of very humble parents. He was hideously ugly, and so slow was his growth, that when he reached manhood, he was only three feet nine inches high. His figure was so remarkable, that whenever he appeared in public, he instantly attracted the attention of every beholder, while his uncouth manners contributed either to increase curiosity or to excite alarm and disgust. According to the description of Caulfield, "Children were frightened, and dogs snarled at him as he passed them in the streets; and he excited the surprise and wonder of all whom he accidentally encountered." Nature, as if to compensate

for his stunted stature and other defects, gave this remarkable being prodigious muscular powers. When a youth, he gave such proofs of his strength, that he was advised to exhibit his feats in this way for money. He accordingly travelled the country for a considerable time as a show, and finally arrived in London. There, however, the expense of his exhibition soon exceeded the profits, and he was obliged to betake himself to the streets. For a long time he subsisted as a mendicant, his remarkable appearance being seconded by the usual arts resorted to in the metropolis to excite compassion. He died in the year 1742, shortly before which his portrait was painted by Gravelot and engraved by Hulett. His skeleton was preserved in the museum of the celebrated Dr. William Hunter.

DANIEL BRYAN,

A GALLANT OLD TAR.

THE character of the British seaman is compounded of undaunted courage and whimsical eccentricity. He performs the most ordinary actions in a way so peculiar to himself as to make them highly interesting, and by this singularity of manner he frequently renders the gravest subjects irresistibly ludicrous. A specimen of this singularity, by which our naval heroes are distinguished, is exhibited in the following anecdote of Daniel Bryan.

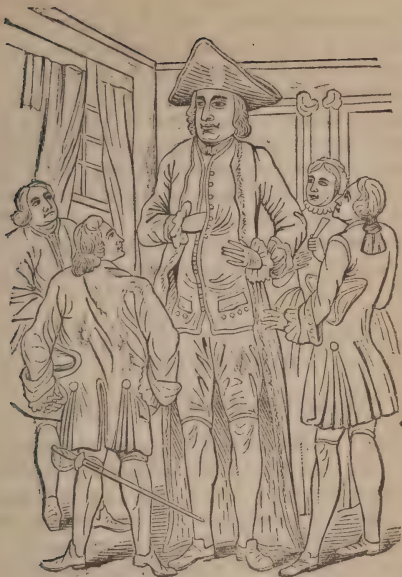
This veteran, after a variety of services, in 1799 accompanied Sir Sidney Smith, in *Le Tigre*, to the Mediterranean. It is well known that Buonaparte, then commanding the French army in Egypt, was foiled in his reiterated attacks on the famous fortress of Acre, principally through the intrepid resistance of part of the gallant crew of *La Tigre*, who were landed for that purpose. Old Dan, as he was called, was captain of the foretop, and during the siege of Acre, made repeated applications to be employed on shore; but, on account of his age and

deafness, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, among the multitude of slain, fell one of the generals of that nation. The Turks, in triumph, struck off the head of this unfortunate officer, and after inhumanly mangling the body with their sabres, left it naked, a prey to the dogs. Precluded from the rites of sepulchre, it in a few days became putrescent; a shocking spectacle, a dreadful memento of the horrors of war, the fragility of human nature, and the vanity of all sublunary ambition, hopes, and expectations! Thus exposed, when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to the ship inquiries were instantly made respecting the state of the deceased general. Dan frequently asked his messmates why they had not buried him? but the only reply was, "Go and do it yourself." Dan swore he would; observing, that he had himself been taken prisoner by the French, who always gave their enemies a decent burial, and did not, like the Turks, leave them to rot above-board. In the morning, having at length obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough, good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I have been burying the general, Sir, and now I am come to see the sick." Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, but fearful of his catching the plague, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the coxswain inquired of the surgeon if he had seen old Dan? "Yes, he has been burying the French general." It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred. The boat's crew, who witnessed the generous action, an action truly worthy of a British sailor, in whose character are ever blended the nobler and milder virtues, thus related its circumstances.

The old man procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him: "No," he replied, "you are too young to

be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and my loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty, not a very trivial one, was to drive away the dogs. The French now levelled their pieces—they were on the instant of firing at the hero! It was an interesting moment; but an officer perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the file. Instantaneously the din of arms, the military thunder ceased; a dead, a solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at the head, and another at the feet. But Dan's task was not yet completed. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write,—"*Here you lie, old Crop!*" He was then with his pick-axe and shovel hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, Sir Sidney having been informed of the circumstance, ordered Dan to be called into the cabin. "Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general?" "Yes, your honour." "Had you anybody with you?" "Yes, your honour." "Why Mr. — says you had not?" "But I had, your honour; God Almighty was with me." "A very good assistant indeed:—give old Dan a glass of grog." Dan thanked his honour, drank his grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. The brave old tar soon afterwards returned to England, and was laid up, as a seaman would say, in Greenwich tier, there to reap the benefit of his long and faithful services.



HENRY BLACKER,

A FAMOUS ENGLISH GIANT.

AMONG those persons who have greatly exceeded the ordinary stature of mankind, Mr. Henry Blacker holds a distinguished place, in consequence of having combined symmetry of form with his great height. The foreign giants who have exhibited themselves in this country, including those of Ireland, were all unwieldy men and clumsily made. Mr. Blacker, on the contrary, might be called a well-proportioned man, and is said to have pleased as well as astonished the beholders. He was commonly called the British giant, in contradistinction to Cajanus, a German, who was shown and received with much applause as a prodigy some time before Blacker's exhibition.

This German was not so tall by a few inches ; and hence Blacker was considered at the time by his own countrymen as bearing away the palm among the race of giants. He was seven feet four inches high, was born near Cuckfield, in Sussex, and began to exhibit himself in 1751, when he was twenty-seven years of age. In London he was greatly encouraged, being visited by all the nobility and gentry, and patronized by William, Duke of Cumberland, who was at that time a public character of great notoriety, in consequence of his victory, a few years before, at Culloden, and the complete suppression of the unhappy rebellion which broke out in Scotland in 1745.

JOHN STANLEY,

A BLIND MUSICIAN AND COMPOSER.

THIS eminent performer and composer of music, was born in 1713. He was blind from his infancy, but acquired a profound knowledge of music, and became master of his majesty's band of musicians. He was also organist to the society of the Temple and of St. Andrew's, Holborn. Dr. Alcock speaks of his scientific knowledge in the most exalted terms, and adds, that "most of the musicians contrived methods to get acquainted with him, as they found their advantage in it; that it was common, just as the service of St. Andrew's church or that of the Temple was ended, to see forty or fifty organists at the altar, waiting to hear his last voluntary; even Mr. Handel himself I have many times seen at each of those places. In short, it must be confessed, that his extempore voluntaries were inimitable, and his taste in composition wonderful." Dr. Alcock also informs us of a number of very extraordinary circumstances concerning this admirable man. "I was his apprentice," says the Doctor, "and the first year I went to him, I remember his occasionally playing (for his amusement only) at billiards, mississippi, shuffle-board, and skittles, at which games he constantly beat his competitors. To avoid prolixity, I shall mention his showing

me the way through the private streets of Westminster, the intricate passages of the city, and the adjacent villages, both on horseback and foot, places that I had never been at before; his playing very neatly and correctly all Correlli's and Germiniani's twelve solos, on the violin. He had so correct an ear and memory, that he never forgot the voice of any person he had once heard; I, myself, have divers times been a witness of it; and in April, 1779, as he and I were going to Pall-Mall to the late Dr. Boyce's auction, a gentleman met us who had been in Jamaica twenty years, and in a feigned voice said, "How do you do, Mr. Stanley?"—when he, after pausing a little while, replied, "God bless me, Mr. Smith, how long have you been in England?"

Riding on horseback was one of his favourite exercises, and towards the conclusion of his life, when he lived near Epping Forest, and wished to give his friends an airing, he would often take them the most pleasant road, and point out the most agreeable prospects. He played at whist with great readiness and judgment; each card was marked at the corner with the point of a needle; but those marks were so delicately made, as scarcely to be seen by any person not previously apprized of it.

He could also distinguish colours, tell the precise time by a watch, name the number of persons in a room on entering it, direct his voice to each person in particular, even to strangers after they had once spoken: miss any person absent, and tell who that person was. In a word, his conceptions of youth, beauty, symmetry and shape were, in a person in his situation, truly wonderful attainments. He died in May, 1786.

CORNARO,

THE CELEBRATED WRITER ON LONGEVITY.

IN all ages, longevity has been a subject of peculiar interest to mankind. Cornaro was at once an instance of it himself, and a teacher of the best means of attaining it. He illustrated his precepts by his practice, and the

result was, that he reached the great age of one hundred and four years. This singular man was descended from one of the most illustrious families in Venice, but, by the ill conduct of some of his relations, had the misfortune to be deprived of the dignity of a nobleman, and excluded from all honours and public employments in the state. Chagrined at this unmerited disgrace, he retired to Padua, and married a lady of the family of Spiltemberg, whose name was Veronica. Being in possession of a good estate, he was very desirous of having children; and after a long expectation of this happiness, his wife was delivered of a daughter, to whom he gave the name of Clara. This was his only child, who afterwards was married to John, the son of Fantini Cornaro, of a rich family in Cyprus, while that island belonged to the republic of Venice. Though he was far advanced in life when his daughter Clara came into the world, yet he lived to see her very old, and the mother of eight sons and three daughters. He was a man of sound understanding, and of determined courage and resolution. In his younger days he had contracted infirmities by intemperance, and by indulging his too great propensity to anger; but when he perceived the ill consequence of his irregularities, he had command enough of himself to control his temper and subdue his inordinate appetites. By means of great sobriety, and a strict regimen, he gradually recovered his health and vigour, which he preserved to an extreme old age. At a very advanced stage of life he wrote several discourses, wherein he acquaints us with the irregularities of his youth, his reformation of manners, and the hopes he entertained of living a long time. Nor was he mistaken in his expectation, for he resigned his last breath, without agony, sitting in an elbow chair, in the 104th year of his age. This happened at Padua, the 26th of April, 1566. His lady, almost as old as himself, survived him but a short time, and died an easy death. They were both interred in St. Antony's church, without any pomp, pursuant to their testamentary directions.

The discourses to which we have referred above, though written in Cornaro's old age, were penned at different

times, and published separately. The first, which he wrote at the age of eighty-three, is entitled, a "Treatise on a Sober Life," in which he declares war against every kind of intemperance; and his own vigorous old age justified his precepts. The second treatise he composed at the age of eighty-six: it contains further encomiums on sobriety, and points out the means of mending a bad constitution. He says that he came into the world with a choleric disposition, but that his temperate way of life had enabled him to subdue it. The third, which he wrote at the age of ninety-one, is entitled, an "Earnest Exhortation to a Sober Life." Here he uses the strongest arguments to persuade mankind to embrace a temperate life as the means of attaining a healthy and vigorous old age. The fourth and last, is a letter to Barbaro, patriarch of Aquileia, written at the age of ninety-five; it contains a lively description of the health, vigour, and perfect use of all his faculties, which he had the happiness of enjoying at that advanced period of life. This useful work was translated into English, under the title of "Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life." As a proof of its merit, we beg leave to quote Mr. Addison's recommendation of it from the *Spectator*, No. 195:—"The most remarkable instance of the efficacy of temperance, towards the procuring long life, is what we meet with in a little book published by Lewis Cornaro the Venetian, which I rather mention, because it is of undoubted credit, as the late Venetian ambassador, who was of the same family, attested more than once in conversation, when he resided in England. Cornaro, who was the author of the little treatise I am mentioning, was of an infirm constitution till about forty, when, by obstinately persisting in an exact course of temperance, he recovered a perfect state of health; insomuch, that at fourscore he published his book, which has been translated into English under the title of 'Sure and Certain Methods of Attaining a Long and Healthy Life.' He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and after having passed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls asleep. The treatise I mention has been taken notice of by several

eminent authors, and is written with such a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good sense, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and sobriety. The mixture of the old man in it, is rather a recommendation than a discredit to it."

A remarkable instance of the efficacy of Cornaro's precepts in restoring a broken constitution to a sound state, is given in the second volume of Medical Transactions, by Sir George Baker. The case to which we allude is that of Mr. Thomas Wood, a miller, of Billericay, in Essex. Mr. Wood, after passing the preceding part of his life in eating and drinking, without weight or measure, found himself in the year 1764, while in the 45th year of his age, overwhelmed with a complication of the most painful and terrible disorders. In the catalogue were comprehended frequent sickness of the stomach, pain in the bowels, headache and vertigo; he had an almost constant thirst, a great lowness of spirits, fits of the gravel, violent rheumatism, and frequent attacks of the gout, also two epileptic fits. To this copious list of diseases were added, a formidable sense of suffocation, particularly after meals, and an extreme corpulence of person. On reading the life of Cornaro, recommended to his perusal by the Rev. Mr. Powley, a worthy clergyman in his neighbourhood, he immediately formed a resolution to follow the salutary precepts inculcated and exemplified in that performance. He prudently, however, did not make a sudden change in his manner of living; but finding the good effects of his new regimen, after proper gradations both with respect to the quantity and quality of his meat and drink, he finally left off the use of all fermented liquors on the 4th of January, 1765, when he commenced water-drinker. He did not even long indulge himself in this last very innocent beverage; for, on the 25th of October following, having found himself easier and better on having accidentally dined that day without drinking, he finally took his leave of that and every other kind of drink, not having tasted a single drop of any liquor whatsoever, excepting only what he has occasionally taken in the form of medicine, and two glasses and a-half of water drank on the

9th of May, 1766, from that date till August 22, 1771, the day on which Sir George Baker drew up this account.

With respect to solid nutriment, the 31st of the year 1767 was the last time of his eating any kind of animal food. In its room he substituted a single dish, of which he made only two meals in the twenty-four hours ; one at four or five in the morning, and the other at noon. This consisted of pudding, (of which he ate a pound and a-half) made of three pints of skimmed milk, poured boiling hot on a pound of sea-biscuit over night, to which two eggs were added next morning, and the whole boiled in a cloth about an hour. Finding this diet too nutritious, and having grown fat during the use of it, he threw out the eggs and milk, and formed a new edition of pudding, consisting only of a pound of coarse flour and a pint of water boiled together. He was at first much delighted with this new recipe, and lived upon it three months ; but finding it not easily digestible, he finally formed a mess, which ever afterwards constituted the whole of his nourishment, composed of a pound of the best flour, boiled to a proper stiffness with a pint and a-half of skimmed milk, without any other addition.

Such was the regimen by means of which, with a considerable share of exercise, Mr. Wood, to use his own expression, “ was metamorphosed from a monster to a person of moderate size, from the condition of an unhealthy decrepit old man, to perfect health, and his strength of muscle so far improved, that he could carry a quarter of a ton weight, which he had in vain attempted to perform when he was about the age of thirty, and in perfect health.”

The above instance of the effects of strict attention to a simple and wholesome regimen, demonstrates how much the health and strength of the body depend upon what we eat and drink. Nevertheless, there is much truth in the observation of Sir William Temple, that “ the first principle of health and long life is derived from the strength of our race or our birth, which gave occasion to the saying *Gaudeat bene nati* ; let them rejoice that are happily born. Accidents are not in our power to govern : so that the

best cares or provisions for life and health that are left us, consist in the discreet and temperate government of diet and exercise; in both which all excess is to be avoided, especially in the common use of wine; whereof the first glass must pass for health, the second for good humour, the third for our friends, but the fourth is for our enemies."

HENRY JENKINS.

THE only account extant of this venerable man is that given by Mrs. Anne Saville, who resided at Bolton, in Yorkshire, where Jenkins lived. On taking up her residence there, she one day questioned Jenkins about his age. He paused a little, says she, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance, he was about 162 or 3; and I asked, what kings he remembered? He said, as far back as Henry VIII. I asked what public thing he could longest remember? he said Flowden-field. I asked whether the king was there? he said, no; he was in France, and the Earl of Surrey was general. I asked him how old he might be then? he said, I believe I might be between 10 and 12; for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton with a horse-load of arrows, but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army with them. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used, the earl he named was general, and king Henry VIII. was then at Tournay. He told me too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountains abbey very well before the dissolution of the monasteries. Jenkins died December 8, 1760, at Ellerton-upon-Swale, in Yorkshire. The battle of Flowden-field was fought September 9, 1513, and he was then 12 years old. So that he must thus have lived 169 years, or 16 years longer than old Parr.



OLD PARR.

THE celebrated Thomas Par or Parr, was one of the oldest postdiluvians of whom we have any authentic account. In the year 1635, John Taylor, commonly called the Water Poet, published a pamphlet, entitled "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man; or, the Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr, the Sonne of John Parr, of Winnington, in the parish of Alberbury, in the county of Salopp (or Shropshire,) who was born in the reign of King Edward the IVth, and is now living in the Strand, being aged 152 years and odd monthes. His manner of life and conversation in so long a pilgrimage; his marriages, and his bringing up to London about the end of September last, 1635."

From this scarce performance, which is almost the only work of authenticity that contains any particulars concerning the venerable subject of this article, we shall present the reader with a few extracts.

"The Right Honourable Thomas Earl of Arundell and Surrey, earl marshal of England, &c., being lately in

Shropshire to visit some lands and manors, which his lordship holds in that county, or for some other occasions of importance, the report of this aged man was certified to his honour; who hearing of so remarkable a piece of antiquity, his lordship was pleased to see him, and in his innate noble and Christian piety, he took him into his charitable tuition and protection; commanding a litter and two horses, (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also, that a daughter-in law of his, named Lucye, should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her owne riding with him; and to cheere up the olde man, and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke or John the Foole, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easie journeys, the charges being allowed by his lordship; and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Bryan Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all which was done accordingly as followeth.

“Winnington is a hamlet in the parish of Alberbury, near a place called the Welsh Poole, eight miles from Shrewsbury, from whence he was carried to Wim, a towne of the earle's aforesaid; and the next day to Sheffnall, a mannour house of his lordship's, where they likewise staid one night; from Sheffnall they came to Wolverhampton, and the next day to Brimicham, from thence to Coventry, and although Master Kelly had much to do to keepe the people off that pressed upon him, in all places where he came, yet at Coventry he was most opprest; for they came in such multitudes to see the olde man, that those who defended him were almost quite tyred and spent, and the aged man in danger to have been stifeled; and in a word, the rabble were so unruly, that Bryan was in doubt he should bring his charge no farther; so greedy are the vulgar to hearken to or gaze after novelties.

“The trouble being over, the next day they passed to Daventry, to Stony Stratford, to Redburn, and so to London, where he was well entertained and accommo-

dated with all things, having all the aforesaid attendants, at the sole charge and cost of his lordship."

The Water Poet next proceeds to inform us in verse, that "John Parr, (a man that lived by husbandry)

"Begot this Thomas Parr, and born was hee
The yeare of fourteen hundred, eighty-three.
And as his father's living and his trade,
Was plough and cart, scithe, sickle, bill, and spade;
The harrow, mattock, flayle, rake, fork, and goad,
And whip, and how to load and to unload:
Old Tom hath show'd himself the son of John,
And from his father's function has not gone."

He then continues:—

"Tom Parr hath liv'd, as by record appears,
Nine monthes, one hundred fifty and two yeares.
For by records, and true certificate,
From Shropshire late, relations doth relate,
That hee liv'd seventeen yeares with John his father,
And eighteen with a master, which I gather
To be full thirty-five; his sire's decease
Left him four yeares possession of a lease;
Which past, Lewis Porter, gentleman, did then
For twenty-one yeares grant his lease agen;
That lease expir'd, the son of Lewis, called John,
Let him the like lease, and that time being gone,
Then Hugh, the son of John (last nam'd before)
For one and twenty years, sold one lease more.
And lastly, he hath held from John, Hugh's son,
A lease for's life these fifty years outrun;
And till olde Thomas Parr, to earth againe
Returne, the last lease must his own remaine."

The Water Poet here states a curious anecdote of Old Parr's craft in endeavouring to overreach his landlord.

"His three leases of sixty-three years being expired, he took his last lease of his landlord, one Master John Porter, for his life, with which lease hee hath lived more than fifty yeares; but this olde man would, for his wife's sake, renew his lease for yeares, which his landlord would not consent unto; wherefore old Parr, having been long blind, sitting in his chair by the fire, his wife look'd out of the window, and perceived Master Edward Porter, son of his landlord, to come towards their house, which she told her husband; saying, husband, our young landlord is coming hither. Is he so? said old Parr, I prithee

wife, lay a pin on the ground neere my foot, or at my right toe ; which she did, and when Master Porter, yet forty yeares old, was come into the house, after salutations between them, the olde man said, wife, is not that a pin which lies at my foot ? Truly, husband, quoth she, it is a pin indeed ; so she took up the pin, and Master Porter was half in a maze that the old man had recovered his sight again ; but it was quickly found to be a witty conceit, thereby to have them suppose him to be more lively than he was, because he hoped to have his lease renewed for his wife's sake, as aforesaid."

With respect to his matrimonial connections, Taylor says :—

" A tedious time a batchelour hee tarried,
Full eighty years of age before he married—
His continence to question I'll not call,
Man's frailtie's weak, and oft doth slip and fall,
No doubt but hee in fourscore years might find,
In Salop's countie, females fair and kind ;
But what have I to do with that ? let passe,
At th' age aforesaid hee first married was
To Jane, John Taylor's daughter ; and 'tis said,
That shee, (before hee had her) was a mayd.
With her he liv'd yeares three times ten and two,
And then shee di'd (as all good wives will doe.)
Shee dead, hee ten yeares did a widdower stay ;
Then once more ventred in the wedlock way :
And in affection to his first wife Jane,
He took another of that name againe—
(With whom hee now doth live) she was a widow
To one nam'd Anthony, (and surnam'd Adda)
She was (as by report it doth appeare)
Of Gilsett's parish, in Montgom'ry-shiere,
The daughter of John Floyde (corruptly Flood)
Of ancient house, and gentle Cambrian blood."

Of Thomas Parr's issue, the same writer says, in plain prose, " Hee hath had two children by his first wife, a son and a daughter ; the boye's name was John, and lived but ten weekes, the girle was named Joan, and she lived but three weekes."

The Reverend Mr. Granger, in his Biographical History of England, says, that " At an hundred and twenty he married Catharine Milton, his second wife, who had a child to him ; and was, after that æra of his life, em-

ployed in threshing and other husbandry work. When he was about an hundred and fifty-two years of age, he was brought up to London, by Thomas, Earl of Arundel, and carried to court. The king (Charles I.) said to him, "you have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other men?" He replied, "I did penance when I was an hundred years old."

The concluding scene of Old Parr's life is thus described by Taylor:—

"——— His limbs their strength have left,
His teeth all gone (but one) his sight bereft.
His sinews shrunk, his blood most chill and cold,
Small solace, imperfections manifold:
Yet still his sp'rits possesse his mortall trunk,
Nor are his senses in his ruines shrunk;
But that his hearing's quick, his stomacke good,
Hee'l feed well, sleep well, well digest his food.
Hee will speak heartily, laugh and be merry;
Drink ale, and now and then a cup of sherry;
Loves company, and understanding talke.
And, on both sides held up, will sometimes walk.
And, though old age his face with wrinkles fill,
Hee hath ben handsome, and is comely still;
Well fac'd; and though his beard not oft corrected,
Yet neate it grows, not like a beard neglected."

Thomas Parr seems to have been a man of very different stamina from the rest of mankind, as Dr. Fuller tells us that he was thus "characterized by an eye-witness:"

"From head to heel, his body hath all over
A quick-set, thick-set, nat'rall hairy cover."

John Taylor concludes his account of this wonderful old man, by saying, "that it appeares hee hath outlived the most part of the people near there (meaning Alberbury) three times over."

Old Parr did not long survive his removal to the metropolis, where he died on the 15th of November, 1635, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. It is supposed that the change of air and diet, together with the trouble of numerous visitors, must have accelerated his death.

Parr, and the Countess of Desmond, were productions of the fifteenth century, but the sixteenth gave birth to Henry Jenkins, and the seventeenth seems to have been

also fruitful of longevity in the British islands. "I have in my life," says Sir William Temple, "met with two of above a hundred and twelve; whereof the woman had passed her life in service, and the man in common labour, till he grew old, and fell upon the parish. But I met with one who had gone a much greater length: it was a man who begged his bread, and was a hundred and twenty-four years old. He told me he had been a soldier in the Cales' voyage, under the Earl of Essex, of which he gave me a sensible account; that after his return he fell to labour in his own parish; that he continued to work till a hundred and twelve, when he broke one of his ribs by a fall from a cart, and being thereby disabled, he fell to beg. His food was generally milk, bread and cheese, and his liquor was procured him from the best spring in the parish. He had a neighbour who was three years older than himself, and had been his fellow-soldier at Cales: but he had been in a good service, and had something to live upon, now that he was old." These particular instances of longevity, and various others noticed in our history, corroborate the concurring testimony of ancient authors, "that the inhabitants of the British isles were longer lived than those of most other nations," and there can be no doubt that we can produce more and greater examples of this kind than any other country in Europe.

THE PRINCE OF PALAGONIA.

THERE is scarcely any whim or caprice so absurd and ridiculous that we shall not find instances of it upon record. The singular fancy of the Sicilian nobleman to whom this article relates, has been variously ascribed to eccentricity of humour, or derangement of intellect. But whichever of these may have been the cause of his extravagant conduct, he is certainly entitled to a place in this collection, and as Brydone is the only writer who furnishes any particulars concerning him, we shall trans-

cribe the account which is given by that interesting traveller in his tour through Sicily and Malta:—

“The Prince of Palagonia, a man of immense fortune, has devoted his whole life to the study of monsters and chimeras, more ridiculous than ever entered into the imagination of the wildest writers of romance or knight-errantry.

“The amazing crowd of statues that surround his house, appear at a distance like a little army drawn up for its defence ; but when you get amongst them, and every one assumes his true likeness, you may imagine you have got into the regions of delusion and enchantment, for of all that immense group, there is not one made to represent any object in nature ; nor is the absurdity of the wretched imagination that created them less astonishing than its wonderful fertility. It would require a volume to describe the whole, and a sad volume indeed it would make. He has put the heads of men to the bodies of every sort of animal, and the heads of every other animal to the bodies of men. Sometimes he makes a compound of five or six animals that have no sort of resemblance in nature. He puts the head of a lion to the neck of a goose, the body of a lizard, the legs of a goat, the tail of a fox. On the back of this monster he puts another, if possible, still more hideous, with five or six heads, and a bush of horns, that beats the beast in the Revelations all to nothing. There is no kind of horn in the world that he has not collected , and his pleasure is to see them all flourishing upon the same head. It would be idle and tiresome to be particular in an account of these absurdities. The statues that adorn, or rather deform, the great avenue, and surround the court of the palace, amount already to six hundred, notwithstanding which, it may be truly said that he has not broken the second commandment ; for of all that number, there is not the likeness of any thing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. The old ornaments which were put up by his father, who was a sensible man, appear to have been in a good taste. They have all been knocked to pieces, and laid together in a heap to make room for this new creation.

“The inside of this enchanted castle corresponds exactly with the out; it is in every respect as whimsical and fantastical, and you cannot turn yourself to any side, where you are not stared in the face by some hideous figure or other. Some of the apartments are spacious and magnificent, with high arched roofs; which, instead of plaster or stucco, are composed entirely of large mirrors, nicely joined together. The effect that these produce (as each of them makes a small angle with the other) is exactly that of a multiplying glass; so that when three or four people are walking below, there is always the appearance of three or four hundred walking above. The whole of the doors are likewise covered over with small pieces of mirror, cut into the most ridiculous shapes, and intermixed with a great variety of crystal and glass of different colours. All the chimney-pieces, windows, and sideboards, are crowded with pyramids and pillars of tea-pots, caudle-cups, bowls, cups, saucers, &c., strongly cemented together. Some of these columns are not without their beauty; one of them has a large china chamber-pot for its base, and a circle of pretty little flower-pots for its capital; the shaft of the column, upwards of four feet long, is entirely composed of tea-pots of different sizes, diminished gradually from the base to the capital. The profusion of china that has been employed in forming these columns is incredible; there are not less than forty pillars and pyramids formed in this strange fantastic manner. Most of the rooms are paved with fine marble tables of different colours, that look like so many tombstones; some of these are richly wrought with lapis lazuli, porphyry, and other valuable stones; their fine polish is now gone, and they only appear like common marble; the place of these beautiful tables he has supplied by a new set of his own invention, some of which are not without their merit. These are made of the finest tortoise-shell, mixed with mother-of-pearl, ivory, and a variety of metals, and are mounted on fine stands of solid brass.

“The windows of this enchanted castle are composed of a variety of glass of every different colour, mixed without any sort of order or regularity, blue, red, green, yellow,

purple, violet. The house-clock is cased in the body of a statue; the eyes of the figure move with the pendulum, turning up their white and black alternately, and make a hideous appearance.

“His bed-chamber and dressing-room are like two apartments in Noah’s ark: there is scarcely a beast, however vile, that he has not placed there; toads, frogs, serpents, lizards, scorpions, all cut out in marble, of their respective colours. There are a good many busts, too, that are not less singularly imagined. Some of these make a very handsome profile on one side; turn to the other, and you have a skeleton; here you see a nurse with a child in her arms, its back is exactly that of an infant, its face is that of a wrinkled old woman of ninety.

“The family statues are charming; they have been done from some old pictures, and make a most venerable appearance. He has dressed them out from head to foot in new and elegant suits of marble; and indeed the effect it produces is more ridiculous than anything you can conceive. Their shoes are all of black marble, their stockings generally red; their clothes are of different colours, blue, green, and variegated, with a rich old-fashioned lace. The periwigs of the men and head-dresses of the ladies are of fine white; so are their shirts, with long flowing ruffles of alabaster.

“The author and owner of this singular collection is a poor miserable lean figure, shivering at a breeze, and seems to be afraid of everybody he speaks to. He is one of the richest subjects in the island, and it is thought he has not laid out less than £20,000 in the creation of this world of monsters and chimeras. He certainly might have fallen upon some way to prove himself a fool at a cheaper rate. However, it gives bread to a number of poor people, to whom he is an excellent master. His house at Palermo is a good deal in the same style; his carriages are covered with plates of brass, so that some of them are musket-proof.

“The government have had serious thoughts of demolishing the regiment of monsters he has placed round his house; but as he is humane and inoffensive, and as this

would certainly break his heart, they have as yet forborne. However, the seeing of them by women with child is said to have been attended by very unfortunate circumstances; and ladies complain that they dare no longer take an airing in the Bagaria; that some hideous form always haunts their imagination for some time after; their husbands too, it is said, are as little satisfied with the great variety of horns."

JOHN KELSEY.

THIS singular fanatic, who was familiarly known by the appellation of John the Quaker, lived in the reign of Charles II. He conceived no less a design than that of converting the Grand Signior to the Christian faith, and for this purpose actually went to Constantinople. Having placed himself at the corner of one of the streets of that city, he preached with all the vehemence of a fanatic; but speaking in his own language, the crowd that gathered round him could only stare with astonishment, without being able to guess at the drift of his discourse. He was soon considered insane, and was taken to a madhouse, where he was closely confined. At length his case was made known to Lord Winchelsea, our ambassador to the Porte. His lordship immediately sent for him, and he appeared in an old dirty hat, very much torn, which no persuasion could induce him to take off. The ambassador thought that a little of the Turkish discipline might be of some service to him, and accordingly gave orders that he should receive the bastinado. This had the desired effect, and caused a total change in his behaviour, and he even confessed that the drubbing had a *good effect upon his spirit*. Soon after undergoing this discipline, he was put on board a ship for England, but he artfully found means to escape on his passage, and got back again to Constantinople. He was instantly re-shipped, however, and means taken to prevent a second escape.



HENRY HASTINGS,

CHIEF FORESTER TO CHARLES I.

THIS singular character, who was descended from one of the barons of Runymede, was the second son of the Earl of Huntingdon, and possessed a fine estate in Dorsetshire, in right of his mother. He was born in 1537, and from his earliest youth had a strong attachment to the athletic sports of the field. When king Charles I. made him his forester, he was reckoned the best sportsman of his time. He constantly resided at his lodge in the New Forest, in Hampshire, during the hunting season, where he entertained all that chose to call on him, being also purveyor of the king's hunting parties. But his principal residence

was at Woodlands, in Dorsetshire, where he had a capital house. One of his nearest neighbours was Anthony Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury. Two men could not be more opposite in their principles and pursuits, yet they often associated amicably and disputed pleasantly, and seldom parted in anger, though with mutual upbraidings, and the most vulgar epithets. Opposite in their sentiments and in everything, Hastings must be looked upon by posterity as the honester man. "The minutes from whence this extract is made," says the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, "were written by Lord Shaftesbury, who survived him some years. If Mr. Hastings had been the survivor, and had lived to have seen his lordship one of the most corrupt ministers of Charles II.'s dissipated court, he must then have had a complete triumph." In the British Museum is a fine drawing of these two characters at Woodlands, in high contest, by which it appears Mr. Hastings was of low stature, but strong, muscular, and active. His clothes were always of green cloth, and he was so proud of his forest appendages that he was never seen abroad without some.

His house, which, though then lately built, was in the old-fashioned style, in the midst of a large park, well stocked with deer, rabbits, and fish-ponds. He had there a narrow bowling-green in it, and a post to pitch quoits at, and round hand bowls, for such as, like himself, preferred them to balls.

Here, too, he had a banqueting-room, built like a stand, in a large oak-tree. He kept all sorts of hounds and other dogs that ran game or badged. His hawkery was the admiration of all the sportsmen of the age, and he had hawks of all kinds, both long and short winged. His great hall corresponded in all points with the rest of the apartments of his house; the floor was strewed over with marrow bones, and other remains of good living. In every corner were implements of sporting, such as fire-arms, hawk-perches, nets, and different sorts of bows and arrows. The upper end of it was hung with fox, otter, badger, and pole-cat skins, quarter-staffs and hunter's poles, with abundance of horns and calls in every place.

His parlour was a large room completely furnished in the same style, with remains of various birds, some preserved for their size and beauty, and dissections of several four-footed animals. On the brick hearth, which was broad, after the fashion of those days, before coals were used, lay his choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels. In the great chairs were his cats with their litters of kittens, none of which were to be disturbed on any account. Of these three or four constantly attended him at dinner, when a small white wand was laid by his trencher, in order to defend himself if they became too troublesome. The corners of the room were filled with his best hunting poles, over which hung his bugle horns of different compass. His oyster table stood at the lower end of the room, which was in constant use all the season, for he never failed to eat oysters twice a-day, at noon and night; and every Friday he had fish, all which was furnished him by the neighbourhood of Poole.

At the other or upper end of the room, stood a small table with a double desk, one side of which held a church Bible, the other the Book of Martyrs; on other tables in this room lay hawks' hoods, bells, dogs' collars, whistles, whips, with sundry old hats that had their crowns thrust in, and were filled with partridge and pheasants' eggs, which nobody dared touch in his presence. The rest of the furniture was of a piece, and if a table was not encumbered, as before related, it had at least a dice-box, cards, and copper-cans, or glasses for drinking.

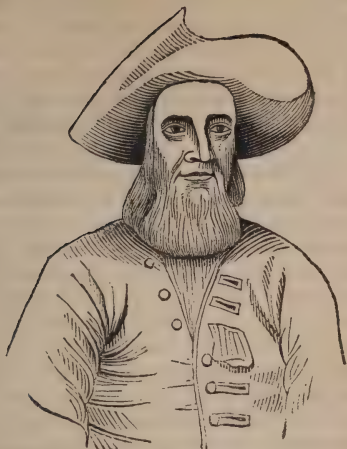
Tobacco pipes being but just introduced into fashion, he had tastefully selected a few, which he kept in a glass case. In reference to these he always talked of his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh, as the greatest genius in the world for inventing smoking.

But the most singular part of this humourist's mansion was the chapel, long disused as a place of worship. This was a small decent apartment appropriated in former times to the purposes of worship, but converted by Mr. Hastings into a store-room of dainties. The altar was covered with bottles of strong beer, wines, and other liquors, which never came out but in single small glasses,

for it was the rule of his own drinking to have two at a time with his guest, and which he never exceeded. In the pulpit, as the securest place, was to be found collared beef, chine, hocks of bacon, salt beef and pork, dried tongues, and large venison pies ; gammons and flitches of bacon ornamented the outside pendant from hooks all round.

His table, with all this profusion of provisions, cost him but little, yet it was good to eat at, his sports supplying him with everything but beef and mutton, and his greatest luxury was a huge apple-pie, which, after it had been on table, was constantly removed to the chapel. Sunday he always honoured with a London plum-pudding, and he usually sang it in with, " My heart lies in, oh therein a." He was very moderate in eating and drinking, seldom using more than two glasses of wine at a meal, after which he took a pipe. He kept by him a cordial made of gillyflowers and sack, of which he was very proud, always recommending it to his acquaintances as invigorating. Wherever he sat, he had a tun glass of his own small beer, which was very good: this he stirred about with a bunch of rosemary, of the virtues of which he had a great opinion.

He lived in this manner to exceed a hundred, and never lost his sight. He rode in at the death of a stag after his 90th year, and to the last never wanted help to get on horseback. He died about 1639.



HENRY EVANS,

BORN 1642, AND DIED 1771.

THIS person is only remarkable as an instance of longevity in the dense atmosphere of London. He was a native of Wales, and of a race distinguished even in Cambria, for attaining to a great age. At what period he came to reside in the metropolis has not been ascertained, but it is certain that he lived many years in Spital-Street, Spital-fields, where he died in 1771. There have been disputes about the date of his birth, some asserting that it was in 1606, but this would have made him 165, or nearly as old as Henry Jenkins. Caulfield thinks that he has been confounded erroneously with another Henry Evans, born at Caernarvon, and who was 104 in 1710, and shows this to be inconsistent with the fact of the Spitalfields Evans having been just seven years old when Charles the First was beheaded, which ascertains his birth to have been in 1642. He was consequently just 129 when he died. It is said that he retained all his faculties to the last.

In correcting the dates which ascertain Evans's age, Caulfield gives an instance of the improper means sometimes taken to procure parish certificates. Donald M'Leod, an old soldier, travelled from Edinburgh to London, accompanied by a female of middle age, who passed for his wife, and they carried a certificate which bore that he was in his 102d year. The principal object of this was to get him into Chelsea Hospital. It turned out, however, that Donald had taken his father's certificate, he himself being only about seventy. The cheat being thus discovered, the poor old man died of vexation and disappointment. This occurred in 1792.

BERONICIUS.

THE history of this extraordinary poet, which involves a considerable degree of mystery, affords a singular example of the truth of the observation that genius is not always allied to the more useful qualities of prudence and discretion.

The origin of Beronicius is buried in profound obscurity, and it is even unknown of what country he was a native. In 1672, a small book was printed at Amsterdam, the fourth edition of which appeared in 1716, in 12mo, 204 pages, entitled *P. J. Beronici, Poetæ incomparabilis, quæ extant, P. Rabus recensuit et Georgarchontomachæ notas addidit. Editio quarta emendatius curata*. "Battle between peasants and magistrates (in 1672), or the taking of Middleburgh; in heroic verse, written immediately from the extempore recitation in Latin, and contained in two books, by an eye-witness, (meaning likewise ear-witness), freely translated into Dutch prose, by P. Rabus."

The whole poem consists of 920 lines; and at the end are eight odes, and a satire, together with 514 lines, likewise in Latin;—two congratulatory odes on the arrival of the Prince of Orange in Vlissingen, 1668; on the death of Jacob Michielse, M.D., 1671; one congratulatory on the election of a Burgomaster; on the Polyglot Bible;

an Epithalamium on the nuptials of Professor John de Raay; a complimentary ode to William III., Prince of Orange and Nassau; and a Satire on a Philosopher.

The following account of the author is taken from a small book of Lectures, in Latin, by Ant. Borremans, printed at Amsterdam in 1679; and from a Dutch preface to the Poem, by P. Rabus.

Besides this volume, no other works of Beronicius are to be found; because this most wonderful poet, and the most extraordinary ever heard of, never wrote his verses, but recited them extempore; and when he was once set agoing, with such celerity, that a swift writer could with great difficulty keep up with him, and thus a great number of his verses are lost.

In the year 1674, the celebrated Dutch poet, Antonides Vander Goes, (who died in 1684), being in Zealand, happened to be in company with a young gentleman who spoke very highly in praise of the wonderful quickness and incredible memory of his language-master, Beronicius. Antonides, and others who were present, expressed a desire to see such an extraordinary genius. They had scarcely spoken, when there entered a little, black, round, thick fellow, with hardly a rag to his back, like a black-guard. But on closer examination, something uncommon and lofty appeared in his carriage, and the expression in his countenance was serious, and blended with a majestic peculiarity. His eyes glowed like fiery coals, and his arms and legs were in a perpetual nimble motion. Every one eagerly eyed him, welcomed him, and asked him if it were all true that his pupil had been telling them? "True?" said this singular creature, "yes; 'tis all perfectly true." And when they answered that they could not so lightly believe such incredible things, he became wroth with passion, and reviled the whole company, telling them they were only a parcel of beasts and asses.

He had at that time, as was his daily custom, drunk a glass too much, which was the cause of his bullying them and bragging of his own wonderful powers by which he could make all manner of verses extempore. But those to

whom he told this, looked upon him as a madman, out of whose mouth the wine spoke. Upon which he continued to tell them, that he was the man who had added eight hundred words to the great dictionary of Calepini; that he could immediately versify correctly anything on any subject he had only once heard; and lastly, that he had many times, standing or walking, translated the weekly newspapers into Greek or Latin verses.

Nobody appearing willing to believe him, he ran out of the house, cursing and swearing as if he had been possessed. The same company met the next day at the principal tavern in Middleburgh; and after dinner the conversation happened to turn on a sea fight which had lately been fought by the Hollanders and Zealanders against the English. Among others who were killed, was a Captain de Haze, a Zealand naval hero, and on whom Antonides had composed an epitaph, in Dutch verse.

The point turns on the name de Haze, signifying *the hare*, and the poet says, the Zealand hares turned to lions. He had written a copy of this for one of the company, when Beronicius entered accompanied by his pupil. He excused himself for his extravagances of the day before, and begged pardon, hoping they would attribute his misbehaviour to the liquor, and forgive him. He then directly began to talk of his poetical powers, and offered to give them a specimen if they chose it.

As they now found that, being sober, he repeated what he had bragged of when drunk, they undertook to try him so as to get at the truth. A fair opportunity offered, as Antonides had just shown him his verses, and asked his opinion of them. Beronicius read them twice, praised them, and said, "What should hinder me from turning them into Latin instantly?" They viewed him with wonder, and encouraged him by saying, "Well, pray let us see what you can do." In the meantime the man appeared to be startled. He trembled from head to foot, as if possessed by Apollo. However, before he began his work, he asked the precise meaning of two or three Dutch words, of which he did not clearly understand the force, and requested that he might be allowed to Latinize the

Captain's name of *Hare*, in some manner so as not to lose the pun. They agreed; and he immediately said, "I have already found it, I shall call him *Dasypus*," which signifies an animal with rough legs, and is likewise taken by the Greeks for a hare. "Now, read a couple of lines at a time to me, and I shall give them in Latin." Upon which a poet, named Buizero, began to read to him, and Beronicius burst out in the following verses:—

Egria *Dasypus* referens virtute leonem
 In bello, adversus Britonas super æquora gesto,
 Impavidus pelago stetit, aggrediente molossum
 Agmine, quem tandem glans ferrea misit ad astra,
 Vindictæ cupidum violato jure profundi.
 Advena, quisquis ades, Zelandæ encomia gentis
 Ista refer, lepores demta quod pelle leonem
 Assumant, quotquot nostro versantur in orbe.
 Epitaphium Herois Adriani de Haze, ex Belgico versum.

When our poet had finished, he began to laugh till his sides shook, jeering and pointing at the persons in company, who appeared surprised at his having, contrary to their expectations, acquitted himself so well; everybody highly praised him, which elated him so much that he began to scratch his head three or four times; and fixing his fiery eyes on the ground, repeated without hesitation the same epigram in Greek verse, calling out, "There ye have it in Greek." Every one was astonished, which set him a laughing and jeering for a quarter of an hour.

The Greek he repeated so rapidly, that no one could write from his recitation. John Frederick Gymnich, professor of the Greek language at Duisburgh, was one of the auditors, and said he thought the Greek version surpassed the Latin. Beronicius was afterwards examined in various ways, and always gave such proofs of his wonderful learning as amazed all the audience.

Beronicius spoke several languages so perfectly that each might have passed for his mother tongue; especially Italian, French, and English. As to his Latin, the celebrated Gronovius was fearful of conversing with him in that language. But Greek was his hobby-horse; Greek was the delight of his life, and he spoke it as correctly and as fluently as if he had sucked it in with his mother's

milk. He conversed with the above-named professor Gymnich, in Greek, and ended with these words: "I am quite weary of talking any longer with you in Greek, for, really, my pupils who have been taught a twelvemonth by me, speak it much better than you do." This was not very polite, but he was not to be restrained; and he often spoke his mind so freely, that he was threatened with a thrashing. On such occasions he was the first to step forward and to show that he was not at all averse to a battle, saying,

—Age, si quid habes, in me mora non erit ulla.

He gave excellent accounts of all the ancient Greek and Roman authors, his opinions of whose writings were always correct, complete, and delivered with great judgment, and without hesitation. He could immediately distinguish genuine writing, and was a perfect master in the knowledge of the various styles, measures, and idioms. He knew by heart the whole of Horace and Virgil, the greatest part of Cicero, and both the Plinys; and would immediately, if a line were mentioned, repeat the whole passage, and tell the exact work, book, chapter, and verse, of all these, and many more, especially poets. As to Juvenal, his works were so interwoven in his brain that he retained every word, nay, every letter.

Of the Greek poets he had Homer so strongly imprinted on his memory, together with some of the comedies of Aristophanes, that he could directly turn to any line required and repeat the whole sentence. His Latin was full of words selected from all the most celebrated writers.

The reader will probably be desirous of knowing what countryman our extraordinary poet, Beronicius, was; but this is a secret he never would disclose. When he was asked which was his country, he always answered, "that the country of every one was that in which he could live most comfortably." Some said that he had been a professor in France, others a Jesuit, a monk; but this was merely conjecture. It was well known that he had wandered about many years in France, England, and particularly in the Netherlands, carrying like a second

Bias, his whole property about with him. He was sometimes told he deserved to be a professor of a college; but his reply was that he could have no pleasure in such a worm-like life. Strange to say, this eccentric being gained his living chiefly by sweeping chimneys, grinding knives and scissors, and other mean occupations. But his chief delight was in pursuing the profession of juggler, mountebank, or merry-andrew, among the lowest rabble. He never gave himself any concern about his food or raiment; for it was equal to him whether he was dressed like a nobleman or a beggar; nature, he said, was always satisfied with very little. His hours of relaxation from his studies were chiefly spent in paltry wine-houses, with the meanest company, where he would sometimes remain a whole week or more, drinking without rest or intermission.

His miserable death afforded reason to believe that he perished whilst intoxicated, for he was found dead at Middleburgh, drowned and smothered in mud, which circumstance was mentioned in the epitaph which the before-named poet, Buizero, wrote upon him, as follows, literally translated:—

Here lies a wonderful genius,
He liv'd and died like a beast;
He was a most uncommon satyr,
He liv'd in wine, and died in water.

This is all that is known about Beronicius. As to his translating, or rather reading, the Dutch newspapers off hand in Greek or Latin verse, the poet Antonides often witnessed his exertion of this wonderful talent; and so did Professor John de Raay, who was living at the time of Beronicius' death, which was in 1676, and had been acquainted with him above twenty years. There were still living at Rotterdam, in 1716, two gentlemen who knew him in Zealand, one of whom he had taught the French language.

He is slightly mentioned in *Le Nouveau Dictionaire Historique*, in a few lines from Borreman's Latin Book, from which most part of the above account is taken. He is not mentioned by Bayle. Moreri has slightly noticed him; and the new *Biographical Dictionary*, in 15 vols. 8vo, 1798, has likewise half a dozen lines about him.



JANE SCRIMSHAW,

BORN 1584, DIED 1711.

THIS female is not otherwise remarkable except as having lived during the reign of eight sovereigns, from Elizabeth to Anne, and attained, like Henry Evans, a great age in the dense atmosphere of London. She was born there on the 3d of April, 1584, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone. Her father is described as Mr. Thomas Scrimshaw, wool-stapler, but he must have been in humble circumstances at his death, as we find that the daughter, when little more than forty years of age, was under the necessity of seeking an asylum in Merchant Tailors' Alms-house, near Little Tower-hill, where she resided till the year 1711, or upwards of eighty consecutive years. In consequence of her great age at that time, her portrait was taken, and it bears an inscription which describes her as being then in good health. She died, however, on the 25th of Dec. the same year, a short time after she had

been removed to Rosemary-lane workhouse. She was one hundred and twenty-seven years old, and had never been married. Her death is supposed to have been accelerated by vexation in consequence of her removal from Merchant Tailors' Alms-house to the workhouse in Rosemary-lane.

We have more recent instances of metropolitan longevity in the person of Elizabeth Alexander, who resided in Hanway-Street, Tottenham-court road. She was living there in 1810, and when upwards of 108, so perfect were her faculties, that when walking in the streets, if looked after, she would quickly turn to observe if any part of her dress was soiled or in disorder. Her walk would frequently extend to Camden Town, a distance of two miles, in order to see her friends.

MRS. GODFREY.

THE history of this lady serves to show the danger of too precipitate an interment of persons in whom life is suddenly to all appearance extinguished. She was mistress of the Jewel-office, and sister to the great Duke of Marlborough. On her return to London, from a residence at Tunbridge, in 1772, she learned that her noble brother was given over by his physicians; but being at variance with the duchess, on account of her driving about the town and exposing, while in a state of second childhood, the man who had rendered himself so famous, she was prevented, by this disagreement, from paying a visit herself at Marlborough-house. Having, however, an inclination to know how things were conducted there, when the duke died, she sent her woman, Mr. Busby's daughter, to make inquiries: and the latter, overcome by the importunities of a Miss Seal, who had attended Mrs. Godfrey to town, agreed that she should accompany her to see the remains of the duke lie in state. When they arrived at the gate of Marlborough-house they found it open, but saw nobody whatever in their passage to the room in which the body

was deposited. So totally was this great man neglected in the last stage of his mortal exhibition, that not a single attendant, nor one glimmering taper, remained about him as tokens of respectful attention. This melancholy scene was no sooner described to Mrs. Godfrey by her woman, than it threw her into a severe illness.

On Sunday, fancying herself better than she had been for some time, and able to go to chapel, as she was dressing for that purpose she suddenly fell down to all appearance dead. The screams of her woman brought Colonel Godfrey into the room, who having probably seen instances of persons remaining in a state of insensibility for a considerable time, and afterwards recovering, directed that his lady should be immediately put into bed, and that two persons should constantly continue with her, till indubitable symptoms appeared of her decease.

Notwithstanding the opinion of the physicians, who all declared that life was extinct, and in opposition to the advice of friends to have the body interred, he continued resolute in his purpose till the Sunday following, when exactly at the same hour on which the change had happened, signs appeared of returning sensibility. So punctual was nature in her operations upon this singular occasion, that Mrs. Godfrey awoke from her trance just as the chapel bell was once more ringing, which so perfectly eradicated from her memory every trace of her insensibility, that she blamed her attendants for not wakening her in time to go to church, as she had proposed to do. Colonel Godfrey, whose tenderness to his lady was unremitted, taking advantage of this incident, prudently gave orders that she should by no means be made acquainted with what had happened, lest it should make a melancholy impression on her mind; and to the day of her death she remained ignorant of the circumstance.

WILLIAM GIBSON,

SELF-TAUGHT PHILOSOPHER.

WILLIAM GIBSON was born in the year 1720, at the village of Bolton, a few miles from Appleby, in Westmoreland. On the death of his father, he put himself to a farmer to learn his business. When he was about seventeen or eighteen, he was informed that his father had been possessed of a tolerable estate in landed property, and that he was descended from the same family with Dr. Edmund Gibson, who at the beginning of the preceding century was bishop of London. The estate was, however, mortgaged to its full value. He therefore continued his occupation, and soon afterwards rented and managed a little farm of his own, at a place called Hollins, in Cartmell, where he applied himself assiduously to study.

A short time previous to this, he had admired the operation of figures, but laboured under every disadvantage for want of education. As he had not yet been taught to read, he got a few lessons in English, and was soon enabled to comprehend a plain author. He then purchased a treatise on arithmetic; and though he could not write, he soon became so expert a calculator, from memory only, that he could tell, without setting down a figure, the product of any two numbers multiplied together, although the multiplier and multiplicand, each of them, consisted of nine figures: and it was equally astonishing how he could answer, in the same manner, questions in division, in decimal fractions, or in the extraction of the square or cube roots, where such a multiplicity of figures is often required in the operation. Yet at this time he did not know that any merit was due to himself, conceiving that the capacity of other people was like his own.

Finding himself still labouring under further difficulties, for want of a knowledge in writing, he taught himself to write a tolerable hand. As he did not know the meaning of the word mathematics, he had no idea of anything beyond what he had learned. He thought himself a

master of figures, and challenged all his companions and the members of a society he attended. Something, however, was proposed to him concerning Euclid; as he did not understand the meaning of the word, he was silent, but afterwards found it meant a book, containing the elements of geometry, which he purchased, and applied himself very diligently to the study of it, and against the next meeting he was prepared with an answer in this new science.

He now found himself launching out into a field, of which before he had no conception. He continued his geometrical studies; and as the demonstration of the different propositions in Euclid depend entirely upon a recollection of some of those preceding, his memory was of the utmost service to him. Besides, it was a study exactly adapted to his mind, for while he was attending the business of his farm, and humming over some tune or other, his attention was often engaged with some of his geometrical propositions, and he could by the assistance of a piece of chalk, upon his breeches' knee, or any other convenient spot, clear up the most difficult parts of the science.

He now began to be struck with the works of nature, and paid particular attention to the theory of the earth, the moon, and the rest of the planets belonging to this system, of which the sun is the centre; and considering the distance and magnitude of the different bodies belonging to it, and the distance of the fixed stars, he soon conceived each to be the centre of a different system. He well considered the law of gravity, and that of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, and the cause of the ebbing and flowing of the tides; also the projection of the sphere, stereographic, orthographic, and gnomical; also trigonometry and astronomy. By this time he was possessed of a small library.

He next turned his thoughts to algebra, and took up Emerson's treatise on that subject, and went through it with great success. He also grounded himself in the art of navigation, the principles of mechanics, likewise the doctrine of motion, of falling bodies, and the elements of

optics, and, as a preliminary to fluxions, which had only been lately discovered by Sir Isaac Newton, as the boundary of the mathematics, he went through conic sections, &c. Though he experienced some difficulty at his first entrance, yet he did not rest till he made himself master of both a fluxion and a flowing quantity. As he had paid a similar attention to all the intermediate parts, he was become so conversant in every branch of the mathematics, that no question was ever proposed to him which he could not answer.

He used to answer all the questions in the Gentlemen and Ladies' Diaries, the Palladium, and other publications, for several years; but his answers were seldom inserted except by or in the name of some other person, for he had no ambition to make his abilities known, further than satisfying himself that nothing passed him which he did not understand. He frequently has had questions from his pupils and other gentlemen in London, the universities, and different parts of the country, as well as from the university of Gottingen, in Germany, sent him to solve, which he never failed to answer; and from the minute inquiry he made into natural philosophy, there was scarcely a phenomenon in nature that ever came to his knowledge or observation, but he could, in some measure or other, reasonably account for it.

He went by the name of Willy o' th' Hollins for many years after he left the place. The latter portion of his life was spent in the neighbourhood of Cartmell, where he was best known by the name of Willy Gibson, still continuing his former occupation. For the last forty years he kept a school of about eight or ten gentlemen, who boarded and lodged at his own farm house; and having a happy turn in explaining his ideas, he formed a great number of very able mathematicians, as well as expert accountants.

This extraordinary self-taught philosopher died on the 4th of October, 1792, at Blaith, near Cartmell, in consequence of a fall, a few days before, leaving behind him a widow and ten children.



RICHARD DICKINSON,

GOVERNOR AT SCARBOROUGH SPA.

THIS person, whom nature seems to have formed in one of her sportive moods, was long a public character at Scarborough Spa. His figure and his humour were equally singular and amusing. He became, of course, a prodigious favourite with all the fashionables who visited the Spa, and ultimately so useful to them, that his services became indispensable. Dicky, as he was familiarly called, having scraped together as much money as enabled him to erect public office-houses, which he himself superintended, he ever afterwards bore the mock title of *Governor*. This made him *necessarily* more and more familiar with

the fashionables of both sexes, and so famous did he become among that class, that poets and painters alike contributed to his renown. Hysing painted his portrait and Vertue engraved it. A full-length etching was also taken of him, of which the above sketch is a copy, and to this last likeness were subjoined the following lines:—

“Behold the governor of Scarborough Spaw,
The strangest phiz and form you ever saw,
Yet, when you view the beauties of his mind,
In him a second *Æsop* you may find.
Samos unenvied boasts her *Æsop* gone,
And France may glory in her late Scarron,
While England has a living Dickinson.”

This facetious governor of the Spa office-houses lived about 1725, and was 56 years old when Hysing painted his portrait.

OLD BOOTS OF RIPON.

AMONG the infinite variety of human countenances that have existed, perhaps none were ever better calculated to excite laughter, mingled with astonishment, than that of this singular being. He was servant at an inn in Ripon, Yorkshire, where it was part of his duty to wait on the travellers who arrived there, and take charge of their boots or shoes—hence he generally went under the name of Old Boots. His features at once amazed and diverted every visitor; for nature had endowed him with a nose and chin so enormously long, and so lovingly tending to embrace each other, that he could, with the greatest ease, hold a piece of money between them. Travellers were generally so tickled with the oddity of the feat, that they seldom failed to put his dexterity to the proof in performing it. A hint in this way he always promptly attended to, since it was no less satisfactory to him, than entertaining to them. He was boots in the same house many years, and it may easily be credited that his wonderful phiz did not fail to attract numerous customers from sheer curiosity.

ANDRE BAZILE.

A SLAVE belonging to the galleys at Brest, named Andre Bazile, a native of Nantes, went into the naval hospital on the 5th of September, 1774. He complained of a cough, pains in his stomach, and colic, for which Dr. Courcelles, who attended at that time, administered medicines which seemed to relieve him. He was still there on the 1st of October, when Fournier, another physician of the hospital, entered on his quarter, and took charge of the patients. Bazile now complained of pains in his stomach. Being unable to draw from him any circumstances tending to explain the cause of his malady, the physician administered such medicines as he judged suitable for his case. On the 10th of the same month he died, and Fournier suspecting some internal derangement, desired that he might be opened. This operation was performed the following day. The stomach was found to be greatly distended, and in it were felt several hard substances. Fournier considering this observation worthy the attention of his colleagues, suspended the operation till the afternoon. However, as the body was opened, he wished to follow the windpipe throughout its whole length, and to come at it, he removed the heart and lungs to the opposite side. As this was not done with sufficient precaution, it occasioned a rupture of the windpipe, about the middle, by which a piece of wood, of a black colour, commencing at the beginning of that canal, and reaching to the stomach, was exposed to view. Notwithstanding the singularity of this new discovery, Fournier waited the arrival of his colleagues to gratify his curiosity.

At three in the afternoon, about fifty persons, consisting of physicians, surgeons, pupils, and officers of the institution, had assembled. Having examined the position of the parts, they proceeded to open the stomach, which had the form of an oblong square. The piece of wood above-mentioned was first extracted, and proved to be a piece of a hoop, eighteen inches in length, and one inch in breadth. To the utter astonishment of all present, fifty-

two pieces of various kinds of substances were found in the stomach. Among these were a knife, pewter spoons, pieces of glass, iron and wood, from one to eight inches in length, nails, pieces of tin, leather, horn, &c., &c. An inventory of all these substances was drawn up in the presence of the spectators, in which the dimensions of each were exactly noted. The windpipe, the stomach, and all the intestines had become quite black within; all the substances had contracted the same appearance, and also an extremely fetid smell, which they retained after they had been repeatedly washed.

“We cannot,” says Fournier, who published these observations, “but regret the silence observed by this unfortunate man with regard to the nature of his malady. Had it been possible to suspect it, I should have endeavoured to obtain from him some information, capable of throwing some light on such an extraordinary phenomenon. After his death, I made all possible inquiries concerning his character, constitution, and mode of life, the result of which was as follows:—Being of a melancholy disposition, and even somewhat insane, he had served thirteen years as a marine, but had been discharged as deranged in his intellects. Among other things, his comrades often persuaded him that he was very ill. He believed them, and used on such occasions to betake himself to bed. He was at that time accounted a great eater. On his discharge he returned to Nantes, where, some time after, he was condemned to the galleys. One of his townsmen who shared the same punishment, and was imprisoned with him, declared that he had often seen him scrape the mortar and the plaster from the walls of his prison, and put it into his soup, saying that it strengthened him and gave him spirits. Sometimes, according to the same person’s account, he had a voracious appetite, which was announced by an abundant salivation, and at such times he ate as much as would satisfy four men; but when he had nothing to appease this appetite, as was frequently the case, because he was so passionately fond of tobacco that he often sold his allowance to procure it, he swallowed stones, buttons from his clothes, pieces of

leather, and other small substances. Having likewise interrogated those who rowed with him on the same bench in the galley, they informed me that two days before he went into the hospital, they had seen him swallow two pieces of wood, four or five inches in length. Notwithstanding all my inquiries, I could not, however, learn when he swallowed the enormous piece of hoop of the length of eighteen inches. After he went into the hospital, he took very little solid food, which is not surprising when we consider the multitude of strange substances with which his stomach and windpipe were filled. One of the female attendants recollected to have heard him say, that 'he had a thousand d——d things in his belly, which would kill him,' but as he was looked upon as mad, very little attention was paid to this expression. In all probability his digestive juices were vitiated by some cause or other, and occasioned at intervals that extraordinary hunger; and having nothing to appease it, he swallowed everything that came in his way.

"It appears that he had contracted this habit by degrees, that he had at first accustomed himself to swallow small bodies, which passed by the ordinary way; and unfortunately persuaded himself that larger would do the same. Though it is extremely easy to demonstrate, that the complaints with which he was afflicted were a necessary consequence of what was discovered after his death, it is just as impossible to conceive and explain, why the symptoms he experienced were not much more acute, alarming, and decided; and in particular how he could possibly swallow a piece of wood, eighteen inches long, without any rupture of the pharynx and windpipe, and without choking himself. It would be vain to attempt to account, by reasonings, for a fact so wonderful and incomprehensible."



DANIEL LAMBERT.

WHILE this extraordinary person lived, his immense bulk and other peculiarities made him not only an object of surprise and wonder to the multitude, but of curious and interesting speculation to the man of science and the medical practitioner. It was impossible to behold his excessive corpulence, without being astonished that he was not suffocated by such an accumulation of fat; but when the spectator ascertained that his breathing was perfectly free, and his respiration not in the least obstructed, even in sleep, that astonishment was proportionably augmented. Altogether, he was considered by his contemporaries as one of the greatest wonders of his time. We shall proceed to give a few particulars of his life and character.

Daniel Lambert was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the very extraordinary bulk to which Mr. Lambert attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to inquire whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor were any of his family inclined to corpulence, excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of gamekeeper to the Earl of Stamford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert, senior, consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters, who were both women of common size.

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the profession of his father and his uncle, and have yet to observe that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cock-fighting, and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lambert was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor & Co., at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795, by which the celebrated Dr. Priestly was so considerable a sufferer.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the community

are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession which had been chosen for young Lambert, ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artizans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he was afterwards distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundredweight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, Mr. Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid increase. This he attributed to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility, he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet, standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Mr. Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich, in company with the keeper of the county gaol of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up again to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years, Mr. Lambert was an excellent swimmer, and such was his celebrity, that all the young people in his native town who were learning to swim resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. We have heard him relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity, he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming.

Mr. Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held till Easter, 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forbore to make the greatest exertions to assist them at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufactures of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they settled upon him an annuity of £50 for life, without any solicitation whatever, and what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Mr. Lambert, notwithstanding his gross appearance, was a man of nice feelings, and it was with much difficulty that he was brought to entertain the idea of exhibiting

himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence had spread over the adjacent country to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress, and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying, in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester, conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself to Mr. Lambert, he first took care to inquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and inquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert, who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined, "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask. After considerable hesitation, Mr. Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced, he said he wished to inquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Mr. Lambert, perceiving from his manner the real nature of his errand, "she was got by impertinence out of curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniences without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, Mr. Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough to admit him, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort than of an exhibition; and as long as

the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he received.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Mr. Lambert, was such as was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion. The very Quakers by whom he was visited felt themselves *moved* to take off their hats. It is but natural to suppose that among the numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus, one day a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the company were uncovered, observed to Mr. Lambert's attendant, that he would not take off his hat, even if the king were present. This rude remark being uttered in the hearing of Mr. Lambert, he immediately replied, as the stranger entered,—“Then by G——, Sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their company.”

Many of the visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; nay, one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

Mr. Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as Mr. Lambert had been described to be by one of their neighbours, who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage. A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Among the many visitors of Mr. Lambert, the celebrated Polish dwarf, Count Boruwlaski, was not the least interesting. Mr. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see the Count, and such was the strength of the little man's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon Lambert, in Piccadilly, before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realize the fabled history of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive Count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Mr. Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the Count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him. "Not many," answered Boruwlaski. "I take good large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard." At this rate one of Lambert's sleeves would have been abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The Count felt one of Mr. Lambert's legs. "Ah mine Got?" he exclaimed, "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased, for I did hear it was deception." Mr. Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied, "No, she is dead," and, putting his finger significantly to his nose, "I am not very sorry, for when I affront her, she put me on the mantel-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Mr. Lambert's observation in the metropolis, furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enabled him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front, almost close to Mr. Lambert, made incessant use of one of those indispensable appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them. "What do you dislike most?" asked the beau—"To be bored with a quizzing-glass," was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation, that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion, a lady was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, Madam," answered Mr. Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you into a method of obtaining the information you want. If you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking several grossly impertinent questions. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Mr. Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You came into this room, Sir, by the door, but——" —"You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way." "Begone this moment," thundered Lambert, "or by G—d I'll throw you into Piccadilly." No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

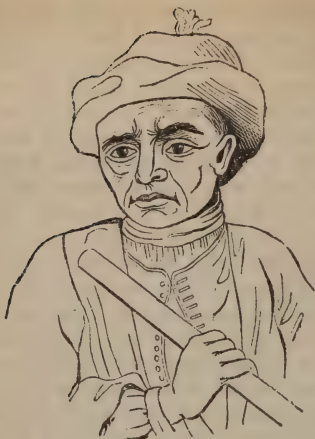
In September, 1806, Mr. Lambert returned to Leicester, but repeated his visit to London the following year, and fixed his abode in Leicester square. Here, for the first time, he felt inconvenienced by the air of the metropolis, and accordingly by the advice of Dr. Heaviside, his physician, he returned to his native place.

Till within a short time of his death, this wonderful man enjoyed an excellent state of health, and felt perfectly at ease, either while sitting up or lying in bed. His diet was plain, and the quantity very moderate, for he did not eat more than the generality of men. For many years he never drank anything stronger than water.

He slept well, but scarcely so much as other people, and his respiration was as free as that of any moderate-sized person. His countenance was manly and intelligent; he possessed great information, much ready politeness, and conversed with ease and facility. What was more extraordinary, however, in a man of his bulk, he sung melodiously, his voice being a strong tenor, and his articulation perfectly clear and unembarrassed.

Mr. Lambert now took a tour through the principal cities and towns, and for two or three years was as great a wonder in the provinces as he had formerly been in London, retaining his health and spirits till within a day of his death, which took place at Stamford, in Lincolnshire, on the 21st of June, 1809. In the morning he gave orders to his printer to prepare hand-bills announcing his arrival and exhibition; in the evening he was a corpse! He had been weighed a few days before at Huntingdon, and by the Caledonian balance was found to be 52 stone 11 lb. (14 lb. to the stone); or 10 stone 11 lb. heavier than the celebrated Mr. Bright of Essex. His measure round the body was three yards four inches, and one yard one inch round the leg. A suit of clothes for him cost £20. His sporting propensities never left him. Cocks and dogs were his special favourites, and he made the *Racing Calendar* his particular study.

739 lbs.



JONATHAN WILD.

IN the annals of crime, there are few who stand so conspicuously infamous as this cool-calculating, cold-hearted, deliberate villain. Jonathan Wild, or, as Fielding very properly styles him, Jonathan Wild the Great, possessed a bold heart, a thundering voice, and a steady countenance, qualifications that were admirably adapted to facilitate his huge and wonderful undertakings. In circumstances that required colouring, Wild always kept as nearly to truth as possible; and that, as he used to observe in private, was turning the cannon of the enemy against themselves! "Permit me to assure you," said he to a friend, "although the idea may be somewhat coarse, I had rather stand on the *summit* of a *dunghill*, than at the *bottom* of a hill in paradise, for did not the devil declare that it was better to reign in hell than be a *valet de chambre* in heaven?" Jonathan, at an early period of his calling, laid down several maxims, as certain methods of obtaining greatness, among which are the following:—1. Never do more mischief to another than

is necessary to effect your purpose, for mischief is too precious a thing to be thrown away. 2. To know no distinction of men from affection, but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to your interest. 3. Never communicate more of an affair than is necessary to the person who is to execute it. 4. To forgive no enemy; but be cautious, and often dilatory, in revenge. 5. To shun poverty and distress. 6. To foment eternal jealousies in the gang, one of another. 7. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, to bring the owner any advantage. 8. That virtues, like precious stones, are easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits, in both cases, adorn the wearer equally, and that very few have the discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real one. 9. Men should proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them. 10. That the heart is the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship. Wild was born at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire, about the year 1682, his father being an honest and laborious carpenter; who, after bestowing a tolerable education on Jonathan, apprenticed him to a buckle-maker at Birmingham. Here he deserted a distressed wife and infant, and repaired to London, where he contracted some debts, for which he was imprisoned in the compter for about four years; and in that learned seminary it was that he imbibed ideas and formed connections which paved the way to his future greatness. There, too, it was, that he became acquainted with a notorious prostitute of the name of Milliner, who had run the whole circle of vice, knew all the ways of the town, and was familiar with every flash character of the time. When Wild and she were liberated they took a little house in Cock-alley, opposite to Cripplegate Church, and lived as man and wife. Jonathan, by means of this woman, now became acquainted with all the thieves of any note within the bills of mortality, and cunningly contrived to dive into all their secrets. Having gained their confidence by suggesting a plan for evading the law, which had recently put some restrictions on the usual modes of disposing of

stolen goods, by making it felony to receive such goods, Wild became their general agent, and was consulted by them on all occasions. His method of managing, in most cases, was this. No sooner was a robbery committed than he was informed what the goods were, also when, how, and from whom they were taken. The property was then safely secured, but not in his own house; and things being thus prepared with due caution, away he went to the persons who had been plundered, and addressed them after the following manner:—"I have just heard that you have lately been robbed, and as a friend of mine, an honest broker, has stopped a parcel of goods upon suspicion, I thought I could do no less than give you notice of it, as very likely some of them may be yours, and should it prove so, as I wish it may, you may have them again, provided that nobody is brought into trouble, and the broker is allowed something in consideration of his care!" As persons who have been robbed are always willing to recover their property with as little trouble as possible, they generally fell into Jonathan's measures, and treated with him on his own terms. In this way he carried on a most lucrative business, receiving his profits out of what was paid to the broker, and taking nothing for himself from those to whom the goods were restored, by which management he at once obtained a reputation for disinterestedness, and remained perfectly secure from danger, as there was no law that could affect him in such a case. Jonathan's mode of doing business, however, became gradually so well known that it attracted the attention of government, and an act was passed, containing a clause directly levelled at him, and which ultimately checked the evil, as well as the whole nefarious system of fraud and villany which he had carried on for years. On Monday, February 15, 1724-5, Jonathan was apprehended at his house in the Old Bailey, charged with assisting a highwayman to escape from a constable at Bow; and this charge being fully substantiated, he was committed to Newgate. Besides this charge, there were several informations filed against him to the following effect. That for many years past he had been a con-

federate with great numbers of highwaymen, pickpockets, housebreakers, shoplifters, and other thieves. That he had formed a kind of thieving corporation, of which he was the director or commander-in-chief; and that notwithstanding his pretended services in detecting offenders, he procured such only to be hanged as concealed or refused to share their booty with him. That he had divided the town and country into so many districts, and appointed distinct gangs for each, who regularly produced their accounts to him; concealing even in his own house those villains who ran a risk of detection. That he had not only been a receiver of stolen goods and writings of all kinds, for near fifteen years past, but also occasionally turned robber himself, in conjunction with his confederates, whom he protected, at such periods, by assuming the functions of a civil officer, carrying for that purpose a short silver staff as a badge of authority. That he had under his care and direction several warehouses for the reception of stolen goods, and also a ship for conveying jewels, watches, and other valuable goods to Holland, where he had stationed an old thief as factor. That he kept several artists in pay to new modify rings, watches, seals, snuff-boxes, &c., that such articles might not be sworn to. That he seldom or never helped owners to the notes or papers they had lost, unless he found them able exactly to specify and describe them; and then often insisted on more than half their value. And, lastly, that he had often sold human blood, by procuring false witnesses to swear away the lives of those who were obnoxious to him, or otherwise to obtain the reward given by government on the conviction of offenders. Some of his old associates were ready to substantiate several of these heavy charges; but, while in Newgate, Jonathan committed the particular act for which he died. Having before his apprehension been concerned in robbing the shop of Catherine Stetham, in Holborn, of fifty yards of lace, value forty pounds, he received ten guineas from that lady, while under confinement, for the recovery of her property, but without discovering the persons who committed the deed. In order to magnify his public

services, and make a favourable impression on the minds of the jury, he distributed a printed paper, just before the trial commenced, stating the number of unfortunate wretches whom he had *legally* murdered; thirty-five were for robbing on the highway, twenty-two for housebreaking, and ten for returning from transportation. Mrs. Stetham's evidence, however, very clearly developed the hero's villany, with respect to his ostensible occupation. After having paid him for the recovery of the box, which did not contain *all* the lace—"Now," Mr. Wild, said she, "what must I give you for your trouble?"—"Not a farthing," answered Jonathan, "not a single farthing. I don't do these things for *worldly* interest, but solely for the benefit of poor persons who have met with misfortunes. And as you are a widow and a good Christian, I desire nothing but your prayers, for I have many enemies, and God only knows what will be the consequence of this imprisonment!" Fortunately for mankind, Jonathan's prophetic fears were realized by a public execution at Tyburn, the 24th May, 1725, amidst the execrations of an enraged populace, who pelted him with stones to the last moment of his existence.

Wild had, from first to last, six wives, or at least women who lived successively with him under that title. By his first marriage, at Wolverhampton, he had one son. Mary Milliner was his second. Judith Nun was the third, and by her he had a daughter. The fourth was Sarah Grigson *alias* Perrin. The fifth was Elizabeth Mann, who cohabited with him four or five years, and then died. The sixth and last survived him, and afterwards married a second time. His son, by the first wife, was nineteen years old at the time of his father's death. He was of so turbulent a disposition, that it was thought necessary to confine him during the execution, lest he should do some mischief among the mob. This youth, not long after, sold himself as a servant to go out to the plantations abroad, and was never heard of more.

It is easy to appreciate the character of this infamous man. Fielding says, that he picked the ordinary's pocket of a cork-screw at the gallows, and died with it in his

hand: but perhaps this is an exaggeration. Jonathan's ruin could by no means be attributed to his want of depth in the ocean of villany. His body was covered with wounds and scars; his throat had been cut and his skull fractured in two places; accidents which happened in various heroic contests between this great man and his pupils, nearly one hundred of whom he not only trained for, but personally arrested, convicted on his own oath, and, as it were, led to the gallows. Perjury was an undertaking which he considered as innocent, whether directed to the ruin of an industrious tradesman, or to save or to take away the life of a friend and coadjutor. Insolent and haughty in prosperity, he became dejected and timid in adversity: for unable either to bear the stings of conscience, or the approach of dissolution, he had recourse to intoxicating liquors, which deadened without dispelling his fears. Jonathan, as the awful period drew near, delighted in talking of the glorious acts of suicide which the Greeks and Romans had performed; and in order to imitate such great examples—or rather to procure an easy and tranquil death—he swallowed an immoderate dose of laudanum; but the quantity proving antidotal, by rising again from his stomach, our wretched hero earned nothing by it but the honour of the intention; while a second hero, the executioner, obtained the real credit of exterminating the greatest miscreant that nature ever produced. A complete history of his public enormities would fill several volumes.



JACK SHEPPARD.

THIS celebrated criminal was of a different character from Jonathan Wild, but he figures not less prominently in the Newgate Calendar. Wild was cool, cautious, and selfish. Sheppard, on the contrary, was ardent, reckless, and generous. He became very early a thief and burglar, and was quite unrivalled for the variety of his professional exploits in the metropolis and its vicinity. He was of respectable parentage, his father being a carpenter in Spitalfields, of a very fair character. The death of his father, however, while Jack was yet a boy, plunged his surviving parent into difficulties, and all the education he received was reading and writing, under the tuition of a Mr. Garret, with whom he remained about two years. He was then put out as an apprentice to a cane chair-maker in Houndsditch, but his master dying, he was transferred to a Mr. Owen Wood, carpenter, in Wych-street, near Drury-lane. Here he remained about four years, and conducted himself with much propriety; but having arrived at that time of life when youth generally

begin to think for themselves, and being without friends to give him good advice, he unfortunately became associated with a prostitute, who led him into a reckless course of dissipation, and so completely enslaved him, that he stuck at nothing to provide money to gratify her extravagance. This led to a system of pilfering, while engaged in the business of his employer, which he carried on until he became an expert thief. After committing various felonies without being detected, his conduct was at last so irregular that frequent quarrels occurred between him and his master, and he accordingly left his service without completing his time. He now fell in with a notorious gang of thieves and pickpockets, in company with whom he commenced a regular system of plunder and depredation, and carried it on until he was considered the most dexterous member of the gang. He had a brother called Thomas, who became one of his associates, and was concerned in some of his robberies. Both brothers were repeatedly in the hands of justice, but always contrived to evade the more serious penalty of the law, and Jack's notoriety was greatly increased by several dexterous escapes from prison. "At this time," says Caulfield, "he was so eminent that there was not a prig in St. Giles's but thought it an honour as well as an advantage to be admitted into his company."

Sheppard, though often fortunate in escaping the fangs of justice, was at last caught. In August, 1724, he was indicted for three different burglaries. He was acquitted of the first and second for want of evidence. On the third charge, after a short trial, the jury returned a verdict of guilty—*Death*. On Monday morning the warrant came down to Newgate for his execution. A little within the lodge, in old Newgate, there was, on the left hand, a hatch with large iron spikes; this opened into a dark passage, from which a few steps led into the condemned cell. The prisoners were permitted to come to this hatch to speak with their friends. Sheppard being provided with implements, found means to cut one of the spikes in such a manner that it would easily break off. In the evening two female friends coming to see him, he broke off the

spike, and thrusting his head and shoulders through the space, the women pulled him down, and thus he effected his escape. Sheppard immediately went into the country, but returned in a week to his old haunts in the metropolis, where he was soon recognized and caught. Being again taken to Newgate, he was secured in a strong room, called the castle, heavily ironed and chained by a staple to the floor. Vast numbers now visited him daily in consequence of the notoriety acquired by his last escape, and few left him without giving him a gratuity, as they were generally highly entertained with the account he gave them of his rogueries. Many would have doubtless given him the means of attempting another escape, but they were too well watched to render that practicable. Jack himself, however, did not despair of an opportunity. When the sessions began, he knew that the keepers would be so busily occupied while the court was sitting, that they would have less leisure to visit him, and of course could not exercise their usual vigilance. He accordingly determined to make another bold push for his liberty. On the 15th of October, about two in the afternoon, one of the keepers brought him his dinner, and having, according to custom, examined his irons and found all fast, left him. Jack instantly went to work, and having first disencumbered himself of his handcuffs, he opened the great padlock that fastened his chain to the staple, by means of a crooked nail which he had found upon the floor. He next twisted asunder a small link of the chain between his legs, and drawing up his feet-locks as high as he could, he made them fast with his garters. He now attempted to get up the chimney, but had not advanced far, when he found his progress stopped by an iron bar that went across within. He was therefore obliged to descend, but falling to work on the outside, he managed, by means of his broken chain, to remove a stone or two about six feet from the floor, and having thus got out the iron bar, which was an inch square, and about a yard long, it greatly facilitated his further progress. He presently made so large a breach, that he got into the red-room over the castle, where he found a great nail,

which proved another useful auxiliary. The door of this room had not been opened for several years, but in less than seven minutes Jack wrenched off the lock, and then got into the entry leading to the chapel. Here he found a door bolted on the other side, upon which he broke a hole through the wall, and pushed the bolt back. Coming now to the chapel door, he broke off one of the iron spikes, which he kept for further use, and so got into an entry between the chapel and the lower leads. The door of this entry was very strong, and fastened with a great lock, and what was worse, the night had overtaken him, and he was forced to proceed in darkness. Nevertheless, in half-an-hour he managed to force off the box of the lock, and open the door, which, however, led him to another still more difficult, for it was not only locked but barred and bolted. When he had tried in vain to make this lock and box give way, he wrenched the fillet from the main post of the door, and the box and staples came off with it. St. Sepulchre's chimes now went eight, and there was yet another door betwixt him and the lower leads, but it being only bolted on the inside, he opened it easily, and mounting to the top of it, he got over the wall, and so to the upper leads. His next consideration was how to get down. For this purpose looking around him, and finding that the top of the turner's house adjoining to Newgate was the most convenient place to alight upon, he resolved to descend upon it. To take a leap would have been very dangerous; he therefore went back to the castle the same way that he came, and brought a blanket which he used to lie upon. This he made fast to the wall of Newgate with the spike he stole out of the chapel, and so sliding down, dropped upon the turner's leads. Just as he had performed this feat the clock struck nine. Luckily the turner's garret door on the leads happened to be open; he therefore went in, and having crept softly down stairs, he heard company talking in a room below. His irons giving a clink, a woman started and exclaimed, Lord, what noise is that? Somebody answered, it is the dog or the cat; when Sheppard crept back to the garret and continued there about two hours. Having then

ventured down a second time, he heard a gentleman take leave of the company, and saw the maid light him down stairs. As soon as the maid returned and had shut the chamber door, he made the best of his way to the street door, unlocked it, and thus once more effected his escape, just as it had struck twelve at night.

It has often been remarked, that criminals hover round the purlieus of justice like the moth round a candle, constantly alive to their danger, yet unable to avoid their fate. Even so it was with the infatuated Sheppard, who again betook himself to his old haunts and his wonted trade. "A few nights after his escape," says Caulfield, "he committed a burglary in Monmouth-Street, and stole a quantity of wearing apparel. On the 29th of October, he broke open the house of a pawnbroker in Drury-lane, from whence he took a sword, a suit of clothes, several snuff-boxes, rings, watches, and other goods to a considerable value. And now he resolved to cut a figure as a gentleman among his old friends. Although he well knew that the officers of justice were in search of him, he strutted about in a fine suit of black, a light tie-wig, and a ruffled shirt, with a silver hilted sword by his side, a diamond ring on his finger, and a gold watch in his pocket. On the 31st he dined with two female favourites, Cook and Keys, at a public-house in Newgate-Street, when they were very merry together, and about four in the afternoon took coach for the Shears ale-house in Maypole alley, where he sent for his mother and treated her to brandy. She knowing the danger he was in, strongly advised him to keep out of the way. But Jack by this time was tipsy, and too valiant to fear anything, as well as too wise to take counsel. Accordingly, leaving his mother, he staggered from ale-house to gin-shop till he was apprehended by means of an ale-house boy, who had accidentally seen him. The wretched man was then so drunk that he was totally unable to make any resistance, and so was once more conveyed to Newgate.

The rest of his story is soon told. He had now more visitors than ever, and many of the nobility went to see him from curiosity. He entertained a hope, but it was a

vain one, that some of the latter would apply to the king for a remission of his sentence. Nothing of this kind was attempted.

On the 10th of Nov., he was placed at the bar of the King's Bench at Westminster, when Mr. Justice Powis awarded sentence of death against him, and a rule of court was made for his execution on the Monday following. The day came, but Jack had still hopes of eluding justice. Somebody had furnished him with a penknife, which he put naked into his pocket, with the point upwards, and (as he told one whom he thought he could trust) his design was, to lean forward in the cart, and cut asunder the cord that tied his hands together; and then when he came near Little Turnstile, to throw himself over among the crowd, and run through the narrow passage, where the officers could not follow on horseback, but must be forced to dismount; and in the meantime, by the mob's assistance, he should make his escape. This scheme, however, was rendered abortive by his pockets being searched in the Press-yard, Newgate, just as he was going into the cart. The officer who examined them cut his own fingers in the search. Jack was accordingly executed at Tyburn, on the 16th of November, 1724, suffering much before life was extinct. He was only twenty-three years old, and never was the fate of any criminal so sincerely commiserated by the mob.



JAMES WHITNEY,

A CELEBRATED HIGHWAYMAN.

THIS person belonged to that class of criminals who were at one time distinguished by the title of *gentlemen of the road*. He committed a great variety of depredations, and became very notorious. Being bred a butcher, his first adventure was an attempt, along with a companion, to steal a calf. The animal belonged to an inn-keeper, and they had endeavoured to drive a bargain with its owner in the morning; but as he asked an exorbitant price, they resolved to return at night and carry it off clandestinely. The night was very dark. After some parley, Whitney agreed to enter the stable and steal the calf, while his companion watched without. He entered, accordingly,

and began feeling about for their prey. He soon felt something rough, and taking it for the calf, began to tickle it in order to make it rise. Suddenly the animal seemed to get upon its hind legs, and anon grasping Whitney with its fore paws, give him a most loving Cornish hug. In this posture he was forced to stand, lost in astonishment, unable to move, and afraid to cry out, lest he should alarm the innkeeper or some of his family, the other thief without wondering all the while at his delay. The latter at length putting his head in at the door, said, What the devil keeps you—are we to be all night stealing a calf? A calf! exclaimed Whitney; why I believe it is the devil himself, for he has got his paws about me, and hugs me so close that I can't stir a step. Pooh! cried the other, what nonsense; but devil or no devil, I should like to see him—so make haste and fetch him out at once. Whitney was too much alarmed to be pleased with this jesting tone, and immediately rejoined, O curse you, be quiet and come to my assistance, for I'll be d——d if I half like him. The other accordingly entered, and after a little examination they discovered, to their amazement, that they were bit—a muzzled bear, belonging to an itinerant showman, having been accidentally placed in the stable during the day, and the calf removed to make room for him. By their joint efforts Whitney got relieved from the bear's grasp, when both made off with all speed, half resolved never again to try their hand at thieving, since the trade had thus so luckless a beginning.

Some time after this affair, Whitney took the George Inn at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, but the company that frequented it being of a very equivocal description in point of character, he soon found it necessary to shift his camp, and accordingly removed to London, as a more congenial field for a man of his views. Here he found kindred spirits, and it was not long ere he became thoroughly versant in every species of fraud and villany. He was the more successful, as he always appeared in the garb and possessed a good deal of the easy address of a gentleman. It was some time ere he took to the road, as it was called, and became a highwayman, but after he did so,

he was known to be the most determined, yet, at the same time, the most gentlemanly member of the profession. According to an anecdote told of him by Caulfield, he appears to have been also a man of some humour. "Whitney," says that writer, "met with one Mr. Hull, an old usurer, in the Strand, as he was riding across Hounslow-heath. He could hardly have encountered a wretch more in love with money, and, consequently, who could have been more unwilling to part with it. When the usual dreadful words were spoken, he trembled as if suffering under paralysis, but recovering himself, he expostulated in the most moving terms he was master of, professing that he was a very poor man with a large family of children, and that he would be utterly ruined if his money were taken from him. He pointed out, too, the illegality of stopping persons on the highway, and how dangerous it was to engage in such evil courses. Whitney who knew his character, interrupted him in a most determined tone, and asked how he dared to preach morality to an honester man than himself. "Why, sir," continued he, "you make a prey of all mankind, and grind them to death with eight and ten per cent. This once, however, I shall compel you to lend what you have without bond, consequently without interest, so no more words, but deliver." Hereupon the old gentleman pulled out about eighteen guineas, which he gave with a great deal of grumbling. When Whitney was just about to make off, he heard his victim muttering something about perhaps riding one day up Holborn-hill backwards. He instantly dismounted, and having pulled the usurer off his horse, compelled him to remount with his face to the horse's tail, and in this attitude tied his legs together, so as to prevent his getting off without assistance. "Now," said Whitney, "you old rogue, we see what a figure a man makes when he rides backwards, but I have the pleasure at least of seeing you ride first in that posture." So giving the horse three or four smart cuts with his whip, he set him off with his rider at a gallop, and he never stopped till he reached Hounslow town, where the people loosened the old boy's legs, after making themselves merry with the sight.

Whitney always affected generosity, and got the reputation of it. Having robbed a gentleman one day on Newmarket-heath, of a hundred pounds in silver, tied up in a great bag, on his victim explaining that he had a long way to go and would be put to much inconvenience on the road, if obliged to go on without money, Whitney opened the mouth of the bag, and told him to take what would bear his expenses. The gentleman accordingly took out as much as both hands could hold, to which Whitney made no objection, only remarking with a smile, "I thought you would have had more conscience, sir."

Among the last of his feats, was a dexterous trick by which he swindled the landlord of the Red-lion Inn, at Doncaster, out of forty guineas. He had been living at the inn in a dashing style, and seemed full of money. On his arrival he had deposited with the landlady a box carefully sealed. She being from home a few days after, Whitney came suddenly upon the landlord wanting his box, but as it was under the lady's lock and key, it could not be got. He then pretended he had just been bargaining for a horse, and wanted money out of his box to pay for it. The landlord lent him the cash, and never saw him more! The box was afterwards examined, and found to contain nothing but sand and stones.

Whitney was at length betrayed, in the metropolis, by the famous mother *Cozens*, whose house he frequented in Milford-lane, near St. Clement's church. On the information of that woman he was committed to Newgate, and being brought to trial at the Old Bailey, he was found guilty, and received sentence of death. He was carried to the place of execution, which was then at Porter's Block, near Smithfield, on the 19th of Dec., 1694, and executed in presence of a vast crowd, whom he addressed in a mild and penitent tone, as follows:—"I have been a very great offender, both against God and my country, by transgressing all laws, human and divine. I believe there is not one here present, but has often heard of my name, before my confinement, and has seen a large catalogue of my crimes, which have been made public since. Why should I then pretend to vindicate a life stained with so many

enormous deeds? The sentence passed upon me is just, and I can see the footsteps of a Providence, which I had before profanely laughed at, in my apprehension and conviction. I hope the sense which I have of these things has enabled me to make my peace with heaven, the only thing that is now of any concern to me. Join in your prayers with me, my countrymen, that God will not forsake me in my last moments."

When he had finished this address, he prayed for a little, apart by himself, and then submitted calmly to the executioner. He was only thirty-four years of age.

GODIVA.

THIS lady was the wife of Leofric, earl of Mercia, and, with her husband, founded in 1043, a monastery for an abbot and twenty-four Benedictine monks, at Coventry, which was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, and St. Osburgh. They both died about the latter end of the reign of Edward the Confessor, and were buried in the church of the abbey they had founded. The former was the first lord of Coventry, and the latter its greatest benefactress, as will appear from the following extraordinary and indeed romantic tradition, which is not only firmly believed at Coventry, but recorded as authentic by several historians:—The earl had granted the convent and city many valuable privileges; but the inhabitants having offended him, he imposed on them very heavy taxes; for the great lords to whom the towns belonged, under the Anglo-Saxons, had that privilege, which cannot be exercised at present except by an act of the legislature. The people complained grievously of the severity of the taxes, and applied to Godiva, the earl's lady, a woman of great piety and virtue, to intercede in their favour. She willingly complied with their request, but the earl remained inexorable. He indeed told his lady, that were she to ride naked through the streets of the city, he would remit the tax—meaning that no persuasion whatever

should prevail with him, and thinking to silence her by the strange proposal. Sensibly touched, however, by the distress of the city, she generously accepted the terms. When this was known, the strictest orders were issued that all doors and windows should be shut, and that no person should attempt to look out on pain of death. These precautions being taken, the lady rode through the city covered only with her fine flowing locks. While she was thus performing her engagement, a poor tailor ventured to contravene the order, and tradition says, that he was instantly struck blind. This tailor has been ever since remembered by the name of Peeping Tom, and in memory of the event, his figure is still kept in the window of the house from whence it is said he gratified his curiosity. The lady having fulfilled her task, the earl performed his promise, and granted the city a charter, by which they were exempted from all taxes. In memory of this circumstance, in a window of Trinity church are the figures of the earl and his lady, and beneath is the following quaint inscription:—

“I, Leofric, for the love of thee,
Do set Coventry toll free.”

To this day, the benevolent act of Godiva is annually commemorated on Friday in Trinity week, when a valiant fair one rides, not literally naked like the countess, but in silk, closely fitted to her limbs, and of colour emulating her complexion. The figure of Peeping Tom, in the great street, is also newly dressed on the occasion. O’Keefe’s well-known musical entertainment on this subject, is written with all the delicacy that the story would admit.



ORATOR HENLEY.

THIS clergyman enjoyed great notoriety while in life, but as he deviated widely from the path usually pursued by members of the clerical profession, in order to acquire distinction, posterity have agreed to consider him in the light of an extravagant charlatan, rather than a man of legitimate genius. He was unquestionably a very eccentric character; but, nevertheless, possessed great learning as well as natural talents of no ordinary description.

Henley received an academical education, and after taking his degree of M.A., was admitted to priest's orders, by Dr. Gibson, bishop of Lincoln. He had previously begun his "Universal Grammar," and finished ten

languages with dissertations prefixed. His poem on "Esther" had also appeared, and was well received by the public. Hitherto he had only acquired some distinction in the country, and he became impatient to breathe the atmosphere of London, as more congenial with his high aspirations both of fame and profit. To the metropolis he accordingly went, and at once entered on a career of popularity, which may fairly be ascribed to his indefatigable industry, as much as to his talents, though the latter were certainly not without effect, as he introduced a new style of pulpit oratory, and was at once familiar, eloquent, and witty. According to his own account, he preached more charity sermons in one year, was more numerously followed, and raised more money for poor children than all the dignified clergymen put together. Henley's popularity, however, was a bar to his preferment, as it excited the jealousy of his metropolitan superiors, who were moreover enraged to find that his new style of pulpit oratory was likely to throw each and all of them into the shade. To use his own words, "these were the true causes why some obstructed his rising in town, from envy, jealousy, and a disrelish of those who are not qualified to be complete spaniels. For there was no objection to his being tossed into a country benefice by the way of the sea, as far as Galilee of the Gentiles, like a pendulum swinging one way as far as the other." Finding that there was thus no chance of preferment, and perhaps feeling sore under disappointment, he entered on a new career by opening what he called his Oratory, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, in which he lectured on theological subjects on Sundays, and on all other subjects every Wednesday evening. The prospectus which he published smells strongly of puffery, but the lectures took with the public. He describes his own powers, and in the same breath, the alarm of his clerical brethren, "that he should still proceed and mature this bold scheme, and put the church, and all that, in danger."

The Orator did proceed, and for years levelled his shafts of wit, satire, and abuse, so effectively, that he became the most notorious public character of the day. He

spared neither rank nor condition, and even had the courage to attack Pope. The latter retaliated in the following well-known lines:—

“ But where each science lifts its modern type,
History her pot, Divinity his pipe;
While proud Philosophy repines to show,
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below;
Imbrownd with native bronze, lo Henley stands,” &c.

Henley appears also to have provoked the satire of Hogarth. In the print of the Oratory, the former is represented on a scaffold with a monkey by his side, over which is written *Amen*; lying near him are a box of pills, and the Hyp-doctor; over his head “The Oratory.”—*Inveniam viam aut faciam*—(the motto on the medals, which the Orator dispersed as tickets to his subscribers). Over the door “*Ingredere ut proficias*,” the inscription over the outer door of St. Paul’s school. A parson receiving the money for admission; under him “the Treasury;” a butcher stands as porter. On the left hand, modesty in a cloud; folly in a coach; and a gibbet prepared for merit. People laughing—one marked the scout, introducing a puritan divine; and a boy easing nature. Several grotesque figures, one of them (marked TEE HEE) in a violent fit of laughter; underneath, the following inscription:—

AN EXTEMPORE EPIGRAM, MADE AT THE ORATORY.

O, Orator! with brazen face and lungs,
Whose jargon’s form’d of ten unlearned tongues,
Why stand’st thou there, a whole long hour, haranguing,
When half the time fits better men for hanging!

Hogarth seems to have thought Henley a good subject for his satirical pencil, since he introduces him repeatedly. In another print, he is painted in the act of christening a child, with the following lines beneath:—

“ Behold Vilaria, lately brought to bed,
Her cheeks now strangers to their rosy red,
Languid her eyes, yet lovely she appears!
And oh! what fondness her lord’s visage wears!
The pamper’d priest, in whose extended arms
The female infant lies with budding charms,

Seeming to ask the name ere he baptise,
 Casts at the gossips round his wanton eyes,
 While gay Sir Foppling, an accomplish'd ass,
 Is courting his own dear image in the glass;
 The midwife busied, too, with mighty care,
 Adjusts the cap, shows innocency fair;
 Behind her stands the clerk, in whose grave face
 Sleek Abigail cannot forbear to gaze;
 But master, without thought, poor harmless child,
 Has on the floor the holy water spill'd,
 Thrown down the hat, the lap-dog knaws the rose;
 And at the fire the nurse is warming clothes.
 One guest inquires the parson's name; says Friendly,
 Why, don't you know, sir, 'tis Hyp-doctor Henley."

The clergyman in the "Modern Midnight Conversation" is generally understood to have been meant for Henley; but the bitterest cut of all, was his introduction into the last plate of the Harlot's Progress, where he is represented as drinking gin with a prostitute and female robber, while attending in his clerical character the ceremony of the funeral!

The soubriquet of the Hyp-doctor was given to Henley in consequence of his being editor of a weekly paper under that title. This publication was intended to counteract the effect of the "Craftsman," and it is said that the ministry of the day allowed him £100 a-year for his services; but there is no evidence of his having been thus remunerated, and the known parsimony of government towards literary men at that period renders it very improbable.

Henley died 14th October, 1756. His character has been variously painted, but the dark shades predominate in every portraiture. A late reviewer has summed up its most prominent points as follows:—"He was a scholar of great acquirements, and of no mean genius; hardy and inventive; eloquent and witty; and might have been an ornament to literature, which he made ridiculous; and the pride of the pulpit, which he egregiously disgraced. But the truth is, that having blunted and worn out that interior feeling which is the instinct of the good man, and the wisdom of the wise, there was no balance in his passions, and the decorum of life was sacrificed to its selfishness. He condescended to live on the follies of the

people, and his sordid nature had changed him till he crept licking the dust with the serpent." This is exceedingly severe, but on the whole, just.

MARGARET LAMBURN.

THE injustice done to Mary Queen of Scots by Queen Elizabeth, was the cause of many striking displays of feeling and attachment on the part of Mary's servants. Margaret Lamburn proved her devotion to her ill-used mistress in a very remarkable manner. This woman was, with her husband, in the retinue of Mary, on whose death he died of grief. Margaret resolved to avenge at once the death of her queen and her husband, and to effect her purpose, she repaired to the English court, in man's apparel, under the name of Anthony Sparke. She carried with her a brace of pistols; one to kill Elizabeth, and the other to shoot herself, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. Her design, however, miscarried by an accident which preserved Elizabeth's life. One day as she was pushing through the crowd to come up to her Majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of the concealed pistols. This being observed, she was seized and brought before the queen, who asked her name, country, and quality? Margaret undauntedly replied, "Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lamburn: I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, my mistress, whom you have unjustly put to death; and by her death you have caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for these victims of your cruelty and injustice, I was resolved to avenge their deaths by killing you. I acknowledge I have suffered many struggles within my own breast, and have endeavoured to divert my resolution from this design, but all in vain; I found myself impelled irresistibly to prove, by experience, the truth of that maxim, that neither reason

nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is impelled thereto by love."

After calmly listening to Margaret's discourse, Elizabeth replied, "You are then persuaded that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and for your husband required of you; but what think you now it is my duty to do to you?" "Madam," said Margaret, with a steady unembarrassed countenance, "I will tell you plainly my opinion, provided you will please to let me know whether you put this question in the quality of a queen or that of a judge." Her Majesty declared that "it was in that of a queen." "Then," said Margaret, "your Majesty ought to grant me a pardon." "But what assurance or security can you give me," said Elizabeth, "that you will not make another attempt upon my life?"—"Madam," replied the spirited Lamburn, "a favour given under such restraints is no more a favour; and in so doing your Majesty would act against me as a judge." The queen, turning to some of her council, said, "I have been thirty years a queen, but do not remember ever to have had such a lecture read to me before." She then pronounced a free and unqualified pardon, and granted Margaret a safe conduct till she got out of the kingdom.



SARAH MAPP,

A REMARKABLE FEMALE BONE-SETTER.

THIS woman is a conspicuous character in the annals of quackery. Possessing masculine habits and much personal courage, she distinguished herself accidentally by two or three extraordinary cures, and speedily rose into notoriety as *the* bone-setter or shape-mistress. Her father, whose name was Wallin, followed the same line of business in Wilts, but having quarrelled with him she left his establishment, and fixed her residence at Epsom. She soon visited London, and her success was beyond expectation. In fact, her progress almost exceeded credibility, as she started into public notice, got married, and set up a carriage, all within a few months of her arrival. Her husband was in the employment of Mr. Ibbotson, mercer, Ludgate-hill, and, it is supposed, must have married her on speculation, as she was hideously ugly. His name was Hill Mapp, and if we can credit the newspaper reports, he first robbed and then deserted her. In spite of this untoward event, Mrs. Mapp's fame continued to increase,

and she divided the suffrages of the town with the famous quacks, Ward and Taylor, who were then also running the race of popularity with pretensions equally well founded to infallibility. In the newspapers of the time, we find numerous paragraphs either indicative of her popularity and success, or in ridicule of her pretensions. Of these the following may serve as specimens:—

September 23, 1736.—“Mrs. Mapp continues making extraordinary cures; she has now set up an equipage, and on Sunday waited on her majesty.”

Saturday, October 16, 1736.—“Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, with Dr. Taylor, the oculist, was at the play-house, in Lincoln’s-inn-fields, to see a comedy called ‘The Husband’s Relief, with the Female Bone-setter and Worm Doctor,’ which occasioned a full house, and the following epigram:—

While Mapp to th’ actors show’d a kind regard,
On one side *Taylor* sat, on th’ other *Ward*:
When their mock persons of the drama came,
Both *Ward* and *Taylor* thought it hurt their fame,
Wonder’d how *Mapp* could in good humour be—
Zounds! cries the manly dame, it hurts not me,
Quacks without art may either blind or kill,
But *demonstration* shows that mine is skill.

This last line is in allusion to three surprising cures which she performed before *Sir Hans Sloane*, at the Grecian Coffee-house, where she came once a-week from Epsom, in her chariot drawn by four horses. The first was of a man in Wardour-street, whose back had been broke nine years, and stuck out two inches. The second was of a niece to Sir Hans Sloane himself, in a similar condition. And the third of a gentleman who went with one shoe-heel six inches high, having been lame twenty years of his hip and knee, whom she set quite straight, and brought his leg down even with the other.

The following song was also sung upon the stage:—

Ye surgeons of London, who puzzle your pates,
To ride in your coaches, and purchase estates;
Give over, for shame, for your pride has a fall,
Since the doctress of *Epsom* has outdone you all.

Derry down, down, &c.

ever, a young gentleman took the opportunity, when the father was picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well, the second better, and the third concluded the match. Meanwhile, the old, rich ferryman, not dreaming but things were as secure by land as they were by water, continued in his wonted course of hard labour and penurious living. He would scarcely light a candle, lest his poor neighbours should impoverish him by taking some of the light. He bought his bread at the market, not caring how mouldy or stale it was; and when he brought it home, he cut it into slices and laid it before the sun, so that it might be the harder to be eaten. Meat he would not buy, unless it were tainted, because it would then go farther in the family; and when his dog refused it, he said he was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and so ate it himself.

A singular freak is reported of him, that to save one day's expenses, he first feigned himself sick, and the next day counterfeited death; fancying that whilst his body was above ground, his servants would not be so unnatural as to take any manner of food till they had seen him in the earth, and purposing to recover the next morning after the charge was saved. With this he acquainted his daughter, who, against her own will, consented to satisfy his humour. He was then laid out for dead, and wrapt up in a sheet, with one candle burning at his head and another at his feet, which was the custom of the time. His half-starved apprentices hearing of the glad tidings, came to see the spectacle, and supposing him really dead, began to dance and skip about the corpse. One ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the brown loaf; another fetched out the cheese; and the third drew a flagon of beer. They immediately began filling their empty bellies, and rejoicing among themselves in the expectation of future comfort and deliverance from the hard usage they had endured. The old man hearing what was thus going on, and thinking he should be undone, rose in his sheet, and stalking forth like a ghost, with a candle in each hand, was going to rout them for

their boldness, when one of them, thinking it was the devil, in his master's likeness, caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains. Thus he, who thought only to counterfeit death, actually lost his life, through his own contrivance, and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as the deceased himself had been the prime occasion of the accident.

The daughter's lover hearing of her father's death, instantly posted away to town, but with more haste than good speed, for in riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just at his entrance into London, and broke his neck. This, and her father's death, had such an effect on her spirits as nearly to bereave her of her senses. The father, who, for his usury, extortion, and the sordidness of his life, had been excommunicated, was at first refused Christian burial; but the daughter, for money, prevailed upon the friars of Bermondsey abbey, in the absence of the abbot, to get him decently interred.

When the abbot came home, seeing a new grave, he inquired who had been buried there, in his absence. On being truly informed, he caused the body to be taken up, and commanded it to be laid on the back of his own ass, for it was the custom of the time for the heads of religious houses to ride upon asses, then making a short prayer, he turned the beast with his burden out at the abbey gates, praying to God that he might carry him to some place where he best deserved to be buried. The ass went with a solemn pace, unguided by any one, through Kent-street, till he came to St. Thomas-a-watering, which was then the common execution place, and there shook him off, just under the gallows. A grave was instantly made on the spot, and without any ceremony, he was tumbled in and covered with earth. Such was the remarkable end of his infamous and abominable avarice.

These disasters coming on the daughter in such rapid succession, and being troubled with a number of new suitors, she resolved to become a nun, but previously determined, that whatever her father had left her at his death, should be devoted to religious purposes. Near to the place where he had lived, and where she was born,

she therefore caused the foundation of a famous church to be laid, which was finished at her own charge, and dedicated to the blessed Virgin Mary. In commemoration of this pious act, and that her memory might descend to all posterity, the people added her name to that given by her, and called it St. Mary Overs, which title it bears even to this day. To the public spirit of the priests of St. Mary Overs, London bridge owed its origin. This church was afterwards converted into a great college of priests, who not only built the bridge, but kept it in repair. The first bridge was of timber, the materials of which it was constructed being at hand, and most probably these were rudely put together, but it proved to be of great public utility.

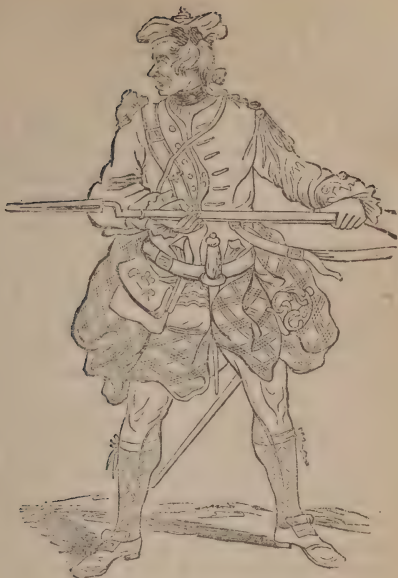
OSTERVALD AND FOSQUE,

TWO FAMOUS FRENCH MISERS.

MR. OSTERVALD, a well-known French banker, died at Paris in December, 1790, literally of want. This man, originally of Neufchatel, felt the violence of the disease of avarice, (for surely it is rather a disease than a passion of the mind) so strongly, that, within a few days of his death, no importunities could induce him to buy a few pounds of meat for the purpose of making a little soup. " 'Tis true," said he, " I should not dislike the soup, but I have no appetite for the meat; what then is to become of that?" At the time that he refused this nourishment, for fear of being obliged to give away two or three pounds of meat, there was tied round his neck a silken bag, which contained 800 assignats of 1,000 livres each. At his outset in life, he drank a pint of beer, which served him for supper, every night at a house much frequented, from which he carried home all the bottle-corks he could come at. Of these, in the course of eight years, he had collected as many as sold for 12 louis-d'or, a sum that laid the foundation of his fortune, the superstructure of which was rapidly raised by his uncommon

success in stock-jobbing. He died possessed of three millions of livres, or £125,000 sterling.

Another extraordinary instance of avarice, and of a still more miserable death, was exhibited in the same country, in the person of M. Foscue. This man, one of the farmers-general of Languedoc, under the former government, amassed great wealth by grinding the poor within his province, and had rendered himself universally hated. He was one day ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum: but he pleaded extreme poverty. Fearing, however, that some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and that his house would be searched, he resolved to hide his treasure in such a manner as to escape the most rigid examination. He dug a kind of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which on shutting, would fasten of itself. Soon afterwards, Foscue was missing; a diligent search was made for him, but in vain. It was not long till his house came to be sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild, or to make alterations in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened. On going down they found Mons. Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but the candle he had eaten; and on searching further they discovered the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is thought, that when Mons. Foscue went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him, and that he perished of hunger. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed, for subsistence. Thus did this miser die of want, in the midst of his useless heaps of hoarded treasure!



SAMUEL M'PIERSON.

THIS Highlander acquired notoriety as one of the leaders of a mutiny, attended with some remarkable circumstances, in the year 1743. Soon after the disarming act, for securing the peace of the Highlands, was passed, a considerable force was raised in Scotland, composed of Highlanders friendly to the existing government, for the purpose of more effectually overawing the disaffected clans. They had the title of independent companies, and wore the ancient Highland dress, that they might be the better able to pursue any rebellious offenders into their fastness.

War having been declared in 1742, these independent companies were regimented, and the command given to the Earl of Crawford and Lyndsay, as their colonel. On

being first embodied, the men understood that they were to serve only in the Highlands, or at least, that their services were not to extend beyond Scotland. When, therefore, it was proposed by government to treat them as if they were regular troops of the line, a good deal of discontent was expressed by the privates, and it was not without difficulty that they were prevailed upon to march into England. They did march, however, and reached London, where they were reviewed by General Wade, on the 14th of May, 1743. A Highland regiment was then a novelty in the metropolis, and the review excited much interest. The Highlanders were flattered by the civilities paid to them, and the praises they received for their military exercises. But a report having unfortunately reached them that they were about to be shipped for the West Indies, their former discontent broke out afresh, and from that moment, they determined on returning, in a body, to their own country. They accordingly assembled during the night, between the Tuesday and Wednesday after the review, on a common, near Highgate, and began their march northward, keeping as nearly as possible between the great roads, and passing from wood to wood, so as to prevent any immediate knowledge being obtained of their route. The secret of their resolution to return home had been so well kept, and their retreat was so dexterously managed, that two days elapsed before any certain accounts were received of them by government. They had then reached the neighbourhood of Northampton, and were supposed to be shaping their course for Nottinghamshire. General Blakeney being at that time stationed in Northampton, despatched Captain Ball, of Wade's regiment of horse, with a squadron of cavalry, in search of them. Though well acquainted with the country, it was with difficulty that the captain at last got intelligence of their route, which had been accidentally discovered by Major Creed, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county, and from whom the captain received a despatch to that effect. The Highlanders had then got into Lady-wood, about four miles from Oundle, and on ascertaining this, the major, immediately after he

had written to Captain Ball, proceeded thither and had a conference with them, at the conclusion of which they agreed to lay down their arms, he promising to intercede for a pardon. He was received with due respect, both by the men and their leaders, but in the course of the conference they insisted that as their lives were at stake, they ought to be sure of a pardon before parting with their arms; arguing that if they were to die, it was better and more honourable to fall fighting in the field, than by the hand of the executioner. The major having written to the Duke of Montague, master-general of the ordnance, stating all that had occurred at the conference, Captain Ball arrived soon after with an answer, which was in substance, "that if they would peaceably lay down their arms, and submit themselves prisoners, the most favourable report would be made of their case in the proper quarter." The Highlanders, however, sternly refused these terms, and declared that they would rather die than yield under any other condition than a free pardon for all. At first Captain Ball found some of them disposed to surrender upon a general promise of mercy. He therefore attempted to talk with them separately, but found that this would not be permitted. Four of them presented their firelocks at him, and swore they would shoot him instantly, if he attempted a separate treaty with any of them. He then told them frankly, that unless they accepted the terms contained in the Duke of Montague's letter, without further delay, he had orders to use force, and if that were rendered inevitable by their obstinacy, no quarter would be given, and they would all be cut to pieces. After some further parley, the captain left them, but was soon followed by 18 of their number, who accepted his terms and surrendered. He then returned to the wood, when 98 followed the example of the eighteen. This was all that remained in a body, the rest having dispersed over the country, every one shifting for himself. Those who thus surrendered were immediately marched to London. They showed no symptoms of despondency by the way, nor anything like alarm when brought into the Tower; but when four of their number, supposed to

the principals in the mutiny, one of whom was M'Pherson, were separately put into confinement, they exhibited a good deal of dismay. These four were immediately tried by a court-martial, condemned to be shot, and executed in the Tower, on the 18th day of July, 1743. The fate of M'Pherson was deeply felt by his countrymen, because he it was who had all along stood out for their rights, and had not only planned their retreat, but conducted it with a degree of caution and skill that would have done honour to a first-rate commander. The military men of the day admitted that if the same talents had been exerted upon a greater occasion, and on a more extensive field, they might have entitled their owner to rank as a second Xenophon.

When this singular affair occurred, it was thought the Highlanders were by no means fairly dealt with. They had been embodied for a special service, and could not, by any construction of their original engagement, be obliged to serve out of Scotland. Indeed, according to their own mode of arguing the question, their services were to be confined to the Highlands alone, and they were not bound to transfer them even to any other part of Scotland. The manner of raising them certainly was favourable to this view of the case. The disaffected clans had been disarmed, to preserve internal quiet, and the very arms that were taken from these clans were put into the hands of the independent companies. Accordingly, the natural inference was, that the latter were to be in future the indispensable conservators of the peace in the Highlands. Besides, they also argued, that as they had houses and families in the Highlands, that circumstance of itself went to prove irrefragably that they could not be considered in any other light than as a local or district militia; and, consequently, on no ground whatever could they be liable to serve elsewhere. Before leaving Scotland they had not been shy of expressing these sentiments, and accordingly the views they entertained were well known to the government; but it was hoped that if once removed to a distance from their homes, their reluctance to extend their services would gradually subside, while

fair promises and a little flattery of their national prejudices would do the rest. This was feasible enough, and had it not been for the unfortunate rumour about sending them to the West Indies, the object would have been easily accomplished. But, as things turned out, it was found necessary that government should consummate an act of deliberate treachery, by perpetrating one far more atrocious—that of putting four human beings to death unjustly, under the hollow pretence of preserving military discipline!

S. BISSET.

PERHAPS no period ever produced a more singular character than Bisset; although in the apathetic age in which he lived, his merit was but little rewarded. At any former era of time, the man who could assume a command over the dumb creation, and make them act with a docility which far exceeded mere brutal instinct, would have been looked upon as possessed of supernatural powers, according to the notions entertained during the reign of paganism, or would have been burned as a wizard, according to the Christian system of a more recent period.

Bisset was born at Perth, in Scotland, about the year 1721. He had one or two brothers bred to the watch-making business, who settled in Ireland, but having himself served a regular time to a shoemaker, and being a remarkably good hand at what is called women's work, he went to London, where he married a woman who brought him some property, turned broker, and continued to accumulate money, until the notion of teaching quadrupeds attracted his attention in the year 1739. Reading an account of a remarkable horse shown at the fair of St. Germain's, curiosity led him to try his skill on a horse and a dog which he bought in London, and he succeeded beyond all expectation. Two monkeys were the next pupils he took in hand; one of them he taught to dance and tumble on the tight-rope, whilst the other

held a candle with one paw for his companion, and with the other played a barrel organ. These antic animals he also instructed to play several fanciful tricks, such as drinking to the company, riding and tumbling upon the horse's back, and going through several regular dances with the dog.

Being a man of unwearied patience, three young cats were the next objects of his tuition. He taught those domestic tigers to strike their paws in such directions on the dulcimer, as to produce several tunes, having music-books before them, and squalling at the same time in different keys or tones, first, second, and third, by way of concert. In such a city as London, these feats could not fail of making some noise; his house was every day crowded by visitors, and great interruption given to his business.

Among the rest, he was visited by an exhibitor of wonders — Pinchbeck, brother to the little gentleman whose elegant trifling in the toy-way has been well known to attract the attention of royalty. This gentleman advised him to make a public exhibition of his animals at the Haymarket, and even promised, on receiving a moiety, to be concerned in the exhibition. Bisset agreed, but the day before the performance, Pinchbeck declined, and the other was left to act for himself. The well-known *Cat's Opera* was advertised in the Haymarket; the horse, the dog, the monkeys, and the cats, went through their several parts with uncommon applause, to crowded houses; and in a few days Bisset found himself possessed of nearly a thousand pounds in reward of his ingenuity.

This success excited a strong desire to extend his dominion over other animals, even the feathered kind. He accordingly procured a leveret, and while rearing it, taught it to beat several marches on the drum with its hind legs, until it became a good drummer, as well as a stout hare. This creature, which is always set down as the most timid, he declared to be as mischievous and bold an animal, to the extent of its power, as any with which he was acquainted. He next taught canary-birds, linnets, and sparrows, to spell the name of any person in company,

to distinguish the hour and minute of time, and play many other surprising tricks; he trained six turkey-cocks to go through a regular country dance; but in doing this he confessed he adopted the Eastern method, by which camels are made to dance, by heating the floor. In the course of six months' teaching, he made a turtle fetch and carry like a dog; and having chalked the floor, and blackened its claws, could direct it to trace out any given name of the company. It is not, however, to be imagined that the very great time he employed in teaching those different creatures could ever make him a return for the neglect of his industry. He found himself constrained, in the course of a few years, to make an itinerant exhibition of part of his collection, and to sell some other animals belonging to it.

In the year 1775, he exhibited his animals in Dublin, to the very great astonishment of thousands; after which he took the north-west circuit of the kingdom, and settled at length at Belfast, where he established himself in a public-house, determined to have nothing more to do with any but the rational part of animated nature.

But the habits and amusements of life cannot be all at once abandoned. He trained a dog and a cat to go through many amazing performances. His confidence even led him to try experiments on a gold-fish, which he did not despair of making perfectly tractable. But some time afterwards, a doubt being started to him, whether the obstinacy of a pig could be conquered, his usual patient fortitude was practised to try the experiment. He bought a black sucking pig in the market of Belfast for three shillings, and trained it to lie under the stool on which he sat at his work. At various intervals, during six or seven months, he tried in vain to bring the young boar to his purpose, and despairing of any kind of success, he was on the point of giving it away, when it struck him to adopt a new mode of teaching; in consequence of which, in the course of sixteen months, he made an animal, supposed the most obstinate and perverse in nature, to become the most tractable and docile.

In August, 1783, he once more turned itinerant, and

took his learned pig to Dublin, where it was first shown for two or three nights at Ranelagh. It was not only under full command, but appeared as pliant and good-natured as a spaniel. When the weather made it necessary that he should remove to the city, he obtained permission of the chief magistrate, and advertised the pig for exhibition in Dame-street. It was seen two or three days by many persons of condition, to spell, without any apparent direction, the name or names of those in company, to cast up accounts, and to point out even the words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hour, minutes, and seconds; to point out the married and unmarried; to kneel, and make his obeisance to the company, with many other tricks no less wonderful and extraordinary. Bisset was thus in a fair way of "bringing his pig to a good market," when a man, whose ignorance and insolence disgraced authority, broke into the room, and with that brutality which the idea of power gives, (what Shakspeare calls) a "pelting petty officer," he assaulted the unoffending man, broke and destroyed everything by which the performance was directed, and drew his sword to kill the swine, which might justly have been called a *half-reasoning*, instead of a *grovelling* animal, that in the practice of good manners, was at least the superior of the assailant. The injured Bisset pleaded, without any avail, the permission he had obtained from the chief magistrate; he was threatened to be dragged to prison, if he was found any more offending in the same manner. The agitation of mind he experienced on this occasion, threw him into a fit of illness from which he never recovered; and he died not long after at Chester, on his way to London.

JOHN ORME.

It must be a subject of pain to every humane mind, that by the admission of circumstantial evidence into the system of the criminal judicature of Britain, innocent persons have frequently suffered the punishment due to guilt. The subject before us affords an instance of as remarkable an escape from this fate as can, perhaps, be produced.

John Orme resided at Macclesfield, in Cheshire, where he followed the humble occupation of a collier, and by his industry supported a large family. About the year 1785, two persons, named Lowe and Oakes, charged with coining, were apprehended at Macclesfield. Oakes was merely a carrier, and Lowe the actual maker of the base coin; but as the law admits of no accessory, every person assisting being a principal, Oakes was convicted and executed. Lowe was more fortunate; though found guilty, and sentence passed, in consequence of a flaw in the indictment (the omission simply of the particle *or*) his case was referred to the opinion of the twelve judges, and his life saved.

About this period a man, a stranger from Birmingham, arrived at Macclesfield, and took a room in the house of Orme, under the pretext of keeping a school. Here he remained a few weeks, till a vacation time came on, when he told his landlord, Orme, he should go and see his friends at Birmingham, and on his return would pay his rent. Stopping, however, longer than he promised, Orme from necessity broke open his lodger's door; when, on entering the room he found a crucible for coining, with a few base shillings, the latter of which he put carelessly into his pocket, but, as he solemnly protested, did not attempt to utter them.

A few days after this circumstance, some cotton having been stolen from a mill in the neighbourhood, a search-warrant was granted, when among others, the constables entered Orme's house, where they found the above articles for coining. As might naturally be supposed, they con-

cluded that Orme was a party with Lowe and Oakes, and seized the instrument, eagerly carrying it before a magistrate. A warrant was immediately granted to apprehend Orme on a charge of coining, and he was taken from his employment at the bottom of a coal-pit. On their way to the magistrate's office, he was informed by the constables of the nature of the charge against him; when, recollecting the base money he had in his pocket, just as he was entering the office, his fears got so much the ascendancy over his prudence, that he hastily put his hand into his pocket, and taking out the shillings, crammed them into his mouth, from which they were taken by a constable. A circumstance apparently so conclusive against the prisoner, could not fail to have its weight with the jury at his trial, and the poor fellow was convicted. Sentence of death was accordingly passed by the late Lord Alvanly, then the Hon. Pepper Arden.

Orme was sentenced to die with Oakes, but a few days before that which was appointed to be his last, a brother of Orme's, resident in London, a cheese-factor and hop-merchant in the Borough, arrived in Chester with a respite for a fortnight. In this interval a gentleman acquainted with the circumstances of the case, drew up a petition to the fountain of mercy, the king, and principally assisted by the late Rolls Leigh, Esq., procured the signatures of a considerable portion of the grand jury, by whom the charge had originally been sustained. Orme's respite expired at one o'clock on Monday, the hour that was to terminate his earthly existence. On the Saturday night preceding, his friends waited at the post-office with an anxiety and solicitude that words can but faintly describe; at the hour of eleven, the unpropitious and unwelcome information arrived that all had failed, and that the sentence would inevitably be carried into effect.

This failure had arisen in consequence of the prisoner attempting to break out of jail after sentence had been passed: and here the rough but honest bluntness of Mr. Rolls Leigh ought not to be forgotten. On applying to the foreman of the grand jury to sign the petition, the latter objected, saying, "he could not, as Orme had

attempted to break out of the castle." Mr. Leigh exclaimed—"By G—d so would you, if you were, like him, under sentence of death."

Not a ray of hope was now left, and the unfortunate prisoner had no expectation of living beyond the appointed moment. Accordingly the dreadful accompaniments of a public, ignominious death were prepared—a hurdle to take his body to the fatal tree (as in cases of petty treason), the sheriff's officers were all summoned, and a coffin was made to receive his remains. Supported by conscious innocence, never was a man better prepared to meet so awful an end than Orme; all the Sunday his mind was serene, placid, and comfortable, not the least emotion, not even a sigh escaped him; and when the news arrived of his deliverance from death, he silently received it with apparent disappointment. About ten o'clock on that night the king's special messenger arrived with a reprieve, the persevering and fraternal affection of his brother having ultimately succeeded. Justice, however, was but partially administered in this case after all. The poor man suffered five years' incarceration in the castle, from the time of his reprieve, and during the whole of that period, proved by the propriety of his demeanour, and his exemplary conduct, that the verdict against him had originated in error, since no man capable of so conducting himself could have been guilty of the crime laid to his charge. The governor, Mr. Faithful Thomas, has been heard to say, he did as much good in reading religious tracts to the prisoners, as any ordinary could possibly have done in the same period.

He survived his liberation (procured by the late Judge Bearcroft) nearly sixteen years; brought up a large family by honest industry; and his memory, we hope, will be embalmed with the poor man's only meed, next to the satisfaction of his own heart—the approbation of posterity. He died at Macclesfield in 1806.



TOBIAS HOBSON,

THE CELEBRATED CAMBRIDGE CARRIER.

HOBSON, though only a carrier, was a man of property. By the help of common prudence, and a constant attention to a few frugal maxims, he realized a much greater fortune than a thousand men of genius and learning, educated at Cambridge university, ever acquired or were ever capable of acquiring. He was, to use the citizen's phrase, "a much better man" than Milton, who wrote two quibbling epitaphs upon him. But even if that great poet had never lived, Hobson's name would have been always remembered; as he took an effectual method of perpetuating his memory, by erecting a handsome stone conduit

at Cambridge, supplying it by an aqueduct, and settling seven lays of pasture ground towards the maintenance of the same for ever. He died in the time of the plague, 1630, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. There is a poem called "Hobson's Choice," which we have seen printed in a folio pamphlet, with "The Choice," by Pomfret, one of the finest poems, by the by, in our language. His will is among Peck's Collections.

The following account is from the *Spectator*, No. 509:—"Mr. Tobias Hobson was a very honourable man, for we ever shall call the man so who gets an estate honestly. He was a carrier, and being a man of great abilities and invention, saw where there might good profit arise, though duller men overlooked it. This ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived at Cambridge; and observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle, always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice, but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice; from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, 'Hobson's Choice.' This memorable man stands drawn in fresco, at the Bull Inn, in Bishopsgate-Street, and an hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the bag:—

'The fruitful mother of a hundred more.'

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

*Who Sickened in the time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to London
by reason of the Plague.*

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas, hath laid him in the dirt;

Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had many times these ten years full
Dodg'd with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull.
And surely death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlin,
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pulled off his boots, and took away the light,
If any ask for him it shall be said,
Hobson has supped, and's newly gone to bed."

BY ANOTHER HAND.

"Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burthensome,
That e'en to his last breath (there be that say't),
As he were press'd to death, he cried more weight;
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier."



OLD SCALEITS ALIAS SCARLET,

SEXTON OF PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

THIS person, who lived to the great age of ninety-eight, acquired immortality by officiating as sexton at the sepulture of two Queens, Catherine, Queen of Henry the Eighth, and the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. In the Cathedral of Peterborough, there is preserved an ancient full-length portrait of him, from which the above sketch is copied, and under it are the following lines:—

“You see old Scaleits’ picture stand on hie,
 But at your feet, there doth his body lye;
 His gravestone doth his age and death-time shewe,
 His office, by these tokens, you may know;

Second to none for strength, and sturdye limm,
 A scare-babe mighty voice, with visage grim.
 Hee had interred two Queens within this place,
 And his Towne's Householdiers in his life's space
 Twice over: But at length his own turne came,
 What he for others did, for him the same
 Was done: No doubt his soul doth live for aye
 In heaven, though here his body's clad in clay."

On a square stone below these verses is the following inscription, "July 2, 1594, R. S. *Ætatis* 98."

The remains of royalty, referred to above, although originally buried at Peterborough, were afterwards removed to Windsor.

COUNTESS OF DESMOND.

CATHERINE, Countess of Desmond, was of the family of the Fitzgeralds of Drumana, in the county of Waterford. In the reign of Edward the Fourth she married James the fourteenth Earl of Desmond, and visiting England during the same reign, danced at court with the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard the Third. Sir Walter Raleigh assures us that in his time she was not less remarkable for sprightliness than for her age. It is probable that her dancing days were not over when a century of her life had elapsed; for, being reduced to poverty by the ruin of the house of Desmond by an attainder, she undertook a journey from Bristol to London, at the age of one hundred and forty, to solicit some relief from the court. Sir William Temple asserts that she lived some years after this, and the celebrated Bacon informs us that she twice, at least, renewed her teeth. The year of her death is uncertain, but it is agreed that when she died she must have been several years above 140. Longevity, however, was common about that time, for it is related that in the reign of James the First, a morrice-dance was exhibited in Herefordshire, consisting of twelve persons, whose ages, added together, amounted to twelve hundred years!



JEMELJAN PUGATSCHEW.

THE career of this remarkable man, who, during the reign of Catherine the Second, gave the Russian court no small degree of uneasiness, exhibits a series of adventures equally singular and romantic. He has been generally considered little better than a barbarian, without knowledge or abilities, but the following sketch will give a very different impression of him.

Jemeljan Pugatschew was the son of Ismailow Pugatschew, a chief of the Cossacks on the banks of the river Don, who was remarkable for his bravery and conduct in the war between Peter the Great and Charles XII. of Sweden. He died as he had always wished, in the field, covered with wounds, which he received in the battle

between the Russians and Turks, near Bucharest, towards the end of the year 1734, leaving Jemeljan, his only son, then an infant, under the care of his mother; who, in consequence of a new attachment, neglecting him in a most inhuman manner, he was taken by an uncle to Poland, and placed in the family of a nobleman, where he was taught the French, Italian, Polish, and German languages, and became remarkable for the liveliness of his parts. He then returned to his own country with his uncle, and settled among the Cossacks that inhabit the forests of the Ukrain.

Jemeljan, upon the death of his uncle, was elected chief of these erratic people, and, from his superior knowledge, established a government which considerably increased the happiness of his dependents, who lived like most of the Cossacks on the banks of the Don in continual warfare with the neighbouring Tartars. Among the strangers belonging to the tribe which Jemeljan commanded, were two men of abilities, who, from a spirit of enterprise, had accompanied him from Poland; the one Boisprè, a Norman, and the other Capelini, a native of Florence. These persons were of considerable use to him in instructing and civilizing his savage followers. In one of their excursions Pugatschew had destroyed a large settlement of Tartars, and carried off a considerable booty, and a great number of prisoners, among whom was a female remarkable for her beauty, called Marvea, whom Jemeljan soon after became so fond of, that he married her according to the custom of those people.

The charms of this woman made an impression upon the chief's Italian friend, who, not seeing any probability of succeeding to his wishes, from the unaffected virtue of Marvea, determined at any rate to gratify his criminal desires. A fatal opportunity offered some time after, as Pugatschew had determined to extirpate a troop of his enemies who had frequently annoyed him from one of the small islands in the Don; and, collecting the greatest part of his force together, he proceeded on the expedition, leaving his family in one of the towns on the uncultivated banks of that river. Nagowski, a Polish officer, was left

to take care of the settlement, and Capelini, pretending illness, found it easy to excuse himself from the expedition. In the heart of an immense forest, which was near the place of their abode, the Italian had discovered a large cavern almost covered with trees, which he pitched upon as the spot on which he intended to act his future villany. According to a plan settled between them, Nagowski left the settlement, and not returning for some days, was supposed to have deserted the party.

One morning Marvea walked out alone with one of the company, Capelini having refused to be of the party, under pretence that he was more indisposed than ordinary, and therefore stood in want of repose. Marvea and her companion returned no more. A general alarm took place. Capelini, whose disorder seemed augmented by this accident, acted his part to a miracle; and in his pretended despair, accused the Polander of having debauched the wife of his friend. The truth is, these two villains had agreed, that while Capelini should feign an increase of his malady, Nagowski should go to his cavern and wait with precaution for an opportunity of seizing Marvea. This circumstance presently occurred. The sight of the woman who accompanied Marvea a little embarrassed the villain, who through a thicket, behind which he was posted, observed all their movements; notwithstanding, he determined not to let this occasion escape him. The monster saw them with a barbarous pleasure gradually advance towards the place which was to secret the beautiful Tartar. When they had proceeded so far that their cries could not be heard, he came from his post, and walked softly behind the trees; having arrived within a few paces of the unfortunate women, with one stroke of the pommel of his sword, he extended at his feet, without motion, and almost without life, the affrighted companion of Marvea, whom he took in his arms, and, without uttering one word, conveyed into the cavern, which was not twenty paces distant. His first care was to recover the unfortunate lady, who, from her terrors, had fainted away. When she came to herself, he returned to the other woman, and brought her also into

the cavern. Marvea, overwhelmed with grief, for a considerable time refused to take any nourishment ; but her companion, who comprehended nothing of what she had seen, and had a soul less elevated than the wife of Pugatschew, consoled herself in her misfortunes, and readily refreshed herself with the provisions the Polander presented to her. At length Capelini arrived, and threw his unfortunate victim into such a situation as is not easy to describe ; in short, he immediately proceeded to violence, and endeavoured to intimidate the object of his wishes by threats of the cruelest kind ; but, despairing to triumph over the virtue of the prisoner, he lost all sense of shame and decency, and enjoyed his prize in the most brutal manner.

The time for Pugatschew's return now approached, and Capelini, who had occasionally attended his duty at the settlement, began to feel the severest apprehensions of his villany being discovered. As one crime leads to another, this inhuman wretch, for fear of detection, was impelled to destroy the companion of his wickedness, Nagowski, by a stroke of his sabre, and soon after murdered the unhappy woman who accompanied her mistress to this dreary place. Marvea, who was witness of this dreadful scene, prepared herself with joy to submit to the same fate ; but Capelini, still finding her necessary to his happiness, determined to quit the forest, and find some method of conveying the unhappy lady to Poland. Pugatschew at this period returned from his expedition, crowned with victory, when the hypocritical Italian, after many intreaties, and with an appearance of the utmost sensibility, informed him, that during his absence his wife had eloped with Nagowski, and that he had made the strictest search after them to no purpose. Penetrated with grief at this piece of information, the gallant Cossack burst into tears, which at the same time were also plentifully shed by his perfidious associate.

Two days elapsed before Capelini found an opportunity of repairing to the cavern, where he was cautiously followed by Boispré, who had for some time suspected his criminal passion for Marvea, and disbelieved the

plausible tale he had related to Pugatschew. On entering this dreary abode, Boispré and his two attendants, with some difficulty, discovered the unfortunate victim, who had just life enough to implore their assistance. The Italian, confounded at his detection, fell at the feet of this brave man, who had formerly been his friend, confessed his crimes, and requested immediate death from his hand, or liberty to make his escape. Without deigning him an answer, Boispré ordered his servants to secure him, and immediately despatched one of them to Pugatschew, with the news that he had discovered Marvea, with whom he continued, and endeavoured to administer comfort to her in her expiring moments.

The Cossack chief immediately repaired to the melancholy place, followed by several of his troops, when Boispré taking him by the hand, and pointing to Capelini, "See there," says he, "the ravisher of thy wife." Pugatschew, astonished at these words, was going to wreak his vengeance on the Italian, but was restrained by Boispré and his followers, who conducted him to his faithful consort, who no sooner saw him approach, than she pronounced his name with enthusiastic rapture, and expired in his arms. This affecting scene filled the hearts of these unpolished people with grief and horror. Pugatschew, unable to sustain the shock, fell senseless upon the ground, and was carried by his friends to the settlement, where he continued some time oppressed with a melancholy, which would probably have terminated fatally, but for the strength of his constitution and the care of his friends.

The odious Capelini was condemned by the Cossacks to a singular punishment for his atrocious offences. He was adjudged to be fastened to the dead body of the infamous Nagowski, and suspended by the arms till he was starved to death. The generosity of Pugatschew, however, felt for human nature under such dreadful circumstances, and he directed that the wretch should be put out of his misery with a sabre, the day after he had been suspended, according to his sentence.

We have no further account of this extraordinary man,

till he entered into the Russian service some time after, where he gave many proofs of his courage and conduct. He was at the siege of Berlin, which was taken by the Generals Tottleben, Czernichew, and Lasey, in the month of October, 1760, and was the first man that mounted the ramparts, at the head of a party of Cossacks. His behaviour during the siege recommended him so much to the favour of General Tottleben, that he frequently conversed with him. The notice this eminent commander took of Pugatschew, singular as it may appear, was the original cause of his assuming, some years afterwards, the title of Peter III. and of the rebellion of Orenburg. The anecdote is as follows. When Tottleben sent for this brave Cossack to his tent, in order to thank him for the example of intrepidity which he had shown, he was suddenly struck with the similarity which his person bore to that of the emperor, and expressed his surprise upon that occasion to all the officers about him. After having learnt Pugatschew's parentage, the general remarking he might be taken for the emperor's brother from the extraordinary likeness of their faces and make, jocosely asked him, whether his mother was ever at the court of Holstein, (the birth-place of Peter the Third), "No, and please your excellency," returned Pugatschew with great readiness, "but my father has often been there." The adroitness of this reply gave the company no indifferent opinion of his talent for repartee. Tottleben, addressing himself to Count Lasey, thus proceeded:—"But, raillery apart, I have never seen any one who resembled another so much as this young fellow does our sovereign; and, if by an unfortunate event, which heaven forbid, we should lose our monarch as the Portuguese formerly did their king, Don Sebastian, this Jemeljan would not find it very difficult to impose upon the ignorant part of mankind, who would doubtless readily believe him to be the first personage in the empire."

This conversation, which Tottleben was far from regarding as a presage of the part which would be played some years after by Pugatschew, made a deep impression on the mind of the latter, who solemnly declared, previous to

his execution, that he never ceased thinking on the above declaration, and, when he heard of the death of the unfortunate Peter III. he looked upon the words of General Tottleben, to make use of his own emphatic expression, as the voice of an oracle which called him to empire and to glory.

While this singular character was in the Russian service, he lived in strict intimacy with his old friend Boispré, who left the Ukrain with him, and had since been employed as an engineer against the Prussians. Soon after the siege of Berlin, Pugatschew, accompanied by this friend, left the army, in consequence of having wounded a Russian officer of superior rank. They passed with the utmost expedition to Vienna, where our Cossack assumed the character of a noble Venetian, and played his cards so well, that he was received without suspicion into the first families in that capital. His company was particularly agreeable to the ladies, and the young Countess of C—— showed him so much partiality, that Boispré encouraged him to ask her in marriage of her father. This lady was descended from a very distinguished family, and was so far imposed upon as to believe that an alliance with Count Zanardi, as Pugatschew then called himself, would be very advantageous. In short, after some time, our adventurer had address enough to persuade the father of the lady that he was really the nobleman he pretended to be, and the marriage was soon after celebrated with great pomp.

Upon a dispute occasioned by the Venetians supposing their rights infringed by the imperial court, the former sent an envoy to Vienna, in order to settle the matter amicably. This minister was not a little surprised at hearing that Count Zanardi had been lately married to a lady of distinction in that city, when he well knew that the family of that name had long been extinct. Suspicions now began to be entertained that our count was an impostor; and it was no doubt lucky for him, that at the time of the ambassador's arrival, he had been some days with the old count, at his estate in the country. Boispré immediately posted thither, and acquainted his friend

with the danger that threatened him. Without seeming alarmed, the pretended Zanardi told his wife and her father that one of his particular friends had in an affair of honour dangerously wounded his adversary, and taken refuge in the hotel of the Venetian ambassador: "I must depart immediately," said he, "for the metropolis, in order to thank that minister for his kindness, and conduct my friend hither as to a place of greater security." This reason satisfied the old count and his daughter, and our two adventurers directly departed for Vienna, which was several leagues distant.

When they reached the capital, Zanardi privately entered his father-in-law's palace, and possessed himself of a quantity of jewels and plate which he immediately sold to some Jews. Then quitting Vienna, and taking their route for the borders of Poland, where they soon after arrived, they completely eluded the search of the old count, who was justly exasperated at their base conduct.

In the year 1773, the inhabitants of Casan and Orenburg, in the Asiatic portion of the Russian empire, having manifested great discontent on account of the impost laid on them for the war with the Turks, and the continual draughts of men for the armies, Pugatschew endeavoured to convert their disaffection into an engine for the promotion of his ambitious designs. The observations of General Tottleben, though made so many years before, had left an impression upon his mind which time had not been able to erase. Relying upon his strong resemblance to the dethroned emperor, he had the boldness to assume the name and character of that unfortunate monarch, and openly aspired to the crown. Notwithstanding the palpable nature of the imposture, he was soon joined by great numbers of partizans.

This insurrection became so formidable, that the Empress Catherine was obliged to send a considerable force against the rebels. During the whole of the year 1774, Pugatschew contrived to find employment for the Russian forces, though his adherents were defeated in several obstinate engagements. At length through the treachery of some of his followers, he was delivered into

the hands of the Russians, and conveyed in chains to Moscow, where he and four of his accomplices were executed according to their sentences. Pugatschew and his principal associate, named Perfilieff, were beheaded; the three others were hanged. Eighteen of their followers were knouted and sent to Siberia.

In the Russian official account of the insurrection, there is a studied attempt to depreciate Pugatschew's character as a leader, and to represent him as little better than a bandit. But this is evidently inconsistent with the rest of the narrative, which describes the difficulties experienced by various distinguished Russian generals in their efforts to put down the rebellion. It is also inconsistent with the confession, that he met his fate like a hero. "In the face of Pugatschew," says the official scribe, "not the smallest trace of fear was discoverable; his aspect was serene, and his deportment such as showed a soul quite undaunted in the hour of approaching dissolution. His presence of mind was astonishing; his unconcern thunderstruck the beholders; and, as he passed through the crowd, he expressed a wish, that if he had done aught amiss, the people would pardon him for the love of God."

By a singular mistake of the executioner, Pugatschew's head was struck off *before* instead of *after* his hands and feet, in terms of the sentence. He thus escaped the more barbarous part of his intended punishment. The head was fixed on an iron spike over a wheel, on which his body and Perfilieff's remained till the following day, when they were burned, together with the scaffold.



FRANCIS GROSE.

THE union of wit, humour, and fancy, with the most persevering and laborious research, combined to make this eminent antiquarian a very remarkable man. While visiting Scotland in 1789, to collect information regarding its antiquities, he was introduced to Burns. They were kindred spirits, and, to use the poet's own phrase, they at once became *pack and thick thegither*. The social as well as literary qualities of the antiquarian, seem to have made a powerful impression on Burns, since nothing was ever more truly graphic and discriminative than the verses in which he has recorded his feelings in reference to both, as follows:—

Hear land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
 Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
 If there's a hole in a' your coats
 I rede you tent it;
 A chiel's amang you takin notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light,
 Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bright,
 That's he, mark weel—
 An' wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, howlet-haunted biggin,
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch part,
 Wi' deils, they say, Gude safe's! colleaguin'
 At some black art.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
 Ye gipsy-gang, that deal in glamour,
 And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlocks and witches,
 Ye'll quake at his conjurin' hammer,
 Ye midnight ———.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred.
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 An' ta'en the *Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
 Rusty airn caps, an' jingling jackets,
 Wad haud the Louthians three in tackets,
 A towmond gude,
 And parritch pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Before the flood.

O' Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shool and fender
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's Ass;
 A broom-stick o' the witch o' Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg,
 The cut o' Adam's philabeg;
 The knife that nicket Abel's craig,
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding jocteleag
 Or lang kail-gully.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Gude fallows wi' him;
 And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the powers of verse and prose!
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose!
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 They sair maisca' thee,
 I'd tak the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, shame fa' thee!

Such was Grose, the antiquarian, as described by his friend Burns, and according to all accounts, the picture was not overcharged. A portrait of him, in which he is represented asleep in his chair, attributed to the Rev. James Douglas of the Antiquarian Society, was inscribed to the members of that body, who met at the Somerset Tavern, and had the following lines under it. Though not so characteristic, they are fully as complimentary as those of Burns:—

“Now Grose, like bright Phœbus, has sunk into rest,
 Society droops for the loss of his jest;
 Antiquarian debates, unseason'd with mirth,
 To genius and learning will never give birth.
 Then wake, brother member, our friend from his sleep,
 Lest Apollo should frown, and Bacchus should weep.”

The biographers of this gentleman have done little more than describe his works, for although his conversational facetiæ are said to have been unrivalled, yet almost nothing of this kind has been preserved. His first work was the *Antiquities of England and Wales, and the Islands of Guernsey and Jersey*, illustrated by 389 views, and 40 plans, in 6 vols. 4to, and afterwards re-published in 8 vols. 4to. The success of this work induced him to undertake the *Antiquities of Scotland*, illustrated by 190 views, in 2 vols. 4to, to which Burns contributed the materials for his native county, Ayrshire, and also his inimitable poem of *Tam O'Shanter*, which was written expressly for the work. Grose next turned his attention to Ireland, and was just preparing materials for completing his design, when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of

apoplexy, with which he was seized in Dublin, on the 12th of May, 1791. The following epitaph, proposed for him, appeared in the St. James's Chronicle, May 26:—

“Here lies Francis Grose.
On Thursday, May 12, 1791,
Death put an end to
His Views and Prospects.”

Perhaps the humorous inscription, which had, by anticipation, been penned by Burns, would have been more appropriate. It is at least far more pointed. Grose was enormously fat, and in allusion to that physical peculiarity of his nature, the poet, at one of their nocturnal orgies, wrote as follows:—

“The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
So whip! at the summons old Satan came flying;
But when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
And saw each bed-post with its burthen a-groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, by ———,
I'd want him, ere take such a d——le load.”

Grose was born in 1731. His father, Mr. Francis Grose, of Richmond, left him an independent fortune, but he did not possess the art of improving it. Having kept no vouchers as paymaster of the Surrey Militia, in which he early received a commission, the balance against him exhausted his inheritance, and thus he was constrained by necessity to become an author for bread.



JACOB HALL,

A CELEBRATED ROPE-DANCER.

THIS man flourished in the reign of Charles the Second, and, according to all accounts, was the finest specimen of the human form then in England. He was admired alike for the symmetry and elegance of his figure, and for his strength and agility. In the exercise of his art he exhibited the powers of a Hercules, while in his person were displayed all the charms of an Adonis.

Hall is said to have rivalled his sovereign in the affections of the famous Duchess of Cleveland, from whom he received a regular salary. The wits of the time made the most of this tender *liaison*, and many a song and lampoon, of which it was the fruitful subject, redounded much more to the honour of the rope-dancer than to that of her Grace. But such things were common in that profligate reign, and the reader will not be surprised to learn, that notwithstanding the notoriety of this intercourse between Hall and the royal favourite, his majesty was so blind to her faults, that to him at least she only

appeared still more handsome. Pope has some caustic lines in allusion to this subject in his "Sober Advice from Horace."

To enter into further details respecting the subject of this notice, would only be to write a very bitter satire upon royalty, since the narrative must necessarily comprehend many well-known particulars relative to Charles's licentious court, which, for the honour of human nature, should be buried in oblivion. We therefore, without further ceremony, dismiss Jacob Hall.

JOHN BIGG,

THE DINTON HERMIT.

THE motives which prompted this singular person, who lived during the great civil wars, to withdraw from the world and pass the latter portion of his life in solitude, have never been clearly explained. By some, his seclusion has been ascribed to disappointment at the turn which affairs took at the restoration; by others, it is supposed that his brain had become slightly touched, and the following particulars regarding him, by Brown Willis, would seem to indicate as much:—"John Bigg, the Dinton Hermit, baptized 22d April, 1629, was buried 4th April, 1696. He was formerly clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, one of the judges who passed sentence on Charles the First. He had been a man of tolerable wealth, and was looked upon as a pretty good scholar. Upon the restoration, he grew melancholy, and betook himself to a recluse life, in a cave at Dinton, county of Bucks. He lived by charity, but never asked for anything but leather, which he would immediately nail to his clothes. He kept three bottles, that hung to his girdle, viz., for strong and small beer, and milk. His shoes are still preserved, (1712); they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of leather; one of them is in the Bodleian Repository, the other in the collection of Sir John Vanhatten, of Dinton."



JOSEPH CLARK.

THIS extraordinary man was a posture-master in Pall Mall. Though well made, and rather gross than thin, he exhibited, in a most natural manner, almost every species of deformity and dislocation. He often passed for a cripple among persons with whom he had been in company but a few minutes before; and the powers of his face were even more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body, for he could assume all the grimaces that he saw at the theatre or any other public place. He once dislocated the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of the body, in such a manner that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his

cure. He frequently diverted himself with the tailors, by sending for one of them to take measure of him, and would so contrive it as to have a most immoderate rising in one of the shoulders. When the clothes were brought home, and tried upon him, the deformity was removed into the other shoulder,; upon which the tailor asked pardon for the mistake, and altered the garment as expeditiously as possible; but, upon a third trial, he found him perfectly free from blemish about the shoulders, though an unfortunate lump appeared upon his back. In short, this wandering tumour puzzled all the workmen about town, who found it impossible to accommodate so changeable a customer. He died about the beginning of King William's reign, as it appears from Evelyn's *Numismata* that he was not living in 1697.

CRAZY CROW,

PORTER TO THE DUBLIN THEATRE.

THIS man was one of the public characters of the Irish capital in the reign of George the Second. What were his peculiar claims to notoriety have not been recorded, unless we can suppose them to have been founded on a propensity to fuddling, a peculiarly fierce appearance, and a tremendous voice, as appears from the following lines :—

“With look ferocious, and with beer replete,
See Crazy Crow beneath his minstrel weight,
His voice as frightful as great Etna's roar,
(Which spreads its horrors to the distant shore,)
Equally hideous with his well-known face,
Murders each ear till whisky makes it cease.”

It is probable, however, that qualities of a more interesting kind distinguished him among his contemporaries. According to Caulfield, “Crow, as an appendage of the theatre, was generally useful, both to the manager, the prompter, and the performers; and notwithstanding his dissonant voice and ferocious aspect, he contrived to keep his post, and to gain a comfortable livelihood.”

ELIZABETH WOODCOCK.

THE human frame affords, in various points of view, a most astonishing subject of reflection. How often do we not hear, for example, of circumstances the most trivial and insignificant, leading to the extinction of life, and yet how many instances are there upon record of persons surviving hardships and sufferings of such violence and duration, as human nature appears utterly incapable of enduring! Among the latter the following history is not one of the least remarkable.

Elizabeth Woodcock was the wife of a farmer at Impington, near Cambridge. On Saturday, the 2d of February, 1799, she went on horseback to attend the market at the latter place. Returning home in the evening, between the hours of six and seven, she had proceeded as far as within half a mile of her own house, when her horse started at a sudden light, which is supposed to have been occasioned by some meteor, a phenomenon not unusual at that season of the year. She was herself struck with the light, and exclaimed, "Good God, what can this be?" The night was very stormy and inclement; a bleak wind blowing boisterously from the north-east. A great quantity of snow had fallen during the day, but the surface of the ground was not uniformly covered by it. Many of the deepest ditches were filled, while it was but thinly spread over the open fields. In the roads and lanes, and many enclosed situations, it had accumulated to a considerable depth.

The horse on starting, ran backward; he approached the brink of a ditch, which Mrs. Woodcock recollected, and fearing lest the animal should plunge into it in his fright, she prudently dismounted with the utmost expedition. She resolved to lead the horse home on foot; but he again started and broke from her. She repeated her attempt to seize the bridle, but the horse still under the impression of fear, suddenly turned out of the road, and directed his course to the right, over the common field. She immediately followed, in the hope of overtaking him,

but unfortunately lost one of her shoes in the snow. Although fatigued with her exertions, and impeded in the pursuit by a heavy basket, containing several articles of domestic consumption, which she had brought from market, she still persisted, and following him through an opening in a hedge, she overtook him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the place where she alighted. Taking hold of the bridle, she once more endeavoured to lead him home, but had not retraced her steps farther than a thicket contiguous to the above-mentioned hedge, when she found herself so much exhausted, and her hands and feet, particularly her left foot, which was without a shoe, so exceedingly benumbed, that she was incapable of proceeding farther. In this state she sat down upon the ground, and letting go the bridle, said to the horse, calling him by his name, "Tinker, I am too much tired to go any farther, you must go home without me;" and exclaimed "Lord have mercy upon me, what will become of me!"

The horse, as if understanding the words of his mistress, accordingly went home. His arrival consequently alarmed the husband of the unfortunate woman; who, accompanied by another person, set off with a lantern in quest of her, and went quite to Cambridge, where he could obtain no other intelligence than that she had left the inn at six o'clock that evening. They again explored the road the same night, and for four succeeding days with no better success.

The ground where the poor woman was left was on a level with the common field. She was well acquainted with its situation, as well as with its distance from, and bearing with respect to her own house. At this time there was but a small quantity of snow drifted near her, but it accumulated with such rapidity, that, at eight o'clock, which she knew by the ringing of Chesterton bell, she was completely enclosed by it. The depth of the snow in which she was enveloped was about six feet, and over her head between two and three. She was now incapable of making any effectual attempt to disengage herself, and the cold was so intense, that her clothes were

frozen stiff. Resigning herself, therefore, with calmness to her melancholy situation, she awaited the dawn of the succeeding day.

In this uncomfortable state she passed the first night of her captivity, during which she slept very little. Early the next morning she distinctly heard the ringing of a bell at one of the neighbouring villages. Her mind was now engaged with the thoughts of her preservation, and employed itself in devising expedients to attract the notice of any person passing near the place, so as to lead to a discovery of her situation. She observed before her a circular aperture in the snow, about two feet in length, and six inches in diameter, running obliquely upwards through the mass. Breaking off a branch of the bush which was close to her, she thrust her handkerchief, with its assistance, through the hole, and hung it as a signal of distress on a twig that remained uncovered. At the same time she recollected that the change of the moon was at hand; and having an almanack in her pocket, she took it out, but not without great difficulty, from the stiffness of her clothes, and found that there would be a new moon on the next day, February the 4th.

The extremity of the hole was closed, on the first morning of her imprisonment, with a thin covering of snow or ice, which easily transmitted the light. This she broke when she put out her handkerchief, and in consequence of the admission of the external air, she found herself very cold. The second morning it was again closed in a similar manner, and thus continued till the third day, after which it remained open. She perfectly distinguished the changes of day and night, heard several times the bells of her own and some of the neighbouring villages, particularly that of Chesterton, which, in the winter season, rings every night at eight o'clock, and at four in the morning, and is two miles distant from the place where she sat.

Her attention was frequently roused by the sound of carriages upon the road, and the cries of animals, such as the bleating of sheep and the barking of dogs. She one day overheard a conversation between two gypsies,

relative to an ass they had lost. Having a snuff-box in her pocket, she pulled it out, and took two pinches of snuff, but received so little gratification from the indulgence, that she never repeated it. It might be supposed that the irritation occasioned by the snuff would have been peculiarly grateful, and that being deprived of all other comforts, she would have solaced herself with those which the box afforded till its contents were exhausted. Probably, however, the cold she endured might have deadened her powers of sensation to such a degree that the snuff was no longer capable of communicating any stimulus.

Finding that her left hand began to swell, in consequence of her reclining, for a considerable time, on that arm, she took two rings from her finger, and put them, together with her money, into a small box; conceiving that, in case of her death, they would be less liable to be overlooked by any person by whom she might be discovered. She frequently shouted with all her force, in the hope of being heard by those who chanced to pass that way.

She had been entombed nearly a week, when at length a thaw took place. Till this time she had not had any sleep, and she subsisted during the whole period of her confinement on the snow, which she ate. In consequence of the thaw, her clothes became soaked through; the aperture already described was considerably enlarged, and tempted her to make an effort for her release. It was, however, in vain; her strength was too much impaired, and her feet and legs were perfectly useless. She now, for the first time, began to despair of any deliverance; her sufferings increased; her breath was short and difficult, and the symptoms of approaching dissolution became hourly more alarming. Such was her situation, when the precaution she had taken on her first being immured in this dreary abode, led to her discovery.

On Sunday, February the 10th, a young farmer, named Joseph Muncey, returning home from Cambridge, about noon, crossed over the open field, and passed very near to the place of Mrs. Woodcock's imprisonment. His eye

was attracted by the coloured handkerchief which she had suspended from the twigs ; he walked up to the place, and perceived the aperture in the snow. He heard a sound issue from it, similar to that of a person breathing with difficulty. He looked in, and beheld a female figure, whom he immediately recognized to be the very person who had been so long missing. Without speaking to her, he ran and communicated the discovery he had made to another young farmer and a shepherd, who were at a little distance. Scarcely able to credit his report, they repaired with him to the spot. The shepherd called out, "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?" on which she called him by his name, saying in a faint and feeble accent, "I know your voice ; for God's sake help me out of this place."

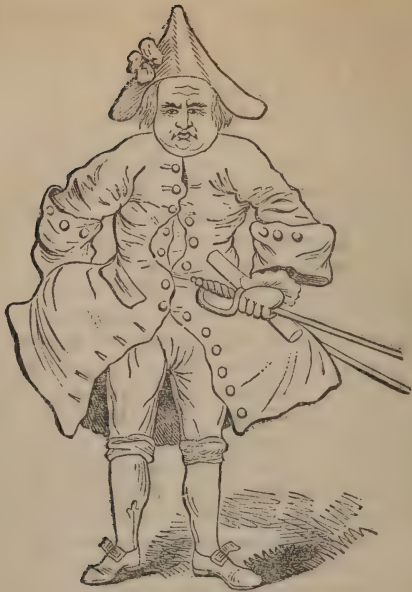
The utmost efforts were immediately made to comply with her request. The shepherd cleared a way through the snow till he was able to reach her ; she eagerly grasped his hand, imploring him not to leave her. "I have been here a long time," observed she. "Yes," answered the man, "ever since Saturday." "Aye, Saturday week," she replied, "I have heard the bells go two Sundays for church." This observation proved how perfectly she was apprized of the duration of her confinement.

During this conversation with the shepherd, the other two had hastened to the village to convey the information to her husband, and to procure proper means for conveying her home. They soon returned, accompanied by Mr. Woodcock, and some of the neighbours, bringing with them a chaise-cart, blankets, and refreshments. Having cleared the snow a little more away, one of the party went up to her, and, at her request, gave her a piece of biscuit and a small quantity of brandy, by which she found herself considerably refreshed. When he took her up, to put her into the chaise, the stocking of the left leg, adhering to the ground, came off. Though he moved her with the utmost caution, she fainted in his arms. Nature was greatly exhausted ; and the motion, together with the impression made by the sight of her husband and

neighbours, was too much for her strength and spirits. She, however, soon came to herself again, and being gently placed in the carriage, and covered with the blankets, was conveyed without delay to her own house.

On her arrival there she was immediately put to bed ; her hands and arms were sodden, but not very cold, though her legs and feet were. The latter, indeed, were in a great measure mortified. Mr. Okes, the surgeon who attended her, found that the frost had extended its violent effects from the end of the toes to the middle of the instep, including more than an inch above the heels, and all the bottom of the feet, which were mortified, so that medical applications were incapable of restoring them. All the toes were removed, and the integuments from the bottom of one foot, but a piece at the heel was so long before it loosened itself, that the *os calcis* and *tendo Achillis* had suffered. The sloughs on the other foot were thrown off more slowly, as were also two of the toes. All but one great toe was at length removed ; but on taking off the sloughs from the heels, the bone was bare in many places ; and wherever the mortification had taken place was one large sore, in a very tender condition.

By the middle of April the sores began to diminish ; her appetite was tolerably good, and her general health was evidently improving ; but with all these favourable circumstances, she felt extremely uncomfortable, and became exceedingly desponding and melancholy. Her prospect, it is true, was very discouraging. Though her life had been saved, yet the mutilated state in which her sufferings had left her, without even a chance of being ever able to attend to the duties of her family, was worse than death itself. It is not improbable, therefore, that this consideration preyed upon her spirits, and contributed to abridge her life, for her health began again to decline, and she closed a lingering and painful existence on the 13th of July, 1799.



CHEVALIER DESSEASAU,

AN ECCENTRIC PRUSSIAN OFFICER.

AMONG the singular characters who have occasionally attracted public notice in the British metropolis, the Chevalier Desseasau is perhaps not the least remarkable. He was a native of Prussia, of French extraction, and early in life bore a commission in the Prussian service. This he found himself under the necessity of quitting abruptly. A disagreement between him and a brother officer was carried to such a height that a duel ensued, in which his antagonist was dangerously wounded. Uncertain of the event, and dreading the consequences should the wound prove fatal, he insured his safety by flight.

The Chevalier sought a refuge in England, and con-

tracted so great a partiality for this country, that he resolved to pass in it the remainder of his days. The singularity of his dress and character soon drew the attention of the curious. He was well acquainted with Burke, Johnson, Murphy, Goldsmith, and most of their contemporaries, eminent for genius and talent in the walks of literature and the drama: nor was there a bookseller of any note who did not know the Chevalier Desseasau. His chief places of resort were Old Anderston's Coffee-house in Fleet-Street, the Barn, in St. Martin's Lane, and various coffee-houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden. His originality and good-nature caused his company to be much courted.

He either had, or fancied that he possessed a talent for poetry, and used to recite his compositions among his friends. On these occasions his vanity often got the better of his good sense, and led him to make himself the hero of his story. As an instance of this it is said that he frequently repeated the following lines with an emphasis which indicated the most self-complacent satisfaction:—

*Il n'y a pas au monde que deux heros,
Le roi de Prusse, et le Chevalier Desseasau.*

which may be thus rendered:—

*In all the world but heroes two I know,
Prussia's fam'd king, and Chevalier Desseasau.*

He never submitted any of his performances to the public, but confined them to the circle of his friends. He would often rehearse them himself before select companies, and during the last years of his life, he derived his principal means of subsistence from the presents made him in return.

At this period he was reduced by misfortunes, and perhaps also by the infirmities of age, to a residence within the rules of the Fleet prison; but such was the confidence placed in his honour, that he was suffered to go wherever he pleased. He appeared in the streets in the singular dress and accoutrements delineated in the sketch which is prefixed to this brief memoir. His

clothes were black, and their fashion had all the stiff formality of those of an ancient buck. In his hand he generally carried a gold-headed cane, a roll of his poetry, and a sword, or sometimes two. The reason for this singularity was, according to his own expression, that he might afford an opportunity to his antagonist, whom he wounded in the duel, to revenge his cause, should he again chance to meet with him. This trait would induce a belief that his misfortunes had occasioned a partial derangement of the chevalier's intellects.

With respect to his figure, he was short in stature, slender in the lower extremities, and not very unlike the lady, who was said to be a natural daughter of Prince Henry of Prussia, and well known in London, where she appeared in male attire, by the name of the Chevalier de Verdion :—

She who for bread, or some mysterious plan,
Boldly laid aside the woman for the man.

Desseasau died at his lodgings in Fleet Market, aged upwards of 70, in February 1775, and was interred in St. Bride's churchyard. The "Gentleman's Magazine" of that month, contained the following notice of him :—"Died, the Chevalier Desseasau, commonly called the French Poet ; he has left a great personage, a curious sword, a gold medal, and a curious picture." Whether these articles were ever disposed of conformably to his bequest, we are not informed, and who the great personage was has never been explained,—probably "le roi de Prusse."



EDWARD ALLEYN,

A CELEBRATED ACTOR AND PHILANTHROPIST.

IN the history of the drama it is rare to find religion and piety the characteristics of an actor. This gentleman was distinguished for both, as well as for great eminence in his profession. He flourished in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, and was born in London, September 1, 1566. Dr. Fuller says, that he was bred a stage-player, and that his father would have given him a liberal education, but that he was averse to a serious course of life. He was, however, a youth of excellent capacity, of a cheerful temper, a tenacious memory, a sweet elocution, and in his person of a stately port and aspect. He was also a man of great benevolence and piety; so devout, that when he received his quarterly accounts, he acknowledged it all to be the gift of God, and resolved to dedicate it to the use of his fellow-creatures. This resolution he carried into effect by founding Dulwich college. From various authorities it appears that he must

have been on the stage some time before 1592; for he was then in high favour with the town, and greatly applauded by the best judges, particularly by Ben Jonson.

It may seem surprising, how one of Mr. Alleyn's profession should be enabled to erect such an edifice as Dulwich college, and liberally endow it for the maintenance of so many persons. But it must be observed that he had some paternal fortune, which, though small, might lay a foundation for his future affluence; and, it is to be presumed, that the profits he received from acting, to one of his provident and managing disposition, and who by his professional excellence drew after him such crowds of spectators, must have considerably improved his fortune. Besides, he was not only an actor, but master of a play-house in Whitecross-street, built at his own expense, by which he is said to have amassed considerable wealth. He was also a keeper of the king's wild beasts, or master of the royal bear-garden, which was frequented by vast crowds of spectators; and the profits arising from these sports, are said to have amounted to five hundred pounds per annum. He was thrice married; and the portions of his two first wives, who left him no issue to inherit, might probably contribute to this benefaction.

Foundations of this kind have been frequently thought to proceed more from vanity and ostentation than real piety; but Mr. Alleyn's has been ascribed to a very singular cause, for the devil is said to have been the first promoter of it. Mr. Aubrey mentions a tradition, "that Mr. Alleyn playing a demon with six others, in one of Shakespeare's plays, was, in the midst of the piece, surprised by an apparition of the devil, which so worked on his fancy, that he made a vow, which he performed by building Dulwich college." He began the foundation of this college, under the direction of the famous Inigo Jones, in 1614; and on the buildings, gardens, &c., finished in 1617, he is said to have expended about £10,000.

After the college was built, he met with some difficulties in obtaining a charter for settling his lands in mortmain; for he proposed to endow it with £800 per annum, for the maintenance of one master, one warden, and four

fellows, three of whom were to be clergymen, and the fourth a skilful organist ; also six poor men, and as many women ; besides twelve poor boys, to be educated till the age of fourteen or sixteen, and then put out to some trade or calling. The obstruction he met with arose from the Lord Chancellor Bacon, who wished King James to settle part of those lands for the support of two academical lectures ; and he wrote a letter to the Marquis of Buckingham, dated August 18, 1618, entreating him to use his interest with his majesty for that purpose. Mr. Alleyn's solicitation was, however, at last complied with, and he obtained the royal license, giving him full power to lay the foundation of his intended hospital at Dulwich, called "The College of God's Gift." The rules prescribed for this foundation are, that all future benefactions are excluded ; and the visitors are to be the churchwardens of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate ; St. Giles's, Cripple-gate ; and St. Saviour's, Southwark ; who, upon any difference arising between them, are to refer the decision of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was himself the first master of his college, so that to use the words of Mr. Haywood, one of his contemporaries, "He was so mingled with humility and charity, that he became his own pensioner, humbly submitting himself to that proportion of diet and clothes, which he had bestowed on others." There is no reason to think he ever repented of this distribution of his substance, but on the contrary, that he was entirely satisfied, as appears from a memorandum in his own hand-writing, found among his papers :—"May 26, 1620, my wife and I acknowledged the fine at the Common Pleas bar, of all our lands to the college : blessed be God that he has given us life to do it." His wife died in the year 1623, and about two years afterwards he married Constance Kinchtoe, who survived him, and received remarkable proofs of his affection, if we may judge of it by his will, in which he left her considerable property. He died Nov. 25, 1626, in the 61st year of his age, and was buried in the chapel of his new college.

In this college, by the statutes, the warden succeeds the master, and takes upon him the office immediately on

the master's death. The founder directed that the master and warden shall both be of the name of Allen, or Alleyn, and every person of that name is eligible to become a candidate. Celibacy is a *sine qua non*. The election is in the surviving fellows, who choose two persons. Two rolls of paper are then put into a box, and each candidate takes one, and the person who takes the paper upon which the words "God's Gift" are written, is the warden elected. The late master, William Allen, Esq., enjoyed his situation upwards of fifty-two years. The revenues of this college are large and increasing. The master's apartments in the college are extremely grand; at his taking possession of the place, he is obliged to purchase the furniture, which is as elegant as can be imagined; and being lord of the manor, he lives in all the state of a mitred abbot. Notwithstanding the singular severity of the rules, by which both he and the warden are to remain unmarried, yet there is always a sufficient number of candidates for the office, among those of the name of Alleyn. The library is well furnished with classical and modern books, and behind the college is a good garden, where there are pleasant walks and fruit trees.

The picture-gallery in Dulwich college, which contains the collection of the late Sir Francis Bourgeois, and goes under his name, is an object of great interest to amateurs of the fine arts. It is extremely rich in the works of the old masters, particularly Poussin, Teniers, Vandyke, Claude, Rubens, Cuyp, Murillo, Velasquez, Annibal, Caracci, Vanderveldt, Vanderwerf, and Vanhuysum. The lover of truth, nature, and art combined, may here luxuriate for days and weeks in the contemplation of the finest specimens of all three that ever were produced by the hand of genius. A mausoleum, designed by Soane, and well worthy of his talents, adds to the interest of the gallery. Here lie Sir Francis Bourgeois, and Mr. and Mrs. Desenfans, surrounded in death by all that taste and wealth had collected for their gratification while alive. A full description of the pictures in this gallery would fill a volume. Of one chef-d'œuvre only can we take notice here:—It is the "*Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*," by An-

nibal Caracci. The painter has realized all that either feeling or poetry could have conceived. In the figure of the saint there is "the uplifted eye with holy fervour bright," yet blended with a resignation, a calmness, and a holy serenity, which exhibit the force of truth and magnanimity in admirable contrast with the suffering and agony of a frightful death. The tout-ensemble is a perfect specimen of the sublime as well as the beautiful in art.

HARRY PAULET,

A PATRIOTIC ENGLISH SAILOR.

THIS singular character, commonly called "Duke of Bolton, King of Vine-street, and Governor of Lambeth Marsh," died about forty years ago in that neighbourhood, and his remains were attended to the grave by a great number of persons, many of whom his bounty had made comfortable.

Parsons, the comedian, who was eminent in his profession, and a good judge of eloquence, speaking of the subject of the following particulars, frequently declared with the greatest gravity, that he would rather expend a crown to hear Harry Paulet relate one of Hawke's battles, than sit gratis by the most celebrated orator of the day. "There was," said Parsons, "a manner in his heartfelt narrations that was certain to bring his auditors into the very scene of action; and when he described the moments of victory, I have seen a dozen labouring men at the Crown public-house, rise together, and moved by an instantaneous impulse, give three cheers, while Harry took breath to recite more of his exploits."

This man, whose love for his country could not be excelled, was, in the year 1758, master of an English vessel in North America, and traded on the river St. Lawrence; but being taken by the enemy, he remained a prisoner under Montcalm, at Quebec, who refused to ex-

change him, on account of his extensive knowledge of the coast, the strength of Quebec and Louisburgh, with the different soundings. They afterwards came to the resolution to send him to France to be kept a prisoner during the war, and with this intent he was embarked on board a vessel ready to sail with despatches to the French government. Being the only Englishman on board, Harry was admitted to the cabin, where he took notice one day, that the packet hung in an exposed situation in a canvas bag, for the purpose of being thrown overboard on any danger of the vessel being taken : this he marked as the object of a daring enterprise ; and shortly after, in consequence of the vessel being obliged to put into Vigo for provisions and intelligence, he put his design into execution. There were two English men-of-war lying at anchor, and Mr. Paulet thought this a proper opportunity to make his meditated attempt ; he therefore one night, when all but the watch were asleep, took the packet out of the bag, and having fixed it in his mouth, silently let himself down to the water, and to prevent being discovered, floated on his back to the bows of one of the English ships, where he secured himself by the cables, and calling for assistance, was immediately taken on board with the packet.

The captain, charmed with this bold attempt, treated him with much courtesy, and gave him a suit of scarlet clothes trimmed with blue velvet and gold, which he retained till his death. The despatches being transcribed, proved to be of the utmost consequence to our affairs in North America, and accordingly Harry was sent with a copy of them post over land to Lisbon, from whence he was brought to Falmouth in a sloop of war, and immediately set out for London. Upon his arrival in town, he was very graciously received by the ministry of the day, and rewarded agreeably to the nature of his service ; but what is more remarkable, an expedition was instantly formed upon a review of these despatches, and there can be no doubt, that our subsequent successes in North America, under Wolfe and Saunders, were in some degree to be attributed to the attachment of Paulet to the in-

terests of his country. The importance of the results afford another striking instance of the truth of the adage, that "great events oft spring from trivial things."

For his services the government rewarded him with the pay of a lieutenant for life, which, with other advantages, (for Harry had ever been prudent) enabled him to purchase a vessel of his own. Here fame takes some liberty with his character, and asserts that he used to run sometimes to the French coast, and there take in a cargo of brandy, without the usual custom-house entries and certificates. In other words he was accused of smuggling. Be that as it may, Harry was one morning returning from an expedition of this kind, when the French fleet had stolen out Brest under Conflans, while Admiral Hawke was hid behind the rock of Ushant to watch the motions of the enemy. His patriotism was here most conspicuously displayed; for preferring the interests of his country to his own, he at the risk of losing his cargo ran up to the British admiral, and demanding to speak with him, was ordered to make his vessel fast and come on board. Upon his informing Hawke what he knew of the enemy, the admiral told him, if he was right, he would make his fortune; but if he had deceived him, by G—d he would hang him upon the yard-arm. The fleet was instantly under weigh, and upon Paulet's direction to the master, for he was an excellent pilot, the British fleet was presently brought between the enemy and their own coast; and now the admiral ordered Paulet to make the best of his way home; but Harry begged of him as a special favour, that as he had discovered the enemies of his country, he might also be allowed to assist in beating them. This request was assented to by the commander; and Paulet had his station assigned, at which no man could behave better; and when the battle was over, this true-born Englishman was sent home covered with commendations, and there received the just reward of his patriotism and valour, in such an ample addition to his pay as enabled him to live independent and happy the remainder of his life.

Mr. Paulet possessed a freehold property in Cornhill,

London, where he was as much esteemed and beloved for his social and benevolent qualities, as respected and admired for his public and professional virtues. And as to the good he did with his income, there was not a poor being in the neighbourhood of Pedlar's Acre, who did not testify with gratitude to some prompt and well-timed act of benevolence performed for the alleviation of his poverty, by this humane and heroic Englishman.

JEFFERY HUDSON.

THIS remarkable epitome of man's fair proportions, although perhaps the smallest human being of his time, was distinguished for manly and even heroic qualities, being at once a politician, a courtier, and a soldier. He was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619, and at seven years of age was taken into the service of the Duke of Buckingham, his stature being then eighteen inches. The duke at that time lived at Burleigh-on-the-Hill, and having invited his sovereign Charles I., and Queen Henrietta Maria, to an entertainment there, in order to divert their majesties and the court, he ordered little Hudson to be served up at table in a cold pie. Her majesty was so much amused with the scene, that she took the dwarf into her service, and he was afterwards frequently employed by her on confidential missions abroad. His size never exceeded three feet nine inches; but his spirit far surpassed his physical dimensions; for, upon the breaking out of the civil war, he became a captain of horse. When the queen withdrew from England, he attended her into France, from whence, however, he was banished for killing M. Crofts, brother to the lord of that name. Afterwards going to sea, he was taken by a Turkish corsair and sold for a slave, but was fortunately ransomed, and enabled to return to England. He was suspected of being connected with Titus Oates's plot, and remained some time in prison on that account. His death occurred in 1678.



FORSTER POWELL,

THE CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN.

MR. POWELL was born at Horseforth, near Leeds, in 1734. He came to London and articked himself to an attorney in the Temple, 1762. After the expiration of his clerkship, he remained some time with his uncle, Mr. Powell of New Inn, and at his decease, he was successively in the employment of Mr. Stokes and Mr. Bingly, both of the same place.

Previous to his engagement with Stokes, he undertook, but not for a wager, in the year 1764, to go fifty miles on the Bath road in seven hours, which he accomplished

within the time, having gone the first ten miles in one hour, although encumbered with a greatcoat and leather breeches.

It is asserted that he visited several parts of Switzerland and France, and gained much praise there, though his fame, as a pedestrian, was not as yet publicly established; but, in the year 1773, he travelled on foot, it being the first time, as it is imagined, for a wager, from London to York and back again, a distance of 402 miles, in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1778, he attempted to run two miles in ten minutes for a wager; he started from Lea Bridge, and lost it by only half a minute. In 1786, he undertook to walk 100 miles on the Bath road in 24 hours—50 miles out and 50 miles in—he completed this journey three quarters of an hour within the time.

In 1787, he undertook to walk from Canterbury to London Bridge, and back again, in 24 hours, the distance being 12 miles more than his former journey; and he accomplished it to the great astonishment of thousands of anxious spectators.

The following year, 1788, he engaged to go his favourite journey from London to York, and back again, in six days, which he executed in five days and twenty hours. After this he did not undertake any journey till the year 1790, when he set off to walk from London to York, and back again; he was allowed six days to do it, and accomplished it in five days and eighteen hours.

In 1792, he was determined to repeat his journey to York and back again, for the last time of his life, and convince the world that he could do it in a shorter time than ever, though now at the age of 58 years. Accordingly he set out, and performed the journey in five days, fifteen hours, and one quarter. On his return he was saluted with the loud huzzas of the astonished spectators.

In the same year he walked for a bet of twenty guineas, six miles in fifty-five minutes and a-half, on the Clapham road. Shortly afterwards he went down to Brighton, and engaged to walk one mile and run another in fifteen min-

utes—he walked the mile in nine minutes and twenty seconds, and ran the other mile in five minutes and twenty-three seconds, by which he was seventeen seconds within the time allowed him.

Having undertaken a journey to Canterbury, by unfortunately mistaking the road from Blackheath to London, which considerably increased it, he unavoidably lost the wager; yet he gained more by this accident, than by all the journeys he accomplished, for his friends feeling for the great disappointment he experienced, got up a subscription for his benefit.

Powell despised wealth, and notwithstanding his many opportunities of acquiring money, forty pounds was the largest sum he ever made by any of his feats. He was content with a little for himself, and happy in being able to win much for others.

In person he was tall and thin, about five feet nine inches high—very strong downwards, well calculated for walking, and rather of a sallow complexion; in disposition he was mild and gentle, and he possessed other valuable qualities. In diet he was somewhat particular, as he preferred light food—he abstained from liquor, except on his journeys, when he used brandy. He allowed himself but five hours rest, which he took from eleven o'clock at night.

In 1793, he was suddenly taken ill, and died April 15th, at his apartments in New Inn, in rather indigent circumstances; for notwithstanding his wonderful feats and the means he had of obtaining wealth, poverty was his constant companion. The Faculty attributed his sudden dissolution to his great exertions in his last journey to York. In the afternoon of the 22d, his remains were brought, according to his own dying request, to the burying-ground of St. Faith, St. Paul's churchyard. The funeral was characteristically a *walking* one, from New Inn, through Fleet Street, and up Ludgate-hill. The ceremony was conducted with much decency, and a very great concourse of people attended.



THOMAS LAUGHER,

AGED ONE HUNDRED AND SEVEN.

THIS venerable person is another instance of metropolitan longevity, having lived nearly the whole of his long life in London. But his great age must no doubt be ascribed partly to a sound constitution, and partly to his systematic temperance. He was born at the village of Markley, in the county of Worcester, and was baptized, as appears by the register, in January, 1700. His parents were natives of Shropshire, and were themselves examples of unusual longevity, his father dying at the age of 97, and his mother at 108. In the year following that of his

birth they removed with him to London where he resided ever afterwards.

In the early part of his life, he followed for many years the business of a liquor merchant in Upper Thames-street. Although wines and spirits of every description were thus plentifully at his command, he never drank any fermented liquor during the first fifty years of his life: his chief beverage being milk, milk and water, coffee and tea. This business he was at length obliged to relinquish in consequence of some heavy losses which he experienced.

Laugher remembered most of the principal occurrences of the last century, but latterly, from his extreme age, his memory occasionally failed him; his other faculties he enjoyed in a surprising degree. His residence was in Kent-street, in the Borough, from which he walked every Sunday morning, when the weather permitted, to the Rev. Mr. Coxhead's chapel, in Little Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

To all appearance he had been a remarkably well-made man in his youth, and rather above the middle stature, though towards the close of his life he was somewhat bent by the weight of years. Having lost his teeth, he faltered a little in speaking, but his lungs appeared to be very strong and sound. It is not less surprising than true, that after a severe fit of illness, at the age of eighty, he got a fresh head of hair and new nails both on his fingers and toes; a contraction which took place at the same time in the finger-of each hand, never afterwards left them. His hair was thick and flowing, not thoroughly white, but gray on the outside and brown underneath. The colour of the eye-brows exhibited the same peculiarity.

During the latter part of his life he was supported by the donations of charitable and well-disposed persons. From a spirit of independence, he used for several years to sell laces for stays, garters, and other little articles of that nature, for which he found customers among his friends, who always encouraged his industry.

Laugher had a son who died some years before himself, at the age of eighty. This son, whom he called his "poor

Tommy," had the appearance of being considerably older than his father, which occasionally produced curious mistakes. The following anecdote is well authenticated. Walking one day together in Holborn, the difficulty which the son found to keep up with the father drew the attention of a gentleman, who went to old Laughier and began to expostulate with him for not assisting his father. When informed of his mistake, he would not give credit to the old man till convinced by some person who knew them both, of the truth of his testimony.

This inversion in the order of nature, was attributed by the old man to his son's having lived rather too freely in his younger days. He was often heard to say, "If the young fool had taken as much care of his health as I have always done, he might now have been alive and hearty."

As far as his memory served, the old man was, at all times, extremely willing to answer any questions that might be proposed to him by strangers, and never exhibited any of that austerity and peevishness which so frequently accompany extreme old age. He used to be much pleased to hear anecdotes of Old Jenkins and Old Parr, and dwelt with self-complacent garrulity upon the circumstance of his family having come from the same county as the latter. His inoffensive manners and uninterrupted cheerfulness, gained him the respect both of old and young in the neighbourhood of his residence.

Such are all the particulars that we have been able to procure concerning this venerable man, of whom the sketch prefixed, after a drawing from life, will give the reader a correct idea, so far as regards his personal appearance.



JOHN ELWES.

THE life of Mr. Elwes furnishes an example, as memorable as any recorded in history, of the inconsistency of man. It shows that the most sordid parsimony may be combined with the most extravagant negligence and profusion, and that principles of the purest honour may be associated with a degree of meanness that is utterly degrading to the human character. But we need not anticipate the reflections that cannot fail to occur to every intelligent reader while perusing the following sketch of this extraordinary compound of frailty and excellence.

The father of Mr. Elwes, whose family name was Meggot, was an eminent brewer in Southwark. He died

when his son was only four years old, so that little of the penurious character by which the latter was afterwards distinguished can be attributed to his father. The precepts and example of his surviving parent doubtless exercised more influence; for though she was left a hundred thousand pounds by her husband, she starved herself to death. But another cause, which will presently be noticed, must also have contributed to instil into the mind of Mr. Elwes that saving principle by which he was so eminently distinguished.

At an early period of life he was sent to Westminster School, where he remained ten or twelve years, and became a good classical scholar; yet it is not a little extraordinary, that at no future period was he ever seen with a book, nor did he leave behind him at all his different houses two pounds' worth of literary furniture. Of accounts he had no knowledge whatever, and this may perhaps have been, in part, the cause of his total ignorance of his own concerns. From Westminster School he removed to Geneva, to complete his education, and after an absence of two or three years, he returned to England.

At this time his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, resided at Stoke, in Suffolk, the most perfect picture of penury that perhaps ever existed. To this gentleman he was introduced, and as he was to be his heir, it was of course policy to endeavour to please him. A little disguise was now sometimes necessary even in Mr. Elwes, who, as he mingled with the gay world, dressed like other people. This, however, would not have gained him the favour of Sir Harvey. His hopeful nephew used, therefore, when he visited him, to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, where he dressed in a manner more likely to insure his uncle's approbation. He made his appearance at Stoke in a pair of small iron buckles, darned worsted stockings, an old worn-out coat, and tattered waistcoat, and was contemplated, with a miserable satisfaction, by Sir Harvey, who was delighted to see his heir bidding fair to rival him in the accumulation of useless wealth. There they would sit with a single stick on the fire, and indulge occasionally with one glass of wine between them, while they inveighed

against the extravagance of the times; and when night approached, they retired to bed because they thus saved the expense of candlelight. The nephew, however, had then, what he never lost, a very keen appetite, and this, in the opinion of his uncle, would have been an unpardonable offence. He therefore first partook of a dinner with some country neighbour, and then returned to his uncle with a little diminutive appetite, which quite charmed the old gentleman.

Sir Harvey at his death left his name and his whole property, amounting to at least two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to his nephew, who at the time possessed a fortune very little inferior. For fifteen years previous to this event, Mr. Elwes was known in all the fashionable circles of the metropolis. His numerous acquaintance and large fortune conspired to introduce him into every society; he was admitted a member of a club at Arthur's, and various other clubs of that period. His propensity for play was only exceeded by his avarice, and it was not till late in life that he was cured of the passion. Few men, according to his own acknowledgment, had played deeper and with more various success. He once played two days and a night without intermission, and the room being small, the party, one of whom was the late Duke of Northumberland, were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting Mr. Elwes lost some thousands.

No one will be disposed to deny that avarice is a base passion. It will therefore be the more difficult to conceive how a mind organized like that of Mr. Elwes could be swayed by principles of such peculiar honour and delicacy as often influenced his conduct; the theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he adhered to in practice, and this feeling he never violated to the last. Had he received all he won, he would have been richer by many thousands, for large sums owing him by persons of very high rank were never liquidated. Nor was this the only pleasing trait in the character of Mr. Elwes; his manners were so gentlemanly, so mild and so engaging, that rudeness could not

ruffle them, nor strong ingratitude oblige him to cease the observance of his usual attentions.

After sitting up a whole night at play for thousands, with the most fashionable and profligate men of the time, surrounded with splendour and profusion, he would walk out about four in the morning, not towards home, but to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Thaydon hall, a mansion he possessed in Essex. There, forgetting the scenes he had just left, he would stand in the cold or rain squabbling with a butcher for a shilling. Sometimes, if the beasts had not yet arrived, he would walk on in the mire to meet them; and more than once he has gone on foot the whole way to his farm, which was seventeen miles from London, without stopping, after sitting up the whole night.

The principal residence of Mr. Elwes, at this period of his life, was at his seat at Marcham, in Berkshire. Here he had two sons born by Elizabeth Moren, his house-keeper; and these natural children at his death inherited by will the greatest part of his immense property. In his excursions to this seat he always travelled on horseback, and to see him preparing for a journey was a matter truly curious. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, into his greatcoat pocket, together with a few scraps of bread; then mounting one of his hunters, his next care was to get out of London into that road where there were the fewest turnpikes. Stopping on these occasions under any hedge where grass presented itself for his horse, and a little water for himself, he would sit down and refresh himself and his beast together.

On the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes went to reside at Stoke, in Suffolk. Bad as was the mansion-house he found there, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham, of which his nephew, the late Colonel Timms, used to relate the following anecdote:—A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain falling in the night, he had not been long in bed before he found himself wet through, and perceived that the rain was dropping from the ceiling on the bed. He rose and moved the bed; but he had not lain long before he found he was just as much

exposed as before. At length, after making the tour of the room with his bed, he retired into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and there he slept till morning. At breakfast he told Elwes what had happened. "Aye, aye," said the old man, seriously, "I don't mind it myself; but to those that do, that's a nice corner in the rain."

On his removal into Suffolk, Mr. Elwes first began to keep foxhounds, and his stable of hunters was at that time considered the best in the kingdom. This was the only instance of his ever sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here, everything was managed in the most frugal manner. His huntsman led by no means an idle life; he rose at four every morning, and after milking the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and any friends he might happen to have with him; then slipping on a green coat, he hurried into the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and away they went into the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three horses as quickly as possible; then running into the house, he would lay the cloth and wait at dinner. This business being despatched, he again hurried into the stable to feed the horses, and the evening was diversified with an interlude of the cows again to milk, the dogs to feed, and eight horses to litter down for the night. It may, perhaps, appear extraordinary, that this man should live in his place some years, though his master often used to call him an idle dog, and say, the rascal wanted to be paid for doing nothing. Thus the whole fox-hunting establishment of Mr. Elwes, huntsman, dogs, and horses, did not cost him three hundred pounds a-year. In the summer, the dogs always passed their lives with the different tenants, where they had more meat and less work, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

While he kept hounds, which was for a period of nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided almost entirely at Stoke, in Suffolk. He sometimes made excursions to Newmarket, but never engaged on the turf. A kindness which he performed on one of these occasions, ought not to

pass unnoticed. Lord Abingdon, who was slightly known to him, in Berkshire, had made a match for £7,000, which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Unasked and unsolicited, Mr. Elwes made an offer of the money, which he accepted, and won his engagement.

He had brought with him his two sons out of Berkshire, to his seat at Stoke, and if he ever manifested a fondness for anything it was for those boys. But he would lavish no money on their education, often declaring, that "putting things into people's heads was taking money out of their pockets." That he was not, however, overburthened with natural affection, the following anecdote appears to prove. One day he had sent his eldest boy up a ladder, to get some grapes for the table, when, the ladder slipping, he fell down and hurt his side against the end of it. The boy took the precaution to go up to the village to the barber and get bled. On his return, being asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm, he informed his father that he had got bled.—"Bled! bled!" cried the old gentleman; "but what did you give?" "A shilling," answered the boy. "Pshaw!" returned the father, "you are a blockhead; never part with your blood!"

An inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal objects of Mr. Elwes's aversion; the words "*give*" and "*pay*" were not found in his vocabulary; and therefore, when he once received a very dangerous kick from one of his horses, who fell in going over a leap, nothing could persuade him to have any assistance. He rode the chase through with his leg cut to the bone; and it was only some days afterwards, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented to go up to London, and, hard day! part with some money for advice.

From the parsimonious manner in which he lived, and the two large fortunes of which he was possessed, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but as he knew scarcely anything of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to

trust a good deal to memory, and still more to the suggestions of others. Every person who had a want or a scheme, with an apparently high interest, adventurer or honest, it signified not, was prey to him. He caught at every bait, and to this cause must be ascribed visions of distant property in America, phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaus filled with bonds of promising peers and senators. In this manner Mr. Elwes lost at least one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Thus there was a reflux of some portion of that wealth which he was denying himself every comfort to amass. All earthly enjoyments he voluntarily renounced. When in London, he would walk home in the rain rather than pay a shilling for a coach, and would sit in wet clothes rather than have a fire to dry them. He would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, rather than have a fresh joint from the butcher; and at one time he wore a wig above a fortnight which he picked up out of a rut in a lane, and which had apparently been thrown away by some beggar. The day on which he first appeared in this ornament, he had torn an old brown coat which he generally wore, and had therefore been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, (his uncle's father) from which he selected a full-dress green velvet coat, with slash sleeves; and there he sat at dinner in boots, and the green velvet, with his own white hair appearing round his face, and the black stray wig at the top of all.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father some house property in London, particularly about the Haymarket. To this he began to add by engagements for building, which he increased from year to year. He was the founder of great part of Marylebone, Portman Place, Portman Square, and many of the adjacent streets: and had not the fatal American war put a stop to his rage for building, much of the property he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. To save the premiums he became his own insurer, and stood to all his losses by conflagrations. He soon became a philosopher

upon fire; and, on a public-house which belonged to him being consumed, he said, with great composure, "Well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly in any other way."

It was the custom of Mr. Elwes, whenever he came to town, to occupy any of his premises that might then chance to be vacant. In this manner he travelled from street to street, and when any person wished to take the house in which he was, the owner was instantly ready to move into another. A couple of beds, the same number of chairs, a table, and an old woman, comprised all his furniture, and he moved them about at a minute's warning. Of all these moveables, the old woman was the only one that gave him any trouble; for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to get her about quite so fast as he chose; and, besides, the colds she took were amazing; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great house in Portland Place; sometimes in a little room with a coal fire, at other times with a few chips which the carpenters had left, in rooms of most splendid, but frigid dimensions, and with a little oiled paper in the windows for glass. It might with truth be said of the old woman, that she was "here to-day and gone to-morrow;" and the scene which terminated her life, is not the least singular of the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes.

He had come to town, and, as usual, had taken up his abode in one of his empty houses. Colonel Timms, who wished much to see him, accidentally learned that his uncle was in London; but how to find him was the difficulty. In vain he inquired at his banker's and at other places; some days elapsed, and he at length learned from a person whom he met by chance in the street, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. This was some clue to the colonel, who immediately posted to the spot. As the best mode of gaining intelligence he applied to a chairman, but he could obtain no information of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person,

but no gentleman had been seen. A pot-boy, however, recollected that he had seen a poor old man opening the door of the stable and locking it after him, and from the description it agreed with the person of Mr. Elwes. The colonel proceeded to the house, and knocked very loudly at the door, but could obtain no answer, though some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man. He now sent for a person to open the stable door, which being done, they entered the house together. In the lower part all was shut and silent; but on ascending the staircase they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They went to the chamber, and there, on an old pallet bed, they found Mr. Elwes apparently in the agonies of death. For some time he seemed quite insensible; but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary who was sent for, he recovered sufficiently to say that he believed he had been ill two or three days, "that an old woman who was in the house, for some reason or other had not been near him; that she had herself been ill, but he supposed she had got well and was gone away." The poor old woman, the partner of all his journeys, was, however, found lifeless on a rug upon the floor, in one of the garrets, and had, to all appearance, been dead about two days. Thus died the servant, and thus, had it not been for his providential discovery, would have perished her master, Mr. Elwes, who though worth at least half a million sterling, was near expiring in his own house of absolute want!

Mr. Elwes had resided thirteen years in Suffolk, when on the dissolution of parliament, a contest appeared likely to take place for Berkshire; but to preserve the peace of the county, he was nominated by Lord Craven. Mr. Elwes consented, but on the express stipulation, that he was to be brought in for nothing. All he did was to dine at the ordinary at Abingdon, so that he actually obtained a seat in parliament for the moderate sum of eighteenpence! He now left his residence in Suffolk, and again went to his seat at Marcham. He took his foxhounds with him, but finding that his time was likely to be much employed, he resolved to part with them, and they were soon after-

wards given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood. He was chosen for Berkshire in three successive parliaments, and sat as a member of the House of Commons about twelve years. It is to his honour, that in every part of his parliamentary conduct, and in every vote he gave, he sought no other guide than his conscience, and proved himself to be an independent country gentleman.

In his attendance on senatorial duties, Mr. Elwes was extremely punctual; he always stayed out the whole debate, and let the weather be what it might, he used to walk from the House of Commons to the Mount Coffee-house. In one of these pedestrian returns, a circumstance occurred which furnished him a whimsical opportunity of displaying his disregard of his person. The night was extremely dark, and hurrying along, he ran with such violence against the pole of a sedan-chair, that he cut both his legs very deeply. He, as usual, never thought of having any medical assistance, but Colonel Timms, at whose house he then was, insisted on some one being called in. At length he submitted, and a surgeon was sent for, who immediately began to expatiate on the ill consequences of breaking the skin, the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of the wounds. "Very probable," replied Mr. Elwes; "but Mr. —, I have one thing to say to you. In my opinion my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are; so I will make this agreement. I will take one leg, and you shall take the other: you shall do what you please with yours, I will do nothing to mine; and I will wager your bill that my leg gets well before yours." He exultingly beat the surgeon by a fortnight.

Mr. Elwes, when he conceived that he had obtained a seat in parliament for nothing, had not taken into account the inside of the house; for he often declared that three contested elections could not have cost him more than he lost by loans to his brother representatives, which were never repaid. His parsimony was the chief cause of his quitting parliament, for such was the opinion his constituents entertained of his integrity, that a very small expense would have restored him to his seat.

About this time he lost his famous servant of all work. He died as he was following his master on a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died empty and poor, for his yearly wages were not above five pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired. The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified this saying, which Mr. Elwes often used, "If you keep one servant, your work is done; if you keep two it is half done; but if you keep three, you may do it yourself."

For some years Mr. Elwes had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house; and by a constant attendance on this meeting, he for a time consoled himself for the loss of parliament. The play was moderate, and he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances in the House of Commons; he moreover experienced a pleasure, which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory, that of enjoying fire and candle at the general expense.

Mr. Elwes therefore passed much of his time in the Mount Coffee-house. But fortune seemed resolved, on some occasions, to disappoint his hopes, and to force away that money from him which no power could persuade him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and imagined he had no small skill at picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who thought the same of himself, and on much better grounds, for after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes continued with a perseverance which avarice alone could inspire, he rose the loser of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal—though there is reason to believe that it was not less than three thousand pounds. Thus, while by every art of human mortification he was saving shillings and sixpences, he would kick down in one moment the heap he had raised; although the benefit of this consideration was thrown away upon him, since his maxim, which he frequently repeated, always was "That all *great fortunes* were made by *saving*, for of that a man could be sure."

Among the sums which Mr. Elwes occasionally vested in the hands of others, some solitary instances of genero-

sity are upon record. When his son was in the guards, he was in the habit of dining frequently at the officers' table. The politeness of his manners rendered him generally agreeable, and in time he became acquainted with every officer of the corps. Among these was Captain Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase; but as money cannot always be raised immediately on landed property, it was imagined that he would have been obliged to suffer some other officer to purchase over his head. Mr. Elwes one day hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money the next morning, without asking any security. He had seen Captain Tempest and liked his manners, and he never once spoke to him afterwards concerning the payment, but on the death of that officer, which soon followed, the money was repaid.

At the close of the spring of 1785, he again wished to see his seat at Stoke, which he had not visited for some years; but the journey was now a serious object. The famous old servant was dead; out of his whole stud he had remaining only a couple of worn-out brood mares; and he himself no longer possessed such vigour of body as to ride sixty or seventy miles upon two boiled eggs. At length, to his no small satisfaction, he was carried into the country, as he had been into parliament, free of expense, by a gentleman who was certainly not quite so rich as himself. On his arrival he found fault with the expensive furniture of the rooms, which would have fallen in but for his son, Mr. John Elwes, who had resided there. Afterwards, if a window was broken he suffered no repair but that of a little brown paper, or piecing in a bit of broken glass; and to save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old greenhouse, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields, to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants; and they used to leave a little more than common to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as any pauper in the parish.

When the season was still farther advanced, his morn-

ing employment was to pick up stray chips of wood, and other things, to carry to the fire in his pocket; and he was one day surprised by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with some difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose. The gentleman expressed his wonder why he gave himself such trouble, to which he replied, "Ah, Sir, it is really a shame that these creatures should commit so much waste."

To save the expense of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed, and so eat mutton to the end of the chapter. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though sometimes horse-loads of fish were taken, he would not suffer one to be thrown in again, observing that if he did, he should never see them more. Game in the last stage of putrefaction, and meat that walked about his plate, he would continue to eat, rather than have new provisions before the old were exhausted. With this diet his dress kept pace. His shoes he never would suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner. When he went to bed, he would put five or ten guineas into a bureau, and in the middle of the night would go down stairs to see if they were safe. There was nothing but the common necessities of life which he did not deny himself, and it would have admitted of a doubt whether, if he had not held in his own hands manors and grounds which furnished him a subsistence, he would not have starved rather than have bought anything. He one day dined on the remnant of a moor-hen, which had been brought out of the river by a rat, and at another ate the undigested part of a pike, which had been swallowed by a larger one taken in this state in a net. On the latter occasion, he observed with great satisfaction, "Aye, this is killing two birds with one stone."

Mr. Elwes spent the spring of 1786 alone, at Stoke, and had it not been for some little daily scheme of avarice, he would have passed it without one consolatory moment. His temper began to give way; his thoughts were incessantly occupied with money, and he saw nobody that he did not think was deceiving and defrauding him. As he would not allow himself any fire by day, so he retired to

bed at its close, to save candle; and even began to deny himself the luxury of sheets. In short, he had now nearly brought to a climax the moral of his whole life,—the perfect vanity of wealth!

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Thaydon-hall, a scene of greater ruin and desolation, if possible, than either of his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. Here he fell ill, and as he refused all assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay, unattended, and almost forgotten, indulging, even in the prospect of death, that avarice which nothing could subdue. It was at this period he began to think of making his will. On his arrival in London, he put his design into execution, and devised all his real and personal estates, exclusive of his entailed property, to his two sons, equally between them.

Soon after this Mr. Elwes gave, by letter of attorney, the power of managing all his concerns into the hands of Mr. Ingraham, his attorney, and his youngest son, who had been his chief agent for some time. This step had become highly necessary, for he entirely forgot all recent occurrences, and as he never committed anything to writing, the confusion he made was inconceivable. Of this the following anecdote may serve as an instance. He had one evening given a draft on Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds, and having taken it into his head during the night that he had overdrawn his account, his anxiety was unceasing. He left his bed, and walked about his room with that feverish irritation that always distinguished him, waiting with the utmost impatience for the morning; when, on going to the bankers' with an apology for the great liberty he had taken, he was assured there was no occasion to apologize, as he happened to have in their hands at that time the small balance of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.

However singular this act of forgetfulness may appear, it serves to mark that extreme conscientiousness which, amidst all his anxiety about money, did honour to his character. If accident placed him in debt to any person, even in the most trivial amount, he was never easy till it was paid, and he was never known on any occasion to fail

in what he said. Of the punctuality of his word he was so scrupulously tenacious, that no person ever requested better security.

Mr. Elwes had now attained seventy-six, and a circumstance occurred which, considering his disposition and advanced age, was no less extraordinary than many already recorded. He, who had during his whole life been such an enemy to giving, now gave away his affections. One of the maid-servants with whom he had for some time been accustomed to pass his hours in the kitchen, had the art to induce him to fall in love with her, and had it not been discovered by his friends, it is doubtful whether she would not have prevailed upon him to marry her.

During the winter of 1788, his memory visibly weakened every day; and his anxiety about money became so intense, that he began to apprehend he should die of want. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder in the room of Mr. Adam; and one day when this gentleman waited upon him, he said with apparent concern, "Sir, you see in what a good house I am living, yet here are five guineas, which is all I have at present; and how I shall go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death—I dare say you thought I was rich; now you see how it is!"

Mr. George Elwes, having married and settled at his seat at Marcham, was naturally desirous that in the assiduities of his wife his father might at length find a comfortable home. A journey with any expense annexed to it was, however, an insurmountable obstacle. This was fortunately removed, by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, to take him to his ancient seat in Berkshire, with his purse perfectly whole. Still there was another circumstance not a little distressing; the old gentleman had now nearly worn out his last coat, and could not afford to buy a new one. His son, therefore, with pious fraud, requested Mr. Partis to buy him a coat and make him a present of it. Thus formerly having had a good coat, then a bad one, and at last no coat at all, he was glad to accept one from a neighbour.

Mr. Elwes, a day or two before he took his gratuitous

journey into Berkshire, delivered to Mr. Partis that copy of his last will and testament, which he himself had kept, to be carried to Messrs. Hoares, his bankers.

At his departure he took with him a sum of five guineas and a-half, and half-a-crown. Lest the mention of this sum may appear singular, it must be noted that on the previous day he had carefully wrapt it up in various folds of paper, that no part of it might be lost. To hoard it was now his chief concern.

The first symptom of more immediate decay, was his inability to enjoy his rest at night. He was frequently heard at midnight, as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out, "I will keep my money, I will; nobody shall rob me of my property!" If any one of the family entered the room, he would start from his fever of anxiety, and as if waking from a troubled dream, hurry into bed again, and seem unconscious of what had happened. At other times when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had concealed his money to see if it was safe.

In the autumn of 1789, he lost his memory entirely; his senses sunk rapidly into decay, his mind became unsettled, and gusts of the most violent passion began to usurp the place of his former command of temper. For six weeks previous to his death, he would go to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. He was one morning found fast asleep between the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat on his head. On this circumstance being discovered, a servant was set to watch, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing this custom, that he told the servant, with his usual providence about money, that if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

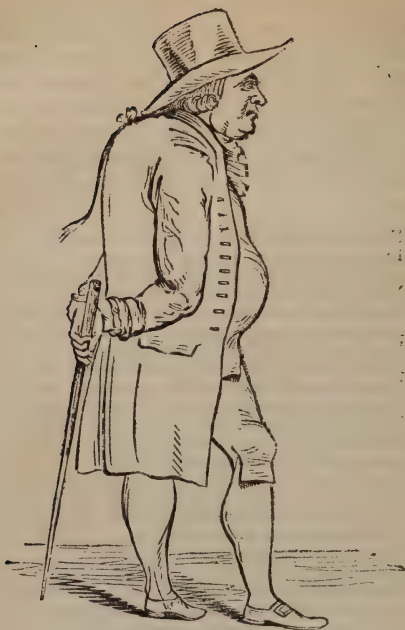
His singular appetite he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and walked on foot twelve miles only a fortnight before he died.

On the 18th of November, he manifested signs of that total debility which carried him to his grave. He lingered till the 26th, when he expired without a sigh; leaving

property to the amount of above £800,000. The value of that which he had bequeathed to his two sons, was estimated at half a million, and the remainder, consisting of entailed estates, devolved to Mr. Timms, son of Lieutenant-colonel Timms of the Horse Guards.

The following epitaph on Mr. Elwes, appeared in the *Chelmsford Chronicle* It is altogether a just and striking picture of the singular being whose memory it is intended to perpetuate:—

HERE, to man's honour or to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race
In ELWES' form;—whose spirit, heart, and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd;
Rough was the rock, but blended deep with ore,
And base the mass—that many a diamond bore:
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
And av'rice coupled with benevolence;
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind—and always just:
With power to reach Ambition's highest berth,
He sunk a mortal grovelling to the earth;
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
Poor to the poor—still poorer to himself:
Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but stealth,
Ne'er in his country's plunder dug for wealth;
Call'd by her voice—but call'd without expense,
His noble nature rous'd in her defence;
And in the Senate labouring in her cause,
The firmest guardian of the fairest laws
He stood;—and each instinctive taint above,
To every bribe preferr'd a people's love;
Yet still with no stern patriotism fir'd,
Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again retir'd.
By Penury guarded from Pride's sickly train,
Living a length of days without a pain,
And adding to the millions never tried,
Lov'd—pitied—scorn'd—and honour'd—ELWES died!
Learn from this proof, that in life's tempting scene,
Man is a compound of the great and mean;
Discordant qualities together tied,
Virtues in him and vices are allied:
The sport of follies, or of crimes the heir,
We all the mixtures of an ELWES share.
Pondering his faults—then ne'er his worth disown,
But in *his* nature recollect *thine own*;
And think—for life and pardon where to trust,
Were God not MERCY, when his creature's dust.



BARON D'AGUILAR.

THE late Baron d'Aguilar may justly be classed among the most singular characters of the age in which he lived. The elements were so mixed up in him as to form a truly extraordinary combination of vice and virtue; of misanthropy and benevolence; of meanness and integrity; of avarice and liberality; of pride and humility; of cruelty and kindness. Courted during the early part of his life in the walks of elegance and fashion, he rendered himself despised towards the conclusion of it by his meanness and degeneracy.

Ephraim Lopes Pereira d'Aguilar, descended of Jewish parents, was born about the year 1740, at Vienna. His

father was a native of Portugal, but in 1722 quitted that country on account of his religion, and came to England. In 1736, he went to Vienna, where he submitted to the imperial court proposals for farming the duties on tobacco and snuff. In this undertaking he was so successful, that he afterwards became not only a confidant of the Empress Maria Theresa, but was appointed her cashier. About the year 1756 he returned to England with a family of twelve children, and in 1759 died, very rich, leaving his title to his eldest son, the late baron, and the subject of these pages.

In 1758, the baron was naturalized, and married the daughter of the late Moses Mendes da Costa, Esq., whose fortune was stated, by report, at one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, which was settled on her previous to marriage. By this lady the baron had two daughters, both of whom were living at his death, and inherited his large property.

Having been left a widower in 1763, the baron a few years afterwards married the widow of Benjamin Mendes da Costa, Esq., who likewise brought him a considerable fortune. During his first, and for some time after his second marriage, the baron lived in the highest style of fashion, in Broad-street Buildings, being extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and keeping several carriages, and upwards of twenty servants. But on the commencement of the American war, having lost an estate of fifteen thousand acres on that continent, this and other losses, together with domestic disagreements, induced him to alter his plan of living. On the expiration of his lease he removed from Broad-street Buildings, totally withdrawing himself from his family connections and the society of the gay world.

This, and a total change in his manners and temper, led to a separation from his wife, who possessed an independent income. Though he had quitted his elegant mansion, he had still abundant choice of a residence, being the owner of several other splendid houses in London and its vicinity. He had also some ground close to the New River, which he converted into a farm-yard.

Having relinquished the pursuits of a gentleman, the baron took it into his head to adopt those of the farmer: but his farming speculations he carried on in a manner peculiar to himself. His farm-yard at Islington was a real curiosity of the kind. From the state in which the cattle were kept, it received the characteristic appellation of the "Starvation Farm-Yard." These wretched animals, exhibiting the appearance of mere skin and bone, might be seen amidst heaps of dung and filth, some just ready to expire, and some not yet reduced so low, preying upon others. His hogs would often make free with his ducks and poultry; for though brought up a Jew, the baron had always plenty of pork and bacon for his own consumption. The miserable situation of these animals, doomed to this state of living death, frequently excited the indignation of passengers, who would often assemble in crowds to hoot and pelt the baron, who generally appeared in a very mean and dirty dress.

After his removal to Islington, he would either feed the hogs, cows, and fowls himself, or stand by while they were fed, conceiving that nothing could be properly done unless he were present. His cows he used sometimes to send from the Starvation Yard, to his field at Bethnal Green, to grass, sending a servant that distance to milk them. Here his cattle in the winter time were absolutely perishing, and rather than sell any he would suffer them to die, one after another, of want. In all cases of this kind, the man whom he employed to look after them was ordered to bury the carcase. Once, however, he ventured to transgress this injunction, and sold the flesh of a starved calf to a dealer in dog's meat. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of the baron, he sent to the fellow, and charged him with selling his property. The man confessed that he had sold the calf for one shilling and tenpence, which the baron deducted from his wages, and then discharged him from his service. Notwithstanding this apparent meanness, he never would claim his large property in America, nor would he suffer any other person to interfere in the business. He was not destitute of charity, for his contributions to the poor were

manifold and secret. He was also a liberal patron of public institutions, and though his cattle attested that he did not always feed the hungry, yet he was seldom backward at clothing the naked, frequently inviting home ragged and distressed females, for whom he provided comfortable garments. He has been known to take into his house fatherless children, whom he occasionally made his servants, increasing their wages with their years. So far his conduct might have excited the emulation of the Christian, but what followed disgraced the character of man: too often treachery was concealed beneath the mask of benevolence, and the hapless orphan found a deceiver in her supposed benefactor.

After a separation of twenty years, the baron called one day to see his wife. A partial reconciliation was effected; and after repeated visits, he took up his abode entirely at her house. No sooner had he established himself there, than he began to treat her with a rigour she could not endure. She therefore quitted him, and repaired to her relations at Hackney, and by their advice, instituted legal proceedings against him. The baron was present in the Court of King's Bench, and calmly listened to the whole of the trial, to the great astonishment of the court, who not only decided unanimously in favour of the lady, but declared that he must be hardened in the extreme to show his face on the occasion. But he contrived to render himself still more conspicuous; for at the conclusion, he boldly advanced to petition the court that the costs might be equally divided between him and his wife. "Pray, gentlemen," said he, "make her pay half the expenses, for I am a very poor man, and it would be cruelty to distress me."

The *poor* baron survived his wife six or seven years, and died in March, 1802, leaving property estimated at upwards of £200,000. His illness, an inflammation of the bowels, lasted seventeen days, during which he had a doctor, whom he would not admit into his presence, but sent him his urine every day, accompanied with a guinea for his fee. His youngest daughter sent several times in his last moments requesting permission to see him; but

with dreadful imprecations, he declared she should never enter his presence.

The baron's large stock of goods was sold by auction after his death. His *lean* cattle fetched £128; his diamonds were valued at £30,000, and his plate amounted to seven hundredweight. Among his effects were found forty-two bags of cochineal, and twelve of indigo, worth together about £10,000. These articles he had purchased many years before at a high price upon speculation, and had hoarded, resolving never to part with them till he could have a desirable profit.

MOLL CUT-PURSE.

MARY FRITH, alias Mal, or Moll Cut-purse, was a notorious character in the reign of Charles I. She kept up a close intercourse with most of the thieves of her day; and was particularly intimate with Mull'd Sack, a well-known chimney-sweeper and thief; who once left her in pawn for a considerable tavern reckoning; from which time she dropped his acquaintance. She was also concerned with a dexterous scribe in forging hands. Her most signal exploit was robbing General Fairfax upon Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate; but was by the proper application of a large sum of money, soon set at liberty. She well knew, like many robbers in high life, how to make the produce of her accumulated crimes the means of her protection, and to live luxuriously upon the spoils of the public. Her biographers notice, as a remarkable feature, her passion for smoking tobacco; in the frequent use of which she long indulged herself. It was, at that time, almost as rare a sight to see a woman with a pipe, as to see one of the sex in man's apparel. Nat. Field, in his comedy, called *Amends for the Ladies*, has displayed some of the *Merry Pranks of Moll Cut-purse*. She died of dropsy in her 75th year.



PETER, THE WILD BOY.

ON the continent of Europe, the regions of which are interspersed with vast forests and uncultivated tracts, various individuals of the human species have at different times been discovered in a state no better than that of the brute creation. With nearly all of them this has been the case to such a degree, that it has been found impossible to obtain from them any information respecting the circumstances which reduced them to such a deplorable situation, or of the manner in which they contrived to preserve their lives amidst the numerous perils by which they were surrounded. Most of these unfortunate beings were so completely brutalized as to be utter strangers to the

faculty of speech, and totally incapable of acquiring it—a fact which demonstrates how much man is indebted to the society of his fellow-creatures for many of the eminent advantages possessed by him over the other classes of animated nature.

One of the most singular of these unfortunate creatures was Peter, the Wild Boy, whose origin and history, previous to his discovery, must, for the reason already mentioned, remain for ever a secret. He was found in the year 1725, in a wood near Hameln, about 25 miles from Hanover, walking on his hands and feet, climbing trees like a squirrel, and feeding on grass and moss; and in the month of November was conveyed to Hanover by the superintendent of the house of correction at Zell. At this time he was supposed to be about thirteen years old, and could not speak. This singular creature was presented to King George I., then at Hanover, while at dinner. The king caused him to taste of all the dishes at the table; and in order to bring him by degrees to relish human diet, he directed that he should have such provisions as he seemed best to like, and such instruction as might best fit him for human society.

Soon after this, the boy made his escape into the same wood, where he concealed himself among the branches of a tree, which was sawed down to recover him. He was brought over to England at the beginning of 1726, and exhibited to the king and many of the nobility. In this country, he was distinguished by the appellation of Peter, the Wild Boy, which he ever afterwards retained.

He appeared to have scarcely any ideas, was uneasy at being obliged to wear clothes, and could not be induced to lie on a bed, but sat and slept in a corner of the room, whence it was conjectured that he used to sleep on a tree for security against wild beasts. He was committed to the care of Dr. Arbuthnot, at whose house he either was, or was to have been, baptized; but notwithstanding all the Doctor's pains, he never could bring the wild youth to the use of speech or the pronounciation of words. As every effort of this kind was found to be in vain, he was placed with a farmer at a small distance from town, and a

pension was allowed him by the king, which he enjoyed till his death.

The ill success of these efforts seemed to have laid curiosity asleep, till Lord Monboddo again called the public attention to this phenomenon. That learned judge had been collecting all the particulars he could meet with concerning Peter, in order to establish a favourite but truly whimsical hypothesis. The plan of his work on the "Origin and Progress of Language," necessarily involved the history of civilization and general knowledge. His lordship carried his researches to a period far beyond the records of history, when men might be supposed to possess no means of the vocal communication of their thoughts but natural and inarticulate sounds. Abstracting, in imagination, from the rational superiority of man, whatever seems to depend on his use of artificial language, as a sign of thought, he represents the earlier generations of the human race, as having been little, if at all, exalted in intelligence above the ape and the orang-outang, whose form bears a resemblance to the human. The spirit of paradox even inclined him to believe that those rude men, who wanted articulate language, must have had tails, of which they might gradually have divested themselves, either by attention to the breed, like those of a Cully or a Bakewell, or by continual docking, till the tail was utterly extirpated.

In a very witty and ludicrous piece, by Dean Swift, entitled, "It Cannot Rain but it Pours," he gives an account of this wonderful wild man, as he calls him, replete with satire and ridicule, but containing many particulars concerning him that were undoubtedly true. Lord Monboddo, therefore, concluded that the other facts mentioned by that witty writer, though nowhere else to be found, are likewise authentic, whatever may be thought of the use and application he makes of them: such as, that in the circle at court he endeavoured to kiss the young lady Walpole; that he put on his hat before the king, and laid hold of the lord chamberlain's staff; that he expressed his sensations by certain sounds which he had framed to himself, and particularly that he neighed some-

thing like a horse, in which way he commonly expressed his joy; that he understood the language of birds and beasts, by which they express their appetites and feelings; that his senses were more acute than those of the tame man; and, lastly, that he could sing sometimes. These facts, his lordship contends, the Dean must have known, for he was at London at the time, and of Swift's integrity in not stating any facts that were untrue, even in a work of humour, his lordship has no doubt.

In Peter, the Wild Boy, Lord Monboddo conceived that he had discovered a corroboration of his eccentric opinion. His lordship accordingly went to see him, and the result of his inquiries is thus stated in his "Ancient Metaphysics":—"It was in the beginning of June, in the year 1782, that I saw him in a farm-house called Broadway, about a mile from Berkhamstead, kept there on a pension of thirty pounds, which the king pays. He is but of low stature, not exceeding five feet three inches, and though he must now be about seventy years of age, he has a fresh, healthy look. He wears his beard; his face is not at all ugly or disagreeable, and he has a look that may be called sensible or sagacious for a savage. About twenty years ago he used to elope, and once, I was told, he wandered as far as Norfolk; but of late he has become quite tame, and either keeps the house or saunters about the farm. He has been, during the last thirteen years, where he lives at present, and before that, he was twelve years with another farmer, whom I saw and conversed with. This farmer told me he had been put to school somewhere near Hertfordshire, but had only learned to articulate his own name Peter, and the name of King George, both of which I heard him pronounce very distinctly. But the woman of the house where he now is, for the man happened not to be at home, told me he understood everything that was said to him concerning the common affairs of life, and I saw that he readily understood several things she said to him while I was present. Among other things, she desired him to sing Nancy Dawson, which he accordingly did, and another tune that she named. He was never mischievous, but had that gentle-

ness of manners which I hold to be characteristic of our nature, at least till we become carnivorous, and hunters or warriors. He feeds at present as the farmer and his wife do, but, as I was told by an old woman, who remembered to have seen him when he first came to Hertfordshire, which, she computed to be about fifty-five years before, he then fed much on leaves, particularly of cabbages, which she saw him eat raw. He was then, as she thought, about fifteen years of age, walked upright, but could climb trees like a squirrel. At present he not only eats flesh, but has acquired a taste for beer, and even for spirits, of which he inclines to drink more than he can get. The old farmer with whom he lived before he came to his present situation, informed me that Peter had that taste before he came to him. He is also become very fond of fire, but has not acquired a liking for money; for though he takes it, he does not keep it, but gives it to his landlord or landlady, which I suppose is a lesson they have taught him. He retains so much of his natural instinct, that he has a fore-feeling of bad weather, growling and howling, and showing great disorder before it comes on."

His lordship afterwards requested Mr. Burgess of Oxford, to make further inquiries for him on the spot, concerning Peter, and that gentleman transmitted him an account which was as follows:—

"Peter, in his youth, was very remarkable for his strength, which always appeared so much superior, that the stoutest young men were afraid to contend with him. His vigour continued unimpaired till the year 1781, when he was suddenly taken ill, fell down before the fire, and for a time lost the use of his right side. I met with an old gentleman, a surgeon of Hampstead, who remembers to have seen Peter in England between the years 1724 and 1726. He told me, when he first came to England, he was particularly fond of raw flesh and bones, and was always dressed in fine clothes, of which Peter seemed not a little proud. He still retains his passion for finery; and if any person has anything smooth or shining in his dress, it soon attracts the notice of Peter, who shows his

attention by stroking it. He is not a great eater, and is fond of water, of which he will drink several draughts immediately after breakfasting on tea or even milk. He would not drink beer till lately, but he is fond of all kinds of spirits, particularly gin, and likewise of onions, which he will eat like apples. He does not often go out without his master, but he will sometimes go to Berkhamstead, and call at the gin-shop, where the people know his errand, and treat him. Gin is one of the most powerful means to persuade him to do anything with alacrity; hold up a glass of that liquor, and he will not fail to smile and raise his voice. He cannot bear the sight of an apothecary who once attended him, nor the taste of physic, which he will not take but under some great disguise.

“If he hears any music, he will clap his hands, and throw his head about in a wild frantic manner. He has a very quick sense of music, and will often repeat a tune after once hearing. When he has heard a tune which is difficult, he continues humming it a long time, and is not easy till he is master of it. His answers to questions never exceed two words, and he never says anything of his own accord. He has likewise been taught when asked the question—What are you? to reply, Wild Man—Where were you found? Hanover—Who found you? King George. If he is desired to tell twenty, he will count the numbers exactly on his fingers, with an indistinct sound at each number: but after another person he will say one, two, three, &c., pretty distinctly.

“Till the spring of 1782, which was soon after his illness, he always appeared remarkably animated by the influence of the spring, singing all day; and if it was clear, half the night. He is much pleased at the sight of the moon and stars; he will sometimes stand out in the warmth of the sun, with his face turned up towards it in a strained attitude, and he likes to be out in a starry night if not cold. These particulars naturally lead to the inquiry, whether he has or seems to have any idea of the great author of all these wonders. I thought this a question of so much curiosity, that when I left Broadway, I rode back several miles to ask whether he had ever betrayed any

sense of a Supreme Being. I was told, that when he first came into that part of the country, different methods were taken to teach him to read, and to instruct him in the principles of religion, but in vain. He learned nothing, nor did he ever show any feeling of the consciousness of a God.

“He is very fond of fire, and often brings in fuel, which he would heap up as high as the fireplace would contain it, were he not prevented by his master. He will sit in the chimney corner, even in summer, while they are brewing with a very large fire, sufficient to make another person faint who sits there long. He will often amuse himself by setting five or six chairs before the fire, and seating himself on each of them by turns, as the love of variety prompts him to change his place.

“He is extremely good-tempered, excepting in cold and gloomy weather, for he is very sensible of the change of the atmosphere. He is not easily provoked, but when made angry by any person, he would run after him, making a strange noise, with his teeth fixed in the back of his hand. He has never, at least since his present master has known him, shown any attention to women, and I am informed that he never did, except when purposely or jocosely forced into an amour.

“He ran away several times since he was at Broadway, but never since he has been with his present master. In 1745 or 1746, he was taken up as a spy from Scotland; as he was unable to speak, the people supposed him obstinate, and threatened him with punishment for his contumacy; but a lady who had seen him in London, acquainted them with the character of their prisoner, and directed them whither to send him. In these excursions he used to live on raw herbage, berries, and young roots of trees.

“He is very much attached to his master, often going out into the field with him and his men, and seems pleased to be employed in anything that can assist them. But he must always have some person to direct his actions, as you may judge from the following circumstance. Peter was one day engaged with his master in filling a dung-cart.

The latter had occasion to go into the house, and left Peter to finish the work, which he soon accomplished. But as Peter must be employed, he saw no reason why he should not be as usefully employed in emptying the cart as he had before been in filling it. On his master's return he found the cart nearly emptied again, and learned a lesson by it which he never afterwards neglected."

This remarkable being died at the farm in the month of February, 1785, at the supposed age of seventy-three years.

MARGARET PATTEN OR GIBSON.

THIS venerable female, it has been said, was a native of Glasgow, but a large painting of her, taken from the life, by Thomas Crawford, which was exhibited at the museum, kept at one time in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, states that she was born in the parish of Lochwinnoch, near Paisley. As the picture was painted four years before the old woman's death, this is doubtless her own account, though it is probable that she afterwards lived in Glasgow. Her maiden name was Gibson, but at what time she exchanged it for Patten, is not recorded, as we have no account whatever of her husband. It probably took place, however, when she left Scotland for England, the occasion of which is said to have been her fame as an adept in Scotch cookery. James VI. loved the national dishes of his country, and as his English cooks always spoiled them, a Scotch cook was imported in the person of Margaret Patten. This is the only important event in her history, and, in point of fact, all that is known of her except her great age. Her last residence in England was in St. Margaret's Workhouse, Westminster, where she died, June 26, 1739, and was interred in the Chapel burial ground, Broadway. An inscription on the wall states her age to have been 136, but other accounts describe her as having reached the still more extraordinary age of 141! She was born in the reign of Elizabeth.



O'BRIEN, THE IRISH GIANT.

WITHIN the last seventy or eighty years several individuals of remarkable stature have exhibited themselves in this country as giants. The most distinguished of these was Patrick Cotter, commonly called Patrick O'Brien, and still more generally known by the appellation of the Irish Giant. He was born in the year 1761, in the county of Kinsale, in Ireland, of obscure parents, who were people of middling stature. At an early age, he was put to the trade of a bricklayer ; but his growth was so rapid, that when he had reached his eighteenth year, his uncommon size attracted the notice of a showman, who obtained permission of the simple youth to exhibit him three years

in England, for which he was to pay him fifty pounds per annum. Not contented with his bargain, the showman underlet the liberty of showing him to another speculator, and when Cotter resisted this intended transfer of his person, he was saddled with a fictitious debt, and arrested at Bristol.

In this situation he was accidentally noticed by a gentleman of that city, who had some business to transact with the sheriff's officer. The simplicity of his manners, and his extreme distress, induced this gentleman to make some inquiry concerning him, and having reason to think that he was unjustly detained, he generously became his bail, and so far investigated the business, that he not only obtained him his liberty, but freed him from all kind of obligation to serve his mercenary master any longer.

It happened to be in the month of September when he was liberated, and by the assistance of his benefactor he was enabled to set up for himself in the fair then held in St. James's, Bristol. Success crowned his undertaking; instead of suffering under penury, he found himself in three days the possessor of thirty pounds.

He now commenced, and afterwards continued a regular exhibition of his person. His stature increased till he arrived at the age of twenty-five, when his growth somewhat abated, but he continued growing after that period, till he attained the height of eight feet seven inches. He was at the same time proportionably lusty. His hand, from the commencement of the palm to the extremity of the middle finger, measured twelve inches, and his shoe was seventeen inches long. He could not, however, be denominated a well-made man; for though his limbs were not strikingly disproportioned, his figure wanted that general symmetry which men of ordinary size usually possess. The astonishment of the observant spectator at the extraordinary stature of Mr. O'Brien was not unaccompanied with pity, as every movement appeared to be attended with trouble and some pain. In the action of rising to salute or surprise his visitors, he generally placed both his hands on the small of his back, and bending his body forward, rose with considerable difficulty from his

seat, consisting of a common sized table, on which was placed the cushion of a carriage.

During the twenty-five years that Mr. O'Brien exhibited himself, he was to be seen at different periods in the metropolis, and for four or five Bartholomew fairs at Smithfield. At such times he used frequently to walk about the streets for air and exercise, at two or three o'clock in the morning. In one of these nocturnal excursions, he was observed accompanied by two persons of common size, on whose shoulders he supported himself in the same manner as we sometimes see a well-grown man resting his hands on the shoulders of children ten or twelve years of age. In walking up Holborn-hill, he appeared to be greatly fatigued, and might be said rather to shuffle along than to walk, as he never lifted either of his feet from the stones. Proceeding along the more level pavement, his body appeared more erect, and had he not paid attention to avoid the lamps, his head would have struck against many of them.

It is a circumstance too general among those who expose their persons to public view, that to them all the rest of mankind are totally indifferent. For this reason neither connection nor friendship can possibly be established with them; every attempt to obtain information tending to elucidate their habits and manners, or the history of their lives, is regarded with jealousy, under the idea that it arises from impertinent or mischievous curiosity. Had it not been for some such cause as this, we should probably have been enabled to collect many more particulars concerning O'Brien.

The following anecdote is related on the authority of those with whom he was most familiar. Being on a journey in his own carriage, he was one day stopped by a highwayman, on which he put his head forward to discover the cause that interrupted his progress. The highwayman, at the sight of so prodigious a figure, was struck with such a panic, that he clapped spurs to his horse, and made a precipitate retreat. It should be observed, that the carriage in which he travelled was of a peculiar construction, having a kind of box sunk to a

considerable depth below the bottom of the vehicle, to admit his legs and feet.

It has been asserted that he was passionately fond of cards, and that he eagerly embraced every opportunity of engaging in that amusement, but that he could not lose with patience, not from a principle of parsimony, but the disgrace of being beaten.

Reports of Mr. O'Brien's death were frequently in circulation; but this was, in all probability, an expedient adopted for the purpose of reviving the public curiosity. A report of this kind had been propagated for some time previous to his last appearance in London, in 1804. On this occasion he announced his return to the metropolis in a bill to the following effect:—"Just arrived in town, and to be seen in a commodious room, at No. 11, Haymarket, nearly opposite the Opera House, the celebrated Giant, Mr. O'Brien, of the kingdom of Ireland, indisputably the tallest man ever shown; is a lineal descendant of the old and puissant king, Brien Boroihm, and has, in person and appearance, all the similitudes of that great and grand potentate. It is remarkable of this family, that however various the revolutions in point of fortune and alliance, the lineal descendants thereof have been favoured by providence with the original size and stature, which have been so peculiar to their family. The gentleman alluded to measures near nine feet high. Admittance, one shilling."

Mr. O'Brien, when not engaged in exhibiting himself, is said to have resided in a house on Epping Forest, formerly the mansion of a noble family, but now converted into an inn. This place, being built in the ancient style, with very lofty door-ways and apartments, was peculiarly well calculated for the reception of a man of such extraordinary stature. The house was then kept by a widow, for whom Mr. O'Brien is reported to have performed all transactions relative to the purchase and disposal of horses and other business of a like nature.

In 1804, having realized an independence sufficient to keep a carriage, and to secure the conveniences of life, he declined the public exhibition of his person, which was

always extremely irksome to his feelings. He was unoffending and amiable in his manners to his friends and acquaintance, of whom he had, in the last years of his life, a pretty extensive circle, as he was neither averse to a cheerful glass nor to pleasant company. During this interval he resided, we believe, entirely at Bristol, where, in September 1806, he fell a sacrifice to a disease of the lungs, combined with an affection of the liver, in the 46th year of his age. He expired without the smallest apparent pain or agony. The leaden coffin in which his body was enclosed measured nine feet two inches, and the wooden case four inches more. To prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, of which he had the greatest horror, his grave was sunk to the depth of twelve feet in the solid rock, and such precautions were taken as effectually to render abortive either violence or stratagem.

JOHN CASE,

A CELEBRATED QUACK DOCTOR.

CASE was a native of Lime Regis in Dorsetshire, and was many years, during the reign of Charles II. and his successor, a noted practitioner in physic and astrology. He was looked upon as the successor of Lilly, whose pretended magical utensils he possessed. These he would sometimes expose in derision to his intimate friends, and particularly the dark chamber and pictures by which Lilly used to impose on simple people, under the pretence of showing them persons who were absent.

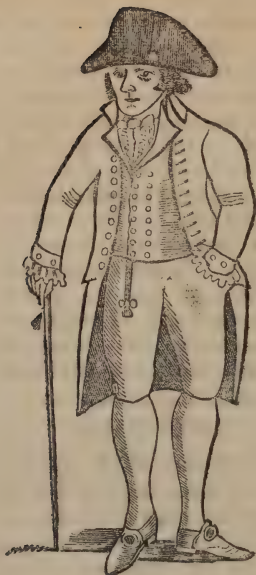
The doctor was a man of singular humour. Over his door was the following couplet:—

“ Within this place
Lives Doctor Case.”

By this distich he is said to have got more than Dryden did by all his works. He was no doubt also well paid for composing that which he affixed to his pill-boxes:—

“ Here's fourteen pills for thirteen-pence,
Enough in any man's own con-sci-ence.”

The time of Dr. Case's death is uncertain; but it is supposed to have occurred in the reign of Queen Anne.



WILLIAM BRODIE.

THE career and fate of this man afford a memorable instance of the truth of the adage, that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and that perseverance in vice, however speciously disguised, is sooner or later followed by severe retribution. They also exhibit the humiliating spectacle of one who was on the high road to civic honour and distinction, forgetting his station in society, and either from heedless infatuation or the basest cupidity, not only associating with common thieves and burglars, but actually participating in their crimes. This melancholy exhibition took place in "moral and religious" Scotland, in the year 1788.

William Brodie, was the son of Francis Brodie, Con-

vener of the Trades, and many years member of the City Council of Edinburgh. The father died in 1780, and William, being his only son, succeeded to the extensive business, which he had carried on as a wright and cabinet-maker in the Lawnmarket. The son also succeeded to his father's civic influence, for in the following year he was elected a Deacon-councillor of the city. This fair beginning was followed up for a few years by a specious outward observance of the duties of society, but the young Deacon had unfortunately contracted, while yet a youth, and in the lifetime of his father, an insidious and dangerous habit, which grows by indulgence, and which in his case became equally incurable and fatal. In other words, he was a regular thorough-paced gambler, and had from practice become so completely versant in all the tricks of those who pursue gambling as a trade, that for several years he had made it a source of revenue. His passion for play, however, did not make him neglect his business, and for a long time it did not affect his character; for though his nights were generally devoted to it, the persons in whose company these were spent differed so widely in point of rank and character from those with whom he necessarily associated through the day, that they had no opportunity of coming in contact, and hence his gambling practices remained a profound secret, and were quite unknown to his customers and fellow-councillors. So completely did he succeed in concealing this vice from the public, that it was not till after his trial and conviction that his gambling practices were ascertained and exposed. So correct, too, was his outward deportment as a tradesman, that up to his flight as a criminal, he preserved a fair character among his fellow-citizens, continued to hold the office of councillor, and discharged all the duties of his station with apparent propriety. Nay, as a proof that his character lay under little or no suspicion by the public at large, it may be stated as a remarkable fact, that up to within little more than six months of his own trial, he actually sat as a jurymen upon another criminal, in the very hall of justice in which he himself received sentence of death!

Brodie, although privately living the dissipated and irregular life of a gambler, did not commence his depredations upon the public till about seven years after his father's death. At the gaming-table or in the cock-pit, he had necessarily become acquainted with persons of equivocal character ; among these were George Smith, who afterwards suffered with him, and two thorough-bred scoundrels named Ainslie and Brown. With these three he entered into a compact for the purpose of housebreaking and robbery, he himself being at once their leader, and the contriver of the various plans of depredation they might adopt. The motives that led Brodie to enter into this atrocious league were quite a mystery at the time, and have never since been clearly explained. He was not by any means in straitened circumstances, and unless it were sheer cupidity there was nothing that could be at all supposed adequate to prompt him to such desperate and infamous courses, while, on the other hand, his position in society furnished every possible inducement, from rank and respectability, to revolt not merely at the purposed criminal practices, but even at the most distant association with wretches like those by whom he was to be assisted in carrying them into effect.

During the winter of 1787, housebreaking and robbery prevailed in Edinburgh and its vicinity, to a most unusual extent. The dwellings of private individuals, as well as shops and warehouses, were entered, as if by magic, and property of every description was carried off, without the owners being able to obtain the slightest trace of the depredators. In nearly the whole of these, Brodie and his associates were engaged. His business as a wright or house carpenter, gave him extraordinary facilities, both from local knowledge and his skill as a tradesman, and accordingly everything was done in so quiet and mysterious a manner, that the authorities were as much confounded and alarmed as the inhabitants. One instance of the coolness with which he went to work in this way, may be quoted as equally characteristic and amusing. A lady, confined to her house by indisposition, being unable to go to church on Sunday, was sitting by the fire,

in the absence of her servant, when she was suddenly alarmed by the entrance of a man with a crape over his face. He bowed slightly as he entered, and without saying a word, deliberately took up a bunch of keys, which were lying on the table, then went to her bureau, and having taken out all the money that was in it, relocked it and withdrew, bowing most respectfully to her as he retired. The lady was so astonished and alarmed, that she had not the power of uttering a syllable during the whole operation. But no sooner was the depredator gone, than she exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "Bless me! that surely could na be Deacon Brodie!" But it was just Deacon Brodie himself, and no other. He was acquainted in the family, and knew where the money was to be found. The lady, however, remained in doubt, and being unwilling to compromise the character of so respectable a man, by even hinting her suspicions, she continued silent till these were fully confirmed by subsequent events.

The numerous robberies which had been committed during the winter months, continued to be a subject of general interest to the people of Edinburgh, even in the following spring, when similar depredations became less frequent. The wonder everywhere was, that no clue could be discovered that might lead to the detection of the robbers. At length, an event occurred which solved the mystery, by laying open the whole proceedings of Brodie and his associates. This was the robbery of the Excise-office, which had been originally planned by him in November, 1787, but not carried into effect till the 7th of March following, the interval being occupied in manufacturing keys, and making experimental visits to the office, by way of insuring success. The details of this robbery, as given in the newspapers of the time, prove that Brodie had arrived at a high pitch of reckless daring. According to previous arrangement, the parties were to meet at 7 o'clock, in the house of George Smith, but Brodie did not arrive till 8. He was in high spirits for such an undertaking, being armed with a pair of loaded pistols, and disguised in an old-fashioned suit of black. He entered singing Macheath's famous ditty:—

"Let us take the road,
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches!
The hour of attack approaches;
To arms, brave boys, and load.
See the ball I hold;
Let the chemists toil like asses—
Our fire their fire surpasses,
And turns our lead to gold."

Having chaunted this prologue in a gay strain, he produced some skeleton keys and a double picklock. The parties then arranged their plan of attack, by which it was fixed that Ainslie should keep watch in the courtyard, Brodie within the outer door of the Excise-office, while Brown and Smith should proceed to ransack the room of the cashier, and bring away the money. The result of this enterprise may be told in a few words. They made good their entry, though twice accidentally scared, succeeded in obtaining £16 of cash, instead of a booty of £1,600 as they expected, and with this trifling sum they got clear off. There was £800 lying in a concealed drawer which in their hurry they did not observe.

The next morning the robbery was known all over Edinburgh. Every officer of the law was on the alert to discover the perpetrators, but even in this case they would have been baffled, had not Brown, one of the gang, tempted by the large reward offered for the discovery of a previous robbery, and also with the hope of obtaining pardon for a crime he had committed in England, gone on the Saturday following to the office of the public prosecutor, and disclosed the whole affair, as above detailed. Ainslie and Smith, with the wife and servant-maid of the latter, were in consequence apprehended and committed to prison; but Brodie having received an early hint of what was going on, instantly left Edinburgh, and for a time eluded pursuit. He went first to London, and afterwards to Holland, where he was discovered and apprehended, just when about to take his passage for America. But for his indiscretion in sending letters by a private hand, addressed to some of his old friends in Edinburgh, all search after him would have been in vain. He was brought to London in the beginning of July, by

Mr. Groves, a king's messenger, and consigned by him to the care of Mr. Williamson of Edinburgh, who had been specially deputed by the authorities of that city to take charge of him. According to Mr. Williamson's account, Brodie was in good spirits during the whole of the journey home, and enlivened it with many amusing anecdotes of his residence in Holland.

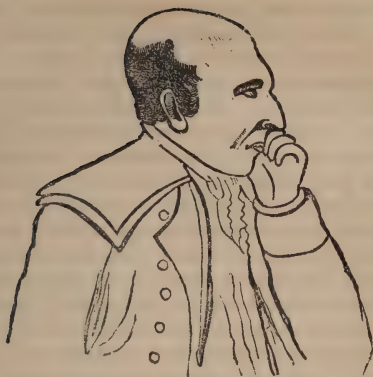
The whole parties engaged in the Excise robbery being now secured, preparations were made for the trial of Smith and Brodie, the other two having agreed to become evidence for the crown. It took place on the 27th of August, 1788. All the facts were distinctly proved, and the jury returned a unanimous verdict of GUILTY, against both panels. They were accordingly sentenced to be executed at Edinburgh, on Wednesday, the 1st of October, 1788. The demeanour of Brodie, both during the trial, and on receiving sentence, was firm and collected, and perfectly respectful to the court. Smith, who was a coarse, uneducated man, from Berkshire, was greatly depressed throughout. Their conduct at the place of execution is thus described in one of the periodicals of the day:—"About a quarter past two, the criminals appeared on the platform, preceded by two of the magistrates in their robes, with white staves, and attended by the Rev. Mr. Hardy, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, the Rev. Mr. Cleeve of the Episcopal persuasion, and the Rev. Mr. Hall of the Burghers. When Mr. Brodie came to the scaffold, he bowed politely to the magistrates and the people. He had on a full suit of black—his hair dressed and powdered. Smith was dressed in white linen, trimmed with black. Having spent some time in prayer with the clergymen, Mr. Brodie prayed a short time by himself.

"Having put on white nightcaps, Brodie pointed to Smith to ascend the steps that led to the drop; and, in an easy manner, clapping him on the shoulder, said, 'George Smith, you are first in hand.' Upon this, Smith, whose behaviour was highly penitent and resigned, slowly ascended the steps, and was immediately followed by Brodie, who mounted with briskness and agility, and

examined the dreadful apparatus with attention, and particularly the halter designed for himself. The ropes being too short tied, Brodie stepped down to the platform and entered into conversation with his friends. He then sprang up again, but the rope was still too short; and he once more descended to the platform, showing some impatience. During this dreadful interval, Smith remained on the drop, with great composure and placidness. Brodie having ascended a third time, and the rope being at length properly adjusted, he deliberately untied his neckcloth, buttoned up his waistcoat and coat, and helped the executioner to fix the rope. He then took a friend (who stood by him) by the hand, bade him farewell, and requested that he would acquaint the world that he was still the same, and that he died like a man. He now pulled the nightcap over his face, and placed himself in an attitude expressive of firmness and resolution. Smith then let fall the signal, and a few minutes before three, they were launched into eternity."

Brodie, during his confinement in jail, never lost his self-possession and firmness. He even affected to be gay on the subject of his ultimate fate, talking of it as a mere "leap in the dark." But there were occasions in which he also showed that he was not altogether hardened nor devoid of sensibility. When his daughter, a girl of about ten years old, was brought to him in prison, he pressed her to his bosom, burst into tears, and blessed her with the warmest emotion. In one of the intercepted letters to his friends, too, the feelings of the father predominated, and he thus tenderly alluded to his children:—"They will miss me more than any other in Scotland. May God, in his infinite goodness, stir up some friendly aid for their support, for it is not in my power at present to give them any assistance. Yet I think they will not absolutely starve in a Christian land, where their father once had friends, and who was always liberal to the distressed."

It is a curious fact that an attempt was made to resuscitate Brodie immediately after the execution. The operator was Degrauers, a French surgeon, whom Brodie himself had employed. His efforts, however, were abortive.



JAMES MACKEAN.

FEW criminals have earned a more infamous notoriety than this cool, calculating, cold-blooded murderer. His crime was rendered doubly atrocious by the circumstances under which it was committed. It had been planned and premeditated for months before it was carried into execution; never was any deed more deliberate and passionless; it was perpetrated too, for the sole purpose of robbing its victim of his money; but worst of all, it was perpetrated under the specious mask of friendship and hospitality!

Mackean was a shoemaker, residing in the High-street of Glasgow, a little way from the University, grave in his deportment, exemplary in his conduct, and strictly religious. He was intimate with James Buchanan, the Lanark carrier, who was also an exemplary man, and knew that in the course of his business, he was frequently intrusted with considerable sums of money by the merchants of Glasgow and Lanark. Having ascertained that on a particular day, the carrier was likely to have a larger amount than usual under his charge, he resolved

to carry into effect a plan which he had sometime entertained of inviting him to drink tea, and then murdering and robbing him. The invitation was accordingly given and accepted, and on the 7th day of October, 1796, the unsuspecting carrier reached Mackean's house, about six o'clock in the evening. He was ushered into a room in which there was neither fire nor candle, and Mackean apologised for the want of preparation, by stating that his wife had gone to get materials for tea. In the meantime, he said they would take a drink of porter, which was produced. The carrier assented, and was in the very act of drinking, just after saluting his treacherous friend, when the monster drew a sharp razor, prepared for the purpose, rapidly across his throat, nearly severing the windpipe. The unfortunate man fell dead in an instant; and his murderer did not lose a moment in consummating his purpose. He instantly rifled the carrier's pockets, and then thrust the body into a closet. Meanwhile the floor of the room was inundated with blood, which he attempted to dry up with a green crumbeloth. Finding this ineffectual, and expecting the immediate return of his wife, who knew nothing of the deed, he took up his hat and fled. When Mrs. Mackean arrived, she was horrified at discovering the blood upon the floor, part of which had by this time reached the kitchen, and immediately screamed out "Murder!" The alarm soon reached the neighbours, who were numerous in that quarter, and a crowd of people assembled on the spot. Search being made to ascertain whence the blood was flowing, the body of the hapless carrier was discovered in the closet. In less than an hour the news of the shocking event had spread all over the city. The authorities were immediately on the alert, and officers were despatched in every direction in pursuit of the murderer.

Mackean's first consideration seems to have been to get over to Ireland, and afterwards to ship himself from that country to America. He therefore crossed the Clyde, and bent his steps towards the Ayrshire coast. Having stopped at a house on the road, about nine miles from Glasgow, he remained there till about four o'clock in the

morning, and then departed, taking the road to Saltcoats. The people of the house were struck with the restlessness of his manner, and had observed some spots of blood upon his clothes.

Having reached Saltcoats, he found a vessel just about to sail for Dublin. He accordingly bargained for his passage thither, and went immediately on board. No sooner, however, had the vessel got fairly out to sea than a violent storm arose ; and, after beating about for some time, the master was constrained to take shelter in Lamlash bay. Here, as the weather promised to be rough, and it was likely the vessel would be some time wind-bound, the passengers were landed, Mackean among the rest, and the whole took up their quarters in Lamlash inn.

In the meantime the magistrates of Glasgow had displayed the utmost vigilance and activity in despatching officers in every direction by which it was possible for the murderer to escape. Fortunately two of the officers, Graham and Munro, without any previous information, followed by mere accident the identical track in which he had fled, and reached Saltcoats soon after the vessel in which he had taken his passage had sailed. Suspecting from the information they received in Saltcoats, that they were now on the right scent, they at first proposed to proceed direct for Dublin ; but on conversing with two or three experienced seamen on the quay, one of the latter remarked, that it was probable, from the sudden chopping about of the wind after the vessel had sailed, and the extreme roughness of the weather, that she must have been obliged to run for Lamlash bay, they determined on proceeding thither directly. Having accordingly hired a wherry, they set sail and soon reached their destination, where the conjecture of the old seaman was found to be correct ; for on going up to the inn they discovered the wretched object of their search, resting in an arm-chair at the fireside, in company with the other passengers. As the officers were well known in Glasgow, Mackean recognized them at once, and seemed aware of their errand, for he immediately surrendered to Graham, saying,

“John, I know what you want.” The officers then took him into a private room, where he delivered up Buchanan’s pocket-book, containing £118 in bank notes, his watch, and several papers. The party now returned without delay to Glasgow, Mackean preserving the utmost composure during the whole journey.

As Mackean was seized almost red hand, as the Scotch lawyers term it, there could be no reason for delaying his trial. Accordingly it took place before the High Court of Justiciary at Edinburgh, on the 12th of December, when he appeared at the bar, dressed in a brown coat, black silk waistcoat and breeches, and wearing a striped green greatcoat. His behaviour during the trial was calm and composed, and showed that he had made up his mind to his fate. He firmly declined the aid of counsel offered him by the court, when it was understood that he had neither counsel nor agent to take charge of his defence. “No;” said he, “I will have no counsel but the Almighty. I am guilty of the crime laid to my charge in all its circumstances. If the court, as a matter of form, appoint an advocate for me, I will have none of his assistance. I am determined to plead guilty, and submit to my fate.” Mackean accordingly had his plea of guilty recorded, but the court, for the satisfaction of the country, entered fully into the details of the case, and substantiated by witnesses the whole facts which we have narrated above. The jury without hesitation returned a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be executed at Glasgow, on the 24th of January following. An immense crowd assembled from all parts of the country to witness his execution — particularly from Lanark and its vicinity, where Buchanan, the carrier, had been much respected and esteemed. Mackean’s conduct on the scaffold was firm as it had previously been since his apprehension, and he met his fate with fortitude and resignation. He was between forty and fifty years of age, of a pale complexion, with a shrewd and sagacious look, and had upon the whole a very respectable appearance.



GEORGE MORLAND.

IN a work, the professed object of which is to delineate the lives and actions of eccentric and remarkable characters, few persons can more justly claim a place than the celebrated artist, George Morland. He was born in the year 1763. His father was a portrait painter in crayons, whose talents, though respectable, were not of the first order. In early life he had made a considerable figure, but having lost much property by engaging in schemes not conducted with prudence, he retired from the world in disgust, and educated his family in that obscurity to which the narrowness of his circumstances confined him.

George, in his infancy, is said to have manifested a predilection for the art; and it is certain, that in the exhibitions of the society of artists, to which his father belonged, were shown drawings by his son, when only four, five, and six years old, which would have done credit to a far more experienced hand. From this time his father obliged him to practise every department of the art, without intermission.

He was at this period confined to an upper room copying drawings or pictures, and drawing from plaster casts. Being almost entirely restricted from society, all the opportunities he had for amusement were obtained by stealth, and his associates were a few boys in the neighbourhood. The means of enjoyment were obtained by such close application to his business as to produce a few drawings or pictures more than his father imagined he could complete in a given time. These he lowered by a string from the window of his apartment to his youthful companions, by whom they were converted into money, which they spent in common when opportunities offered. In this manner passed the first seventeen years of the life of George Morland, and to this unremitted diligence and application he was indebted for the extraordinary power he possessed over the implements of his art. Avarice was the ruling passion of his father; and this passion was so insatiable, that he kept his son incessantly at work, and gave him little, if any, other education. To this cause must doubtless be attributed all the irregularities of his subsequent life.

Morland's earlier compositions were dictated by his father. They were small pictures of two or three figures taken from the ballads of the day. These his father put into frames, and sold at different prices, from one guinea to three, according to the pockets of his customers. Although infinitely inferior to his later productions, they were much admired; many fell into the hands of engravers, and the engravings made from them were the means of bringing Morland into notice.

Some gentlemen, to whom the elder Morland was known, wished to patronize the youthful artist: from one

he borrowed two capital pieces by Vernet, which George copied in an admirable style. Mr. Angerstein permitted him to take a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, and on this occasion the unfortunate peculiarity of his disposition was strikingly displayed. The original was at Blackheath, whither the two Morlands went to copy it. Mr. Angerstein wished to notice the youth, and to observe the progress of the work ; but he refused to begin the picture till he had obtained a solemn promise that he should be overlooked by no person whatever. The promise was given ; he painted the picture ; associated with the servants while he remained in the house, and no encouragement or entreaties could bring him into the company of the generous and public-spirited proprietor.

A friend, who was going to pass the summer at Margate, advised old Morland to send his son to that place to paint portraits. The plan appeared a good one, and was adopted. George, with his picture of Garrick and some others, took lodgings for the season ; customers flocked to him, his portraits pleased, and he began a great number. Unfortunately, the society of accomplished women or rational men, made him feel his own ignorance and insignificance ; hence every one who sat to him was an object of disgust. The pig races, and other elegant amusements projected for the lower order of visitors at Margate, engaged the whole of his attention, and the portraits were thrown aside to be completed in town. Instead of returning home with his pockets full of money, he only brought a large cargo of unfinished canvases ; and as the engagements of the watering place are too often forgotten in the capital, very few of them were afterwards completed.

Though in this expedition he obtained very little pecuniary advantage, he gained several points that were of considerable consequence. He acquired the reputation of being an artist who was rising in his profession ; he emancipated himself from paternal authority, and instead of handing a sketch slyly out of the window to raise a few shillings, he did what he pleased, and fixed what price he

thought proper on his labours. By means of the money thus obtained, however, he was enabled to make many acquaintances, who unfortunately contributed to fix his character for life. The lowest among the professors of his art now became the companions of Morland. To these he was equal in intellect, and superior in talent; he was likewise superior to them in a circumstance which will always obtain from such persons what ignorant men covet, the adulation of their associates. A ride into the country to a smock-race or a grinning-match, a jolly-dinner and a drinking-bout after it, a mad scamper home with a flounce into the mud, and two or three other *et ceteras*, formed the sum of their enjoyments. Of these Morland had as much as he desired, and as he was the richest of the set, by the community of property among such jolly dogs, he commonly paid for them more than his share.

About this time Morland married, and became acquainted with Mr. J. R. Smith, the engraver, who then dealt largely in prints, for whom he painted many pictures of subjects from the familiar scenes of life. Every one was acquainted with the subjects, and felt the sentiments they conveyed, so that the prints which Mr. Smith made from those paintings, had an unprecedented sale, and extended Morland's fame not only throughout this kingdom, but even over the continent.

The manner in which he painted rural subjects obtained so much notice, that his fortune might now have been made. Purchasers appeared who would have taken any number of pictures he could have painted, and paid almost any price for them. But here the low-bred dealers in pictures stepped in, and completed the ruin the low-bred artists had begun. His unfortunate propensities assisted them much in this plan; and the dislike he had for the society of gentlemen made him averse to speak to those who only wished to purchase his pictures. This peculiarity, his friends, the dealers, took care to encourage to such a degree, that men of rank and fortune were often denied admittance to him when he was surrounded by a gang of harpies who pushed the glass and the joke apparently at the *quiz* who was refused admittance, but

in reality at the fool who was the dupe of their artifices. They in the character of friends purchased of him all his pictures, which they afterwards sold at very advanced prices. This was carried to such an extent, that gentlemen who wished to obtain Morland's pictures ceased to apply to him for them, but applied to such of his *friends* as had any to sell ; so that he was entirely cut off from all connection with the real admirers of his works, and a competition took place among those by whom he was surrounded, each striving to obtain possession, and to exclude all the rest from a share in the prey.

About the year 1790, Morland lived in the neighbourhood of Paddington, At this period he had reached the very summit of his professional fame and also of his extravagance. He kept at one time no less than eight saddle horses at livery, at the sign of the White Lion, opposite to his house, and was absurd enough to wish to be considered a good judge of horse-flesh. Frequently horses for which one day he would give thirty or forty guineas, he would sell the next for less than half that sum ; but as the honest fraternity of horse-dealers knew their man, and would take his note at two months, he could the more easily indulge this propensity, and appear for a short time in cash, until the day of payment came, when a picture was produced as a *douceur* for the renewal of the notes.

This was one source of calamity which neither his industry, for which he was not remarkable, nor his talents were by any means adequate to counterpoise. His wine merchant, who was also a gentleman in the discounting line, would sometimes obtain a picture worth fifty pounds for the renewal of a bill. By this conduct he heaped folly upon folly to such a degree, that a fortune of ten thousand a-year would have proved insufficient for the support of his waste and prodigality.

No man was more accessible to flattery than Morland, and the more gross the mode in which it was served up, the more highly was it relished. If an ostler or postboy applauded his observations, he was sure to be touched in the palm with half-a-crown, or perhaps to receive a pair

of leather breeches little the worse for wear. His acquaintances of this cast were so numerous, that there was scarcely a driver on the north road, within fifty miles of London, that was not known to him ; nor was there a blood-horse of any note, whose pedigree and performances he could not relate with astonishing facility.

In the course of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, when Morland's best pictures were produced, a host of admiring dealers were complaisant enough to offer him any pecuniary assistance he might deem it expedient to accept. Morland, who had a wonderful alacrity at borrowing, embraced their offers indiscriminately.

Having received an invitation from Claude Lorrain Smith, Esq., to visit him at his seat at Enderby, in Leicestershire, the purse he had thus collected very opportunely served his purpose. Accompanied by one of his trusty friends, commonly known by the appellation of *Dirty Brookes*, a notorious debauchee, who fell a sacrifice to his excesses, away he set out upon this rural excursion. The journey was kept a profound secret from his accommodating friends the picture-dealers ; and his absence consequently excited a considerable deal of alarm, which was not a little augmented by a report industriously circulated, as a good joke, by one of his waggish companions, that he was gone to France. No sooner had he returned from this excursion than he found his picture and horse-dealing friends very solicitous to renew their visits ; but from that moment he studiously avoided all society, and with only a single crony to hawk his pictures about the town, was invisible for months together.

So strongly was the mind of this ill-fated artist impressed with the idea that he should sooner or later become the inhabitant of a gaol, that he actually visited the King's Bench prison *incog.*, to ascertain how he should like confinement ; yet, so great was his dread of the apprehended evil, that he declared nothing but absolute necessity should ever compel him to bring his mind to a surrender of his liberty.

Morland's embarrassments were far from producing any change of his conduct, and at length conducted him

through the hands of a bailiff, into that confinement of which he had entertained such well-grounded apprehension. This, however, did not render him unhappy, but rather afforded him an opportunity of indulging without restraint of any kind, all his favourite propensities. There he could mingle with such companions as were best adapted to his taste, and there too in his own way, he could without check or control reign and revel, surrounded by the very lowest of the low.

About three years before his death, Morland was struck by palsy, which gave so rude a shock to his whole frame, intellectual and corporeal, that, sometimes while in the act of painting, he would fall back senseless in his chair, or sleep for hours together.

When in confinement, and even sometimes when he was at liberty, it was common for him to have four guineas a-day and his drink, an object of no small consequence, as he began to drink before he began to paint, and continued to do both alternately till he had painted as much as he pleased, or till the liquor had completely overcome him, when he claimed his money, and business was at an end for that day. This laid his employer under the necessity of passing his whole time with him, to keep him in a state fit for work, and to carry off the day's work when it was done; otherwise some eaves-dropper snapped up his picture, and he was left to obtain what redress he could.

By pursuing this fatal system, he ruined his constitution, diminished his powers, and sunk himself into general contempt. He had no society, nor did he wish for any, but that of the lowest of those beings whose only enjoyment is gin and ribaldry, and from which he was taken by a Marshalsea writ for a trifling sum. When removed to a place of confinement, he drank a large quantity of spirits, and was soon afterwards taken ill. The man in whose custody he was, being alarmed at his situation, applied to several of his friends for relief; but that relief, if it was afforded, came too late. The powers of life were exhausted, and he died at the age of forty-one years.

WILLIAM JENNINGS.

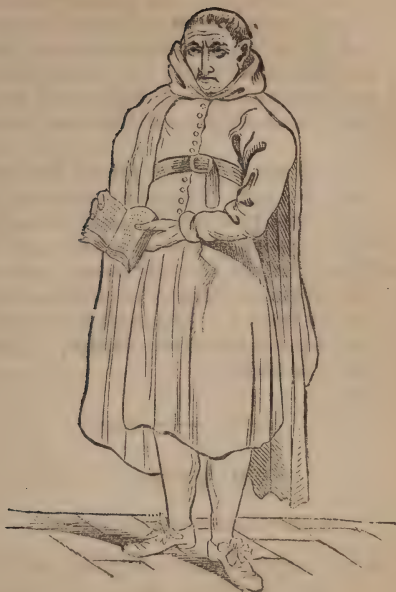
WILLIAM JENNINGS, a neighbour and acquaintance of the celebrated miser John Elwes, possessed a character in some respects different from that of the latter, for although not quite so extravagant in his penury, he seems to have had none of his good qualities. He was born in the year 1701, and his father died when just on the point of completing a most sumptuous and magnificent country seat, which, for the grandeur of its hall, and the massive elegance of its marble chimney-pieces, as well as the beauty and extent of its stables and other offices, was totally unrivalled in that part of the country and excelled in few others. The staircase, however, and one entire wing of the house, which was to have been principally devoted to a vast and superb ball-room, were left incomplete; and although the son, when he attained his majority, found himself possessed in real and personal estate of not less than £200,000, he never added another stone to the unfinished structure. In this extensive palace, for it scarcely deserved a meaner appellation, Mr. Jennings resided, when in the country, to the latest hour of his life, yet not in the finished and family apartments, but merely in the basement floor, which, by being not less than ten or fifteen feet below the surface of the court, and illuminated by small and heavy windows, admitted but very seldom the reviving rays of the sun in any direction. Here, on a level with most of the offices of this superb pile of building, in the midst of his servants, was his breakfast-room, his dining-room, and his bed-chamber, the entire furniture of which was of his own procuring, and consequently very mean, its whole value, perhaps, not exceeding twenty pounds; nor were the rooms above, excepting those in the wing already described, although completely finished and magnificently furnished by his father, ever opened but once during the whole period of his possessing them, which extended to nearly a century. He had, nevertheless, more family pride than Mr. Elwes, and maintained a table in some

degree superior. In this dark and miserable compartment of the house, his dinner was always served up, even when he was alone, and he was seldom otherwise, in the family plate ; nor, if any portion remained after the wants of his diminutive household had been satisfied, would he suffer it to be again introduced to assist in the dinner of the ensuing day. The poor, however, were never benefitted by this profusion of diet ; for it was his express order, and an order uniformly obeyed, that the surplus should be distributed among his dogs. During the whole of his long life he scarcely ever performed a kind or charitable action, and so cold and unsocial was his temperament, that a male friend was scarcely ever invited to sleep beneath his roof, and there is no instance of a female of any description having been indebted to him for the hospitality of a single night. In these respects he was a character infinitely more despicable than Mr. Elwes, who at all times evinced the utmost degree of politeness and gallantry to the fair sex, and who, if he withheld his hand from the needy, withheld it in an equal degree from himself. In his mode of increasing his property, Mr. Jennings was also a more contemptible miser. Elwes, when in London, occasionally frequented the gaming-table, but it was to participate with his associates in the various chances of the dice. Jennings, too, frequented it, and was in reality, at one period of his life, an habitual attendant at Brookes's or White's, but it was not to partake in the multiplied fortunes of gambling, but to accommodate the unlucky with money for the evening, and to draw an enormous profit from the general loss. It is asserted that for every thousand pounds he thus advanced, he received the next morning a thousand guineas. To enable him to persevere steadily in this profitable concern, he purchased a house in Grosvenor-square, where he occasionally resided to the day of his death, and long after the infirmities of age had compelled him to relinquish his dishonourable trade.

To diminish the expense of wages paid to his house-keeper, he allowed her to show the mansion to strangers for money. Accordingly it was equally open for inspection

whether he were within it or not ; and, in the former case, when the company had reached the subterranean floor where he constantly resided, he used to remove from room to room till the whole had been visited. He had but a small circle of acquaintances in the country ; he did not like, however, to be totally without occasional company, and induced some few gentlemen to pay him morning visits, and to profess a friendship for him, by the promise of legacies in his will. And so far indeed as related to the literal promise itself, he punctually fulfilled it, for he not only made his will, but bequeathed the expected legacies ; yet he took effectual care, at the same time, that neither his promises nor his will should possess much validity, for he never executed the latter ; and his entire property, at his death, amounting to little less than a million sterling, was in the first instance likely to become the subject of a chancery suit between two noble families who advanced an equal claim to heirship. This suit, however, was shortly afterwards dropped, upon an agreement between the parties to divide the property without the aid of the lawyers.

The only creditable trait in the character of this miser is, that he never oppressed his tenants : he would never advance them a shilling for their accommodation, but he never raised their rents, nor distressed them for want of punctuality in their payments. And yet, while he thus rigidly forbore from every act of kindness and charity, he was, for the last twenty years previous to his death, losing upwards of two thousand pounds annually, by the large sums of money he retained unemployed in the hands of his bankers. He kept cash at two separate houses ; and it was discovered, at his death, that in one of them he had never possessed less than twenty thousand pounds for the twenty years previous ; and in the other he had uniformly had a larger sum for a longer period. He died in the year 1797, in the ninety-seventh year of his age.



OLIVER CROMWELL'S PORTER.

THE gloom which religion too often spreads over the human mind, is generally the effect of narrow conceptions of the Deity, whose mercy is over all his works. It has frequently filled the cells of Bedlam and hospitals for the insane, with the most wretched of all patients. The wild enthusiast, whose portrait is given above, appears to have had his mind totally unhinged in this way. His Christian name was Daniel, (his surname is not recorded) and he was porter to Oliver Cromwell, in whose service he learned much of the cant that prevailed at that period. He frequently preached, and sometimes prophesied; and was said to have foretold several remarkable events, particu-

larly the fire of London. The nature of the books he read necessarily made him an enthusiast, being chiefly on divinity, and those, too, of the most mystical description. They at last turned his brain, for he was many years in Bedlam, where he was allowed, after some time, the use of his library, as there was not the least probability of his cure.

Mr. Charles Leslie, who has placed him in the same category with Fox and Muggleton, tells us that people often went to hear him preach, and "would sit many hours under his windows with great signs of devotion." That gentleman had the curiosity to ask a grave matron, who was among his auditors, "what she could profit by hearing that madman?" She, with a composed countenance, as pitying his ignorance, replied, "That Festus thought Paul was mad."

EPONINA,

A CELEBRATED ROMAN MATRON.

DURING the struggles of Otho, Vitellius, and Vespasian, for the sovereignty of Rome, and in the unsettled state of the empire, Sabinus, a native of Langres, an ambitious and wealthy man, of high quality, put in his claim, among others, to the possession of the throne. Encouraged by his countrymen to this bold undertaking, he pretended, by casting an imputation on the chastity of his grandmother, to trace his lineage from Julius Cæsar. Having revolted against the Romans, he caused himself, by his followers, to be saluted emperor.

But his temerity and presumption quickly received a check. His troops, who were defeated and scattered in all directions, betook themselves to flight; while of those who fell into the hands of their pursuers, not one was spared. In the heart of Gaul, Sabinus might have found safety, had his tenderness for his wife permitted him to seek it. Espoused to Eponina, a lady of admirable beauty

and accomplishments, from whom he could not prevail upon himself to live at a distance, he retired from the field of battle to his country-house. Having here called together his servants, and the remnant of his people, he informed them of his disaster, and of the miscarriage of his enterprise; while he declared to them his resolution of putting a voluntary period to his life, to escape the tortures prepared for him by the victors, and avoid the fate of his unfortunate companions. He proceeded to thank them for their services, after which he gave them a solemn discharge: he then ordered fire to be set to his mansion, in which he shut himself up; and of this stately edifice in a few hours nothing remained but a heap of ashes and ruins.

The news of the melancholy catastrophe being spread abroad, reached the ears of Eponina, who during the preceding events, had remained at Rome. Her grief and despair, on learning the fate of a husband whom she dearly loved, and who had fallen a victim to his tenderness for her, were too poignant to be long supported. In vain her friends and acquaintance offered her consolation; their efforts to reconcile her to her loss served to aggravate her distress. She determined to abstain from nourishment, and to reunite herself in the grave to him without whom she felt life to be a burthen.

For three days she persevered in her resolution. On the fourth, Martial, a freedman, who had been a favourite domestic in the service of her husband, desired to be admitted by his mistress to a private conference, on affairs of great importance.

In this interview, Eponina learned, with an emotion that had nearly shaken to annihilation her languid and debilitated frame, that Sabinus, whom she so bitterly lamented, was still living, and concealed in a subterraneous cavern under the ruins of his house, where he waited with impatience to receive and embrace his beloved and faithful wife. This scheme had been concerted in confidence with two of his domestics, in whose attachment Sabinus entirely confided, and whose unshaken fidelity did honour to human nature.

It had been hitherto concealed from Eponina, that, through her unaffected grief on the supposed death of her husband, greater credit might be given to a report on which his preservation entirely depended. To these welcome tidings, Martial presumed to add his advice, that his lady should still preserve the external marks of sorrow, and conduct herself with the utmost art and precaution, since the satellites of the government would not fail to be on the watch, if even the slightest circumstance should rouse their jealousy or excite their suspicions.

Eponina promised, with transport, to observe all that was required of her, however difficult might be the task of dissimulation; and to endure yet a short delay, lest suspicion should be awakened, of the meeting which she anticipated with so much tenderness and joy; but every hour seemed an age, and it was not without difficulty that she concealed her impatience to behold again her beloved Sabinus.

At length, devoured by a mutual anxiety, this affectionate pair could no longer sustain a separation. By the management of the faithful freedman, Eponina was conveyed in the darkness of the night to the retreat of her husband, and brought back, with equal secrecy, to her own house, before the dawning of the ensuing day.

These visits were repeated, with the same precautions, and with great peril, during seven months, till it was at last determined, as a plan which would be attended with less inconvenience, and even with less danger, that Sabinus should be conveyed by night to his own house, and kept concealed in a remote and private apartment. But this project, in its execution, was found to abound in unforeseen difficulties; the extensive household and numerous visitants of Eponina, who feared to change her manner of life, kept her in continual terror of a discovery, and harassed her mind with insupportable inquietude. Sabinus was therefore again removed to his subterranean abode, whose darkness was illumined by love, and the presence of all that was dear to him in existence.

The intercourse between the husband and wife thus continued for nine years, during which interval the

pregnancy of Eponina afforded them at one time the most cruel alarm. But this interesting and amiable woman, by a painful but ingenious stratagem, contrived to elude suspicion and satisfy inquiry. She prepared an ointment, which, by its external application, produced a swelling of the limbs, and dropsical symptoms, and thus accounted for the enlargement of her shape. As the hour of her delivery drew near, she shut herself, under pretence of a visit to a distant province, in the cavern of her husband; where, without assistance, and suppressing her groans, she gave birth to twin-sons, whom she nurtured and reared in this gloomy retreat, with a care and tenderness worthy of herself, and of the best days of Rome.

Conjugal and maternal affection thus united, while time and impunity had in some measure allayed her fears, drew her more frequently to the place which contained the object of her cares, till her absence gave rise to curiosity and suspicion. The jealousy of the imperial government was proverbial even at that period, and numerous spies were ever on the watch to detect political offenders. She was at length traced to the cavern of the ill-fated Sabinus; who, being seized and loaded with irons, was, with his wife and children, conveyed to Rome.

Eponina, distracted at the consequence of her imprudence, rushed into the presence of the Emperor Vespasian, and presenting to him her children, prostrated herself at his feet. With the eloquence of a wife and a mother, she pleaded the cause of her husband, and, after having extenuated his fault, as proceeding from the disorders of the times, rather than from personal ambition, from the calamities of civil war, and the evils of oppression, she thus proceeded to address the Emperor—"But we have waited, Sire, till these boys shall be able to join to those of their mother their sighs and tears, in the hope of disarming your wrath by our united supplications. They come forth, as from a sepulchre, to implore your mercy, on the first day in which they have ever beheld the light. Let our sorrow, our misfortunes, and the sufferings we have already undergone, move you to compassion, and obtain from you the life of a husband and a father." The

spectators melted into tenderness and pity at the affecting spectacle ; every heart was moved, every eye was moist, but that of the severe and politic emperor, who, on this occasion at least, earned the character of a pitiless tyrant, deaf to the voice of nature and inaccessible to her claims.

In vain did this heroic and admirable woman humble herself before Vespasian, whose heart ambition had seared, and who was equally stern and inexorable in his resolves. To political security the rights of humanity were sacrificed, and the unhappy wife at once saw her claims rejected, and the husband and the father coldly doomed to death.

Eponina determined to share the fate of her husband, wiped away her tears, and assuming an air of intrepidity, thus addressed the emperor—"Be assured," said she, in a firm and dignified tone, "that I know how to contemn life. With Sabinus I have existed nine years in the bowels of the earth, with a delight and tranquillity untasted by tyrants amidst the splendours of a throne ; and with *him* I am ready to unite myself, in death, with no less cheerfulness and fortitude."

No people in the world were ever more alive to heroism or virtue than the Romans, nor more prone to condemn insensibility or indifference to the claims of either, by those in possession of power. Hence, the conduct of Eponina was universally admired, while the ill-timed severity of Vespasian threw an indelible stain upon his character and memory, the more to be regretted that his temper in other respects had not been accounted sanguinary. The generous affection and heroism of Eponina was consecrated in the admiration of future ages.



MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

THE strange and eccentric humours of this gentleman savoured so much of quackery, that strangers were often disposed to consider him a mere charlatan, while, in point of fact, he was a man of science and ability.

The family of Van Butchell was originally from Flanders, and the father of Martin was well known at the beginning of the reign of George the Second, as tapestry-maker to the king. Martin Van Butchell was born on the 5th of February, 1735, in Eagle-street, Red Lion Square, but afterwards removed with his family to a large house then called the Crown House, situated a short distance on the Surrey side of Westminster Bridge.

Having received an education suited to the circumstances of his parents, and disliking his father's profession, he obtained a recommendation to Sir Thomas Robinson, as a travelling companion to his son. On this occasion the candour, integrity, and independence which afterwards distinguished Mr. Van Butchell through life, were remarkably displayed; for hearing an unfavourable, and as it happened an unjust account of the temper and disposition of Sir Thomas, he declined the engagement. Not long after this he entered in capacity of groom of the chambers into the family of Lady Talbot, in which he lived nine years.

The economy of Mr. Van Butchell in that situation, enabled him, on leaving it, to devote himself to his favourite studies, mechanics, medicine, and in particular anatomy. Under the tuition of those eminent masters, the late celebrated Doctors William and John Hunter, he enjoyed an excellent opportunity of obtaining a competent knowledge of the various branches of the healing art. The latter gentleman he has thus commemorated in one of the singular advertisements which he was for many years in the habit of sending forth into the world:—

“ The first Magistrate

And other sincere lovers of this State

Are now informed most respectfully

That some years ago MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL

had an appointment to meet

(—At Lady Hunloke's house in Strafford Place—)

his able teacher JOHN HUNTER, Esq.

Who overtook him in Grosvenor Square, and

bade him get into his chariot: Soon as he was
seated

John said: What mischief are you about now?

Martin. Curing the king's evil.

John. I can't cure the king's evil.

Martin. I know you can't cure the king's evil. If you could cure the king's evil, I should not trouble myself about the king's evil: but I want to do

What you cannot do!

John. That is right. Do you try to get first, (we

know nothing compared to what we are ignorant of) make yourself of consequence, and then everybody will make you of consequence; but if you don't make yourself of consequence, nobody else will. I do assure you many are in very high esteem and very full practice that (comparatively) know no more about healing than dray-horses: they have not powers.

You try to be first!"

The first public appearance of Mr. Van Butchell was in the profession of a dentist, having been led to make human teeth a principal object of his attention, by the accidental breaking of one of his own. It is related that in a very early, and consequently not the most lucrative period of his practice, a lady being dissatisfied with some teeth, which he had furnished her, he voluntarily returned the money (ten guineas) she had paid for them. It was not long, however, before she came back, requesting as a favour, that she might have them again at the original price. So eminently successful was Mr. Van Butchell in this line, that for a complete set of teeth, he is known to have received so high a price as eighty guineas.

Mr. Van Butchell next turned his attention to the treatment of ruptures; and in this practice acquired so extensive a reputation, that a Dutch physician paid a visit to this country, for the express purpose of placing himself under his care. In return for the relief he received, he instructed Mr. Van Butchell in the art of curing fistulas, which he afterwards practised with unparalleled success.

The numerous inventions of Mr. Van Butchell are sufficient demonstrations of mechanical genius. While he was engaged in the making of trusses for ruptures, he contrived what he denominated elastic bands, or braces for small clothes. He was also the inventor of spring girths for saddles, of cork bottoms to iron stirrups to prevent the feet from slipping, and many other things of a similar description.

The ingenuity and eccentricities of Mr. Van Butchell, often attracted the notice even of Majesty. He says of himself, in one of his curious advertisements, that "your Majesty's petitioner, about ten years ago, had often the

high honour, before your Majesty's nobles, of conversing with your Majesty, face to face, when we were hunting of the stag, in Windsor Forest."

The conduct of Mr. Van Butchell after the death of his first wife served to render him more than ever an object of public notice. We have heard of an Irish gentleman who was so distractedly fond of a beautiful wife prematurely snatched from him by death, that he had her embalmed, and kept her in a closet adjoining his room. He never sat down to table without having a chair and a plate, with knife and fork, placed for her; nay, so powerful was the effect of his grief on his intellects, that when he wished perfectly to enjoy himself, he would place her in a chair opposite to his own, and talk to her as though she had still been alive. Whether Mr. Van Butchell was actuated by the same feelings as this fond and unfortunate husband, we cannot pretend to decide, but certain it is that he had the corpse of his wife embalmed, and kept it for many years in a parlour in his own house, where it was inspected by great numbers of curious visitors. This singularity gave rise to a report, that by a clause in the marriage settlement he was entitled to the disposal of certain property as long as she remained above ground.

Like the late Lord Rokeby, Mr. Van Butchell was a decided enemy to the razor, which was never allowed to touch his chin after an early period of his life. It has been asserted that this singularity was not the mere effect of caprice, but the result of a philosophical conversation with Dr. John Hunter, in which it was agreed that this natural appendage is conducive to the strength and vigour of the human body. His allusions to this ornament in the eccentric compositions of which we have already given a specimen, were frequent and amusing. He was fond of using the following quotation from the entertaining Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*.

"BEARDS THE DELIGHT OF ANCIENT BEAUTIES."

"When the fair were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited sentiments of horror and aversion.

“To obey the injunctions of his bishops, Louis the Seventh of France cropped his hair, and shaved his beard. Eleanor of Aquitaine, his consort, found him, with this uncommon appearance, very ridiculous, and very contemptible. She revenged herself, by becoming something more than a coquette. The king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, who shortly after ascended the English throne. She gave him for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guienne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French nation about three millions of men. All which, probably, had never taken place, if Louis the Seventh had not been so rash as to crop his hair and shave his beard, by which he became so disgusting in the eyes of the fair Eleanor.”

In another of his advertisements he says:—“Girls are fond of hair: (and love *comforters*.) See their *bosom friends*:—large waists—*muffs*, *tippets*. Let your beards grow long that ye may be strong in mind and body.” Again he exhorts his readers to “leave off deforming: each himself reform: wear the marks of men: incontestible. Jesus did not shave; for he knew better. Had it been proper our chins should be bare, would hair be put there by wise Jehovah, who made all things good?”

But the most extraordinary, and perhaps the reader may conceive the most unintelligible of Mr. Van Butchell's effusions on this subject, is the following: “Am not I the first healer (at this day) of bad fistulæ? With an handsome beard, like Hippocrates! The combing I sell one guinea each hair. (Of use to the fair, that want fine children:—I can tell them how; it is a secret.) Some are quite auburn; others silver-white:—full half-quarter long, growing—(day and night—) only fifteen months.” This appears, from the concluding words, to have been written only a year and a quarter after he first began to cherish the excrescence, and when it had attained the length of half a quarter of a yard, or four inches and a-half. About two years afterwards he describes himself as “a British Christian man, with a comely beard, full eight inches long.”

The favourite exercise and recreation of Mr. Van Butchell was riding. The principle on which he retained his beard he extended also to animals, which, he contended, should never be docked, nicked, or trimmed. His steed was a gray pony, which, it is said, he sometimes took into his head to paint with spots or streaks of purple, black, or other colours. The *tout ensemble* of the rider with a shallow, narrow-brimmed hat, nearly white with age, a venerable flowing beard, a rusty brown coat, and boots of the same complexion, and the pony, with the above-mentioned whimsical decorations, had a most ludicrous effect, and often attracted a considerable number of spectators. A bridle, which he occasionally used, was a curious contrivance. A blind was fixed to the head, and this he could let down over the horse's eyes and draw up again at pleasure, in case the animal had taken fright, or to prevent him from seeing any particular object.

Mr. Van Butchell resided between thirty and forty years in Mount-street, Berkley Square, the singular inscription on which often arrested the attention of the passengers. His success in the various branches of his practice was very great, and the sphere of his utility, as well as his own profits, might have been much increased, had he not taken the resolution to which he inflexibly adhered, of seeing patients only at his own house. On this subject it is related, that he was once sent for to attend a gentleman of eminence in the law, but he referred to the notice in his advertisement—"I go to none." Five hundred guineas were offered to induce him to alter his resolution, but in vain. The sum was doubled, but with truly admirable consistency, he still replied, "I go to none." When it is recollected that Mr. Van Butchell had a large family to support, this may be well considered the most remarkable instance of self-denial upon record.

In his domestic habits, he is said to have preserved the same characteristic singularity as marked the rest of his conduct; making it an invariable practice to dine by himself. His wife and children also dined by themselves, and the only way in which he used to call the latter was by whistling. It is likewise reported, that on his marriage

with each of his two wives, he gave them the choice of the two extreme colours for clothes, white or black; and after they had made their election, never suffered them to wear any other. The first chose black and the second white, in which she constantly appeared.

As a further proof of the eccentricity of Mr. Van Butchell, we subjoin another of his strange advertisements:—

EMPERORS,—*Princes*,—DUKES, and MARQUISES

May want our aid. We are paid, as others are not:

We have said, what others dare not.

The great JOHN HUNTER* Taught Me to Get First:

Eccentrically:—In Neat Healing-Art!

To SAVE FEELING BLOOD—Is the GIFT of GOD:


And the WILL of Man:—Concerning HIMSELF:

So we do much good:—Curing FISTULE.

Without Confinement, Fomentation, Risk;

Injection, Poultrice, Caustic, or Cutting.

FEE is Two per CENT.—ON FIVE YEARS' PROFIT:

 All the Money down:—Before I begin.

Ananias, Fell!—Dead: For KEEPING Back!

MARTIN VAN BUTCHELL.

* SURGEON EXTRAORDINARY TO THE KING:

And Surgeon General to HIS FORCES.

We cannot dismiss the remarkable subject of this article, without noticing the severe domestic affliction which befell him in the summer of 1806, in the death of one of his sons, an amiable young man, of twenty-two, while on a party of pleasure in a boat on the Thames. The same accident also proved fatal to two young ladies of the company. The premature end of the youth was the more deeply regretted on account of the act in which he lost his life. The boat was overturned, and perceiving his mother sinking, he directed all his efforts to her preservation. Rising with her in his arms, he struck his head against the side of a barge with such force as to fracture his skull, which caused his immediate death.



SIR JEFFERY DUNSTAN.

THE notoriety of this mock political hero had its origin in the sham elections for Garrat, in the neighbourhood of London, which took place about fifty or sixty years ago, and of which Sir Richard Phillips has given the following account, in "A Morning's Walk to Kew":—"Southward of Wandsworth, a road extends nearly two miles to the village of Lower Tooting, and nearly midway are a few houses or hamlet, by the side of a small common, called *Garrat*, from which the road itself is called *Garrat Lane*. Various encroachments on this common led to an association of the neighbours, about threescore years since,

when they chose a president or *mayor*, to protect their rights; and the time of their first election being the period of a new parliament, it was agreed that the mayor should be re-chosen after every general election. Some facetious members of the club gave, in a few years, local notoriety to this election; and, when party spirit ran high in the days of *Wilkes and Liberty*, it was easy to create an appetite for a burlesque election among the lower orders of the metropolis. The publicans at Wandsworth, Tooting, Battersea, Clapham, and Vauxhall, made a purse to give it character; and Mr. Foote rendered its interest universal, by calling one of his inimitable farces, "*the Mayor of Garrat*." I have indeed been told, that Foote, Garrick, and Wilkes, wrote some of the candidates' addresses, for the purpose of instructing the people in the corruptions which attend elections to the legislature, and of producing those reforms by means of ridicule and shame, which are vainly expected from solemn appeals of argument and patriotism.

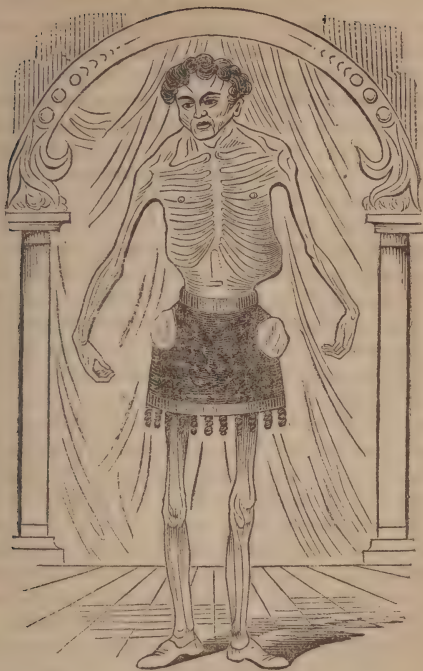
Such was the origin of the Garrat elections, the interest, fun, and amusement of which were so great at one period, that upwards of a hundred thousand persons have assembled at them, in vehicles of every description from a donkey-cart to the carriage of a peer; the candidates, dressed like chimney-sweepers on May-day, or in the mock fashion of the period, being brought to the hustings sometimes in noblemen's carriages drawn by six horses, the owners themselves condescending to become their drivers!

The first Mayor of Garrat was Sir John Harper, who filled the office during two parliaments. He was, it is said, a man of wit, for at his election, when a dead cat was thrown at him on the hustings, some one exclaiming that it stunk worse than a badger, "where's the wonder," vociferated Sir John, "dont you see it's a *poll-cat*?" This renowned knight was a retailer of brick-dust in London, and his Garrat honours having improved his trade and the condition of his ass, there were many aspirants in similar occupations who became emulous of the same distinctions.

Among these was the renowned Sir Jeffery Dunstan,

whose portrait we have given above, and who, according to Sir Richard Phillips, was the most popular candidate that ever appeared on the Garrat hustings, having been returned for no less than three parliaments successively. "His occupation," says Sir Richard, "was that of buying OLD WIGS, once a trade like that in old clothes, but become obsolete since the full-bottomed and full-dressed wigs of both sexes went out of fashion. Sir Jeffery usually carried his wig-bag over his shoulder, and, to avoid the charge of vagrancy, vociferated, as he passed along the street, 'Old Wigs!' but having a person like *Æsop*, and a countenance and manner marked by irresistible humour, he never appeared without a train of boys and curious persons, whom he entertained by his sallies of wit, shrewd sayings, and smart repartees; and from whom, without begging, he collected sufficient to maintain his dignity of mayor and knight. He was no respecter of persons, and so severely did he cut at the corruptions of those in power, that though but a street jester, he was prosecuted for using what were then called seditious expressions; nay more, as a caricature on the times, which ought never to be forgotten, he was in 1793 tried, convicted, and imprisoned! In consequence of this affair, and some charges of dishonesty, he lost his popularity, and at the general election for 1796, was ousted by Sir Harry Dimsdale, muffin-seller, a man as much deformed as himself. This was the last of the political buffoons who figured as *Mayor of Garrat*."

Sir Jeffery could not long survive his fall; but in death as in life, he proved a satire on the vices of the proud, for in 1797 he died, like Alexander the Great, and many heroes renowned in the historic page—of suffocation from excessive drinking!



THE LIVING SKELETON.

CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT, better known by the title of "*the Living Skeleton*," was undoubtedly the greatest natural wonder of the period in which he lived. He was born at Troyes, in the department of Champagne, on the 10th of April, 1797, and when exhibited to the public in England, where he excited universal astonishment, was just twenty-eight years of age. His parents were respectable but poor, and unlike their son they both possessed a good constitution, and enjoyed robust health.

At his birth, there was nothing in his appearance that indicated disease, but in proportion as he grew in size, his flesh gradually wasted away. This remarkable decay continued till he arrived at manhood, when he attained his full stature, and his frame assumed the identical skeleton form which it ever afterwards retained. In France his case excited great interest, and he was deemed quite a *lusus naturæ*. Many proposals were made to his father for the purchase of the body of his son, in the event of his demise, but they were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman, of Burgundy, indeed offered a *carte blanche*, which the parent, with feelings highly honourable to himself, also refused, stating his determination that in the event of his son's death, he should be peaceably consigned to the cemetery of his native city. While at Rouen, no less than fifteen hundred persons flocked in one day to see Seurat on his way to England.

It was in 1825 that he arrived in the British metropolis. Numerous descriptions of him appeared in the journals of the day. Perhaps the most graphic of the whole was that which Mr. Hone published in his *Every Day Book*, one of the most ingenious works of the time, full of curious, instructive, and amusing information, and now a universal library companion. A portion of his description we shall proceed to quote. "It was on the first day of Seurat's exhibition," says Mr. Hone, "that I first visited him. This was on Tuesday the 9th of August. I was at the 'Chinese Saloon,' before the doors were opened, and was the first of the public admitted, followed by my friend, an artist, for the purpose of taking drawings. Seurat was not quite ready to appear; in the meantime, another visitor or two arrived, and after examining the canopy, and other arrangements, my attention was directed to the Chinese papering of the room, while Seurat had silently opened the curtains that concealed him, and stood motionless toward the front of the platform, as he is represented in the engraving. On turning round, I was instantly rivetted by his amazing emaciation; he seemed another 'Lazarus, come forth' without his grave-clothes, and for a moment I was too consternated to observe more than

his general appearance. My eye, then, first caught the arm as the most remarkable limb; from the shoulder to the elbow it is like an ivory German flute somewhat deepened in colour by age; it is not larger, and the skin is of that hue, and, not having a trace of muscle, it is as perfect a cylinder as a writing rule. Amazed by the wasted limbs, I was still more amazed by the extraordinary depression of the chest. Its indentation is similar to that which an over-careful mother makes in the pillowed surface of an infant's bed for its repose. Nature has here inverted her own order, and turned the convex inwards, while the nobler organs, obedient to her will, maintain life by the gentle exercise of their wonted functions in a lower region. Below the ribs, the trunk so immediately curves in, that the red band of the silk covering, though it is only loosely placed, seems a tourniquet to constrict the bowels within their prison-house, and the hip-bones, being of their natural size, the waist is like a wasp's. By this part of the frame we are reminded of some descriptions of the abstemious and Bedouin Arab of the desert, in whom it is said the abdomen seems to cling to the vertebræ. If the integument of the bowels can be called flesh, it is the only flesh on the body: for it seems to have wholly shrunk from the limbs; and where the muscles that have not wholly disappeared remain, they are also shrunk. He wears shoes to keep cold from his feet, which are not otherwise shaped than those of people who have been accustomed to wear tight shoes; his instep is good, and by no means so flat as in the generality of tavern waiters. His legs are not more ill-shaped than in extremely thin or much wasted persons; the right leg, which is somewhat larger than the left, is not less than were the legs of the late Mr. Suett, the comedian. On this point, without a private knowledge of Mr. Liston, I would publicly appeal to that gentleman, whom I saw there, accompanied by Mr. Jones. Mr. Liston doubtless remembers Suett, and I think he will never forget Seurat, at whom he looked 'unutterable things' as if he had been about to say 'prodigious!'

"Seurat's head and body convey a sentiment of anthesis.

When the sight is fixed on his face alone, there is nothing there to denote that he varies from other men. I examined him closely and frequently, felt him on different parts of the body, and not speaking his language, put questions to him through others, which he readily answered. His head has been shaved, yet a little hair left on the upper part of the neck, shows it to be black, and he wears a wig of that colour. His strong black beard is perceptible, although clean shaved. His complexion is swarthy, and his features are good, without the emaciation of which his body partakes; the cheek-bones are high, and the eyes are dark brown, approaching to black. They are represented as heavy and dull, and denote little mental capacity; but, perhaps, a watchful observer, who made pertinent inquiries of him in a proper manner, would remark otherwise. His features are flexible, and therefore capable of great animation, and his forehead indicates capacity. On any other than a common-place question, he elevates his head to an ordinary position, answers immediately and with precision, and discourses rationally and sensibly; more sensibly than some in the room, who put childish questions about him to the attendants, and express silly opinions as to his physical and mental structure and abilities, and call him 'a shocking creature.' There is nothing shocking either in his mind or his face. His countenance has an air of melancholy, but he expresses no feeling of the kind; and his voice is pleasing, deep-toned, and gentle."

Such was the celebrated Living Skeleton seen by Mr. Hone and the thousands whom curiosity led to behold so remarkable a being. By his exhibition in this country he realized a little fortune with which he immediately retired to his native place, but did not live long to enjoy it.



BARON TRENCK.

FREDERICK Baron Trenck was born at Konigsberg in Prussia, on the 16th of February, 1726, of one of the most ancient families in the country. His father, who died in 1740, with the rank of major-general of cavalry, bestowed particular care on the education of his son, and sent him at the age of thirteen to the university of his native city, where he made a rapid progress in his studies.

It was not long before he began to manifest that hot and impetuous disposition, and those violent passions which were probably the cause of all his subsequent misfortunes. At this period the barbarous practice of duel-

ling was very common in the university of Königsberg, where it was considered honourable to send a challenge. By the time Trenck was sixteen, he had been engaged in three affairs of this kind, and in all of them had wounded his antagonist. In 1742, he was introduced as a cadet into the body-guards of the king, who was so highly pleased with the talents which he displayed, as to give him a cornet's commission in the space of six weeks. His majesty likewise equipped him splendidly for the service; and, in 1743, selected him to instruct the Silesian cavalry in the new manœuvres, an honour never before granted to a youth of eighteen.

During the following winter, Trenck's corps was garrisoned at Berlin, where a table was kept at court for the officers, and where he associated with the celebrated literati whom Frederick had assembled around him.

Trenck was now near six feet high, and nature had endowed him with every requisite to please. It was about this time that his heart began to feel a passion which eventually drew down upon him the indignation and severity of his sovereign, though he would himself fain ascribe it to a very different cause. The object of his love was the princess Amelia, the king's sister, and from the notice which Trenck himself takes of this affair, it is not improbable that the first advances were made by the lady. He informs us that he was appointed to escort another of his majesty's sisters, who had been married to the king of Sweden, as far as Stettin. "Amid the tumult," says he, "inseparable from occasions like these, on which it was my duty to maintain order, a thief had the address to steal my watch, and cut away a part of the gold lace from the waistcoat of my uniform, and escape unperceived. This accident brought on me the raillery of my comrades, and the lady alluded to thence took occasion to console me, saying it would be her care that I should be no loser. Her words were accompanied by a look which I could not misunderstand, and a few days afterwards I thought myself the happiest of mortals."

This amour it was Trenck's interest to keep as profound a secret as possible. His mistress supplied him

with more money than he could spend, so that he made the greatest figure of any officer in his corps. The style in which he lived was remarked, and it was known that the income of the estate left him by his father was inadequate to support such an expenditure.

Never did the days of youth glide away with more apparent success and pleasure than those of Trenck during the first years of his residence at Berlin. His good fortune was, however, but of short duration. In the beginning of September, 1744, war broke out between Austria and Prussia. In the course of the campaign the baron received from his sovereign the order of Merit, and when it was ended, returned to Berlin, where he says he was received with open arms. He became less cautious in regard to his amour, and perhaps was more narrowly observed. A lieutenant of the foot-guards having indulged in some impertinent jokes on the subject, Trenck bestowed on him such an epithet as he thought he deserved, on which they drew their swords, and his antagonist was wounded. It would appear that his intrigue was no longer a secret to the king, for the next Sunday when the baron presented himself to pay his respects to his majesty on the parade, he addressed him in these remarkable words, "The thunder begins to roll and the bolt may fall—beware." This warning probably made little impression on Trenck, and obliged the king to have recourse to severity; for a short time afterwards, being a few minutes too late on the parade, the king remarked it, and made this neglect a pretext for sending him under arrest to Potsdam; nor did he recover his liberty till three days before the army marched to commence the second campaign.

During this campaign some letters passed between the baron and his cousin, who held a command in the Austrian army opposed to that of the Prussian monarch. This correspondence was made the ostensible reason of Trenck's being sent under an escort of fifty hussars from the army to Glatz, and there confined. Whether Frederick had any fresh reason for this act of severity, whether he had received any new provocation from Trenck, or was instigated

by the malicious insinuations of persons inimical to the baron, it is impossible to determine.

On his arrival at Glatz, he was not confined in a dungeon, but was lodged in a chamber belonging to an officer of the garrison, and was allowed his own servant to attend him. His first care after this painful reverse was to establish a safe correspondence with the princess, who endeavoured to soothe his mind and sent him a thousand ducats. He wrote to the king, requesting to be tried by a court-martial, and desiring that no favour might be shown, if he should be found guilty. No answer was returned, and Trenck thought himself justified in using every possible means to obtain his liberty. To this end he employed the supplies he had received from the princess in bribing some of the officers of the garrison, but his plan was ungratefully betrayed by a prisoner, whom he intended to rescue from bondage at the same time with himself.

Trenck's situation now became much more unpleasant. He was closely confined in a chamber, for having endeavoured to corrupt the king's officers, and was guarded with greater caution. This treatment was insupportable to his impatient temper, and he resolved to avail himself of the first opportunity of escape.

The window of his apartment looked towards the city, and was ninety feet from the ground in the tower of the citadel. With a notched penknife he sawed through three iron bars, and with a file, procured from one of the officers, he completed the business of effecting a passage through five more which barricaded the windows. This done, he cut his leathern portmanteau into thongs, sewed them end to end, added the sheets of his bed, and safely descended from this astonishing height. The night was dark, and everything seemed to promise success, but a circumstance he had never considered was, that he had to wade through moats full of mud, before he could enter the city. He sunk up to the knees, and after long struggling and incredible efforts to extricate himself, he was obliged to call the sentinel and desire him to go and tell the governor that Trenck was stuck fast in a ditch.

Having failed in a subsequent attempt, the result of sudden indignation and resentment, made in open day and in the face of the guard, the severities of imprisonment were still further increased. With no better success he attempted to seduce a part of the garrison, who had secreted arms, with the intention of giving liberty to all the prisoners and retiring into Bohemia. The design was betrayed by an Austrian deserter who had been intrusted with the secret, and Trenck now appeared to his sovereign in the light of a conspirator, desirous of corrupting the officers and soldiers of the king, and involving them in a participation in his treasonable designs. Nor was this the whole of his misfortune. His money was expended; and the princess, with whom he had kept up a continual correspondence, now wrote that she durst do no more for him.

Being thus abandoned entirely to his own exertions, Trenck contrived to procure money from a friend at Schweidnitz, and the inferior officers being still favourable to his views, he prevailed upon one of them, Lieutenant Schell, not only to aid him in his escape, but to be the companion of his flight. This they accomplished successfully, but not without undergoing incredible hardships and running many risks, which the baron has narrated in his memoirs, in a style equally graphic and interesting. Trenck afterwards went to Vienna accompanied by his friend Schell, who obtained a lieutenant-colonel's commission in an Austrian regiment, but Trenck himself got into various difficulties by interfering in the affairs of his cousin, the famous Colonel of Pandours, who was involved in a lawsuit. To this cousin, who had large estates in Austria, he was next heir. But, disgusted with his bad conduct and ingratitude, Trenck left him to fight his own battle with the lawyers, and went into the Russian service.

At the court of St. Petersburg, Trenck was received with the highest distinction, and was on the road to honours and emoluments, when he received intelligence of the death of his cousin, at the fortress of Spielberg, who left him his heir on condition that he should only serve the house of Austria. Nothing but the immense

property which his cousin was known to have possessed, and the persuasions of his friends, could have induced Trenck to return to Vienna, which in his heart he had renounced for ever.

To that metropolis he however returned, and there by the glorious uncertainty of the law, he found all his expectations disappointed, for out of the large estates and immense wealth of his cousin, he received no more than sixty-three thousand florins, with which in the sequel he purchased the lordship of Zwerbach in Austria.

In the month of March, 1754, his mother died, and he took a journey to Dantzic to settle some family affairs with his brothers and sister, his own estates in Prussia having been confiscated. Here an amicable partition of his mother's effects was made, and he remained with his brothers and sister a fortnight. Trenck's only acquaintance at Dantzic was the Austrain resident, to whom he brought letters of recommendation from Vienna. The politeness of this man's conduct was only a cloak for the basest perfidy; for in conjunction with the Prussian resident, he secretly prevailed on the magistrates of Dantzic to deliver the baron into the hands of the king of Prussia, who having been informed of his journey, sent to demand him. The magistrates, too weak to resist, complied with the requisition. Trenck was seized, plundered of his property, and delivered up to a party of Prussian soldiers. A close carriage was provided, and the unfortunate baron was immediately conveyed to Magdeburg, where, loaded with chains, he was immured in a dungeon expressly prepared for his reception. A small picture of the countess of Bestichef, his most particular friend at Petersburgh, set with diamonds, which he had kept concealed in his bosom, was taken from him; the door was shut, and there he was left. Round his neck was an iron collar of an hand's-breadth; to the ring of which the whole weight of his irons was pendant. The chains he was obliged to sustain with one hand, day and night, for fear of being strangled.

Above the elbows were two irons to which a chain was fixed behind his back that passed up to the neck collar.

These, however, were removed about a month after they were put on, as the baron fell ill.

There was a broad iron rim rivetted round his body, between which and the bar which separated his hands there was another chain. The bar two feet in length was ironed to the handcuffs, so that he could only bring the ends of his fingers in contact. The chains were also fixed to a thick iron staple in the wall, a triple row of chains descended to the right foot, and the whole weight, the projecting neck-collar acting as a lever, was enormous. Under the staple was a seat of bricks, on the opposite side a water-jug. Beneath the feet of the baron was his tombstone, with the name Trenck, carved over a death's head.

His confinement in this dreadful cell continued for nine years, five months, and some days, during which time he made many attempts to escape by bribing the sentinels and others, but never could effect his purpose, as always when on the point of gaining his liberty, something happened to prevent it; and in consequence of his several times disentangling himself from his irons, and also undermining the prison, every means was taken by adding strength to his fetters, and alterations made in his cell, to keep him perfectly secure.

“This dungeon,” says the baron in his memoirs, “was built in a casement, ten feet long and six broad. Two doors shut close on each other, and there was a third at the entrance of the casement. The light came through a window, at the opening of the arch of the vaulted roof, and went through a wall seven feet thick. Though it gave light enough, it was placed in such a manner that I could neither see heaven nor earth; I could only perceive the roof of the magazine. On the inside and outside of this window were bars of iron, and in the substance of the wall between them a grate of wire, worked so close together, that it was impossible to distinguish any object either within or without. Besides all this, the window was guarded with pallisades on the outside, to prevent the sentinels from approaching, and giving me any assistance. My furniture in this horrible abode, consisted of a bed-

stead, fastened to the floor, for fear I should remove it to the window, and get upon it, a mattress, a small stove, and near the stove a box, fixed against the wall, and intended to serve for a seat. I was not permitted to have any instrument of iron, and my allowance for four-and-twenty hours, was a pound and a-half of ammunition bread, and a jug of water.

“ Though I had been always a great eater in my youth, I was nevertheless obliged to throw away half my bread, it was so exceedingly mouldy. This proceeded from the town major’s avarice, who sought to derive a profit from this article, of which the number of prisoners made the consumption considerable.

“ Judge, reader, of what I suffered from hunger the eleven long months that I lived on this involuntary regimen! for I should have required at least six pounds of bread a-day to satisfy my appetite. I had no sooner received and devoured my allowance, than I felt again the attacks of hunger. I was, however, obliged to wait the revolution of the twenty-four hours, before I could hope for relief. How willingly would I have given a bill of exchange for a thousand ducats, on the money I had at Vienna, to satisfy my appetite for once with dry bread! Hunger seldom permitted me to sleep; and when it did, I instantly dreamed that I was sitting at a table covered with the most delicious viands, and that I was devouring them with the greatest voracity: I thought that the company wondered at my appetite. But as my dream did not fill my stomach, the illusion was not of long duration; I waked, the dishes disappeared, and left me nothing but chagrin. My cravings, however, became every day more pressing. This kind of suffering prevented me closing my eyes, and rendered my situation a thousand times more dreadful; the want of sleep doubling the duration of time, and consequently that of my torments.

“ Prayers and representations were all of no effect. The answer was, ‘ it is forbid by the king’s express order to give you more.’ General Borek, commandant of Magdeburg, a man of a cruel and severe disposition, said to me one day, when I begged him to make a small

addition to my portion, ' You gormandized long enough on the king's plate, which your cousin Trenck stole at the battle of Sorau; but you must now learn to eat our ammunition bread in your dirty hole. Your empress has not sent money for your support, and you neither deserve the bread allowed you, nor the expense you occasion, &c.' "

In consequence of his several attempts to escape, the king ordered a new dungeon to be built in such a manner as to put it out of his power to have any communication with the sentinels. Giving a description of his second dungeon, he says, " My prison having been built of lime and plaster, in the short space of eleven days, and I having been committed to it immediately after, it was thought that my sufferings could not be of long duration. Indeed, during the first half-year, the water dropped continually from the vaulted roof upon my body; and I can assure my readers, that for the first three months I did not know what it was to be dry. My health, however, did not suffer.

" When the officers came to visit me, which was every day after the relief of the guard, they were obliged, before they entered, to leave the doors open for a few minutes, as otherwise the exhalations from the walls, added to the thickness of the air, extinguished the candles.

" Left to myself in this horrid abode, without friends, without assistance, and without consolation, my imagination filled with the most dreadful images, and the most calculated to drive a man to despair. I cannot, to this day, conceive what withheld my hand from completing the tragedy. At length, however, when the clock had struck twelve, one day my tomb was opened for the first time. Pity and commiseration were painted on the faces of my keepers; but the profound silence they observed, and the time they employed in opening the doors, to the locks and bolts of which they were not yet accustomed, inspired terror.

" My chair was removed, and a bedstead, with a mattress, and a good blanket, put in its place. A whole ammunition loaf was given me, weighing six pounds, and the

town major said to me, 'that you may not complain any longer that you are starved, you shall have as much bread as you can eat.' A jug of water, containing about four quarts, was also given me; and then the doors were shut, and everybody disappeared.

"It would be difficult to describe the excess of my joy, on thinking that I was going to satisfy my appetite, after having for eleven months suffered the torments of hunger. There is no happiness in the world, that, in the first instant, seemed preferable to mine.

"Never did a fond lover, after long sighing in vain, fall with greater pleasure into the arms of his mistress; never did a tiger, thirsting after blood, throw himself with more fury on his prey, than I upon my bread. I ate, I devoured, now and then I stopped for a moment, that I might increase my enjoyment, and then I ate again; I thought my fate less hard; I wept for joy: I swallowed one bit after another, and before the evening came, the whole loaf was devoured.

"O nature! what an inexpressible charm hast thou attached to the satisfying of all our wants! and how happy would the rich man be, if he waited four-and-twenty or eight-and-forty hours before he sat down to his repast!"

While not occupied with planning the means of escape, Trenck used to amuse himself in composing verses, which, after innumerable difficulties to procure paper and pens, he wrote with his blood. He also engraved curious emblems upon tin cups, with his knife. His great ingenuity excited the attention of many persons of rank, particularly the empress Maria Theresa, who ordered her minister to employ all his influence at the court of Berlin to obtain his enlargement; which, however, did not happen till nine months after peace had taken place.

The baron, in his life, relates the following curious anecdote of a mouse:—"I tamed a mouse so perfectly, that the little animal was continually playing with me, and used to eat out of my mouth. One night it skipped about so much, that the sentinels heard a noise, and made their report to the officer of the guard. As the garrison had been changed at the peace, and as I had not been

able to form at once so close a connection with the officers of the regular troops, as I had done with those of the militia, an officer of the former, after ascertaining the truth of the report with his own ears, sent to inform the commanding officer that something extraordinary was going on in my prison. The town major arrived in consequence early in the morning, accompanied by locksmiths and masons. The floor, the walls, my chains, my body, everything, in short, was strictly examined. Finding all in order, they asked me the cause of the last evening's bustle. I had heard the mouse myself, and told them frankly by what it had been occasioned. They desired me to call my little favourite ; I whistled, and the mouse immediately leaped upon my shoulder. I solicited its pardon, but the officer of the guard took it into his possession, promising, however, on his word of honour, to give it to a lady who would take great care of it. Turning it afterwards loose in his chamber, the mouse, who knew nobody but me, soon disappeared, and hid itself in a hole. At the usual hour of visiting my prison, when the officers were just going away, the poor little animal darted in, climbed up my legs, seated itself on my shoulder, and played a thousand tricks, to express the joy it felt on seeing me again. Every one was astonished, and wished to have it. The major to terminate the dispute, carried it away, gave it to his wife, who had a light cage made for it ; but the mouse refused to eat, and a few days afterwards was found dead."

After his enlargement, Trenck married an amiable lady, by whom he had eleven children, and settled at Aix-la-Chapelle. On the death of the great Frederick, his august successor immediately granted him a passport to Berlin, and restored his confiscated estates, which he had not enjoyed for forty-two years. He soon set off for Königsberg, his native place, where he found his brother, who was very rich, waiting for him with impatience, and who adopted his children as his heirs. He was received by all his friends with such testimonies of joy, as were natural after his long absence, and he fully intended to end his days among them. Events arose, however, which

called him into active life, and made him again and again the football of fortune. He returned to Vienna, and subsequently visited Paris, at the commencement of the revolution, where for some time he was the *lion* of the day. The emperor Leopold had granted him a pension, on condition that he engaged under his hand, not to publish anything, either in the Austrian dominions or elsewhere ; but, according to his enemies, the baron was guilty of a breach of faith. No sooner was he arrived in Hungary, than at Buda he committed a work to the press in favour of the French revolution, in which he had the temerity to declare that the proceedings of the French ought to serve as a model for other states, and that he had himself contributed much to the revolution. He was in consequence arrested by order of the Hungarian government, and conducted under an escort of twelve grenadiers, to Vienna, and confined in a mad-house, where it was supposed he would end his days. In 1791, however, he was again set at liberty, but was obliged to sign a new promise to live quietly, to behave loyally, and not to travel without assigning a reason, or without having obtained permission for that purpose.

Such is the account which has been given of Trenck's conduct on that occasion, in various publications, but he himself relates the circumstances of the business in a very different manner. He states that, on his accession to the Austrian throne, the emperor Leopold, to whom he was previously well known, required the assistance of his pen in support of certain reforms in Hungary, where a serious ferment had taken place. He accordingly employed his talents with such success, that the malcontents, headed by the clergy, were highly exasperated, and even threatened to assassinate him.

Though the emperor secretly approved of all Trenck's proceedings, yet the baron relates that he was obliged to acquiesce in the plan of the above-mentioned engagement, in the form of a bond, and in which he was threatened with confinement if he refused to subscribe. He acknowledges having been sent a prisoner from Buda to Vienna for some neglect of military etiquette, and confined for

nineteen days in his own house, in the latter city. Irritated at this treatment, which originated with the prince of Coburg, the baron demanded public satisfaction or his discharge, renouncing his pension and his rank in the army, and also claiming the bond he had signed on compulsion. The emperor not only returned the bond, but accepted his resignation of his rank, increased his pension from nine to fifteen hundred florins, and gave him permission to employ his talents in whatever manner he pleased.

Trenck informs us also, that Leopold not only treated him with the greatest condescension, but even intimated his design to compensate him for the injustice he had sustained, with respect to the Hungarian estates of his cousin. Unfortunately for the baron's hopes, the monarch died suddenly, after a very short reign, and with him died all the expectations of Trenck.

He lived in obscurity a few years, and died in 1797. Trenck left a family of eight children out of eleven his wife had brought him during their union. Two of his sons were in the military service of Prussia, and one in the imperial army. His pension of fifteen hundred florins was continued to his family after his decease.

The reader will naturally be curious to learn the fate of the royal lady whose love for the baron was primarily the cause of all his misfortunes. In 1787, when he visited Berlin by permission of the new king, he was received at court and treated with the utmost affability. He had also an interview with the Princess Amelia, but it is easier to imagine than describe the feelings of either, when each beheld the ravages which misfortune and time had made in the appearance of both. Forty years had elapsed since they last met. Age, grief, and anxiety had produced paralysis in the princess, and not a vestige of her former beauty remained. His long imprisonment and the snows of sixty winters had sadly altered the originally fine form of the baron. Never was there a more melancholy interview. Trenck almost immediately left Berlin, and five days after his departure the princess expired!



NATHANIEL BENTLEY.

THIS eccentric person was long the proprietor of a hardware shop in London, known by the characteristic appellation of the *Dirty Warehouse*, he himself being distinguished by that of *Dirty Dick*. He succeeded his father, who carried on the same business. The elder Bentley here lived in considerable style, keeping his carriage, and also a country-house. He gave his son a good education, but being of a tyrannical disposition, treated him as well as his servants in the most unreasonable manner. In consequence of this unmerited severity, young Bentley ran away from home, and was absent several years. How he was employed during that period we are unable to state, but it is supposed that he then contracted that peculiar turn of mind which afterwards manifested itself in such an eccentric manner.

His frugality seems to have been an hereditary endowment. The elder Bentley, though possessed of considerable property in houses at Islington, married a lady for the sake of her fortune, which enabled him to save his

own; and he laid down his own coach, that he might make use of hers.

Mr. Bentley died about the year 1760, leaving all his property to his son. At that time the premises formed two distinct shops; these the young man now threw into one, and in 1764 set out for Paris. During his absence, he left a person to attend to his business, who being a cleanly and industrious man, placed every article in proper order, little thinking it would be the last time that some of them would ever be cleaned and dusted.

Previous to the death of his father, and for some years after that event, Mr. Bentley was called the beau of Leadenhall-street, and was seen at all public places, dressed as a man of fashion. At this period his favourite suit was blue and silver, with his hair dressed in the highest style of fashionable extravagance. He paid several visits to Paris, and was present at the coronation of Louis XVI., to whom he was personally introduced, and was considered one of the handsomest and best dressed English gentlemen then at the French court. He spoke several foreign languages fluently, particularly French, Italian, and German. At this period, he attended masquerade and assemblies, and always appeared in the most fashionable attire.

The last time he visited Paris, he was absent about three weeks. On this occasion, he committed the care of his shop to two people, who transacted the business as usual, but whom he dismissed as soon as he returned, requiring no account, and merely remarking that none was necessary, as they could make any statement they pleased. Now began his career of dirt and penury. Henceforward, nothing was ever permitted to be cleaned or dusted in his shop. He himself generally attended in it without a coat, and the dirtiness of his attire and his skin, corresponded with that of the goods in his windows for sale. Out of business, he wore a fustian dress and cocked hat; and on gay occasions, a suit of old-fashioned blue. He frequently powdered his hair in the midst of all his dirt, before a front window, which naturally attracted the notice of the multitude.

In his living it is reported that he never exceeded eighteenpence a-day, for he observed, that if he had followed the example of many other people or even his own former custom of living, he should inevitably have involved himself in a state of bankruptcy or have to spend the remainder of his days in prison. When told that other people could not live as he did, he would reply, "Every one can that pleases," insisting that it was no hardship to him, though in his early days, he had seven dishes on his table at a time and three servants to attend him.

Mr. Bentley's house, which was of a large size, had originally a front of white plaster, which time had converted into a dingy black. Its outside perfectly corresponded with the interior, and both with the figure of its extraordinary inhabitant. The windows were literally as black and covered as thickly with dirt and smoke as the back of a chimney which has not been swept for many years. Of the windows scarcely a pane was left whole, to remedy which several of the window shutters long remained unopened, and the other vacancies were repaired with japanned waiters and tea-trays, which Mr. Bentley always took good care to chain to the window frames. Though this method of proceeding may appear to have proceeded from parsimony, yet notoriety rather than avarice seemed to be his ruling principle. By the adoption of this dirty system, he found by experience, that he excited much curiosity and attracted considerable notice. He has been heard himself to relate, that a lady came purposely from Yorkshire to see him as the most remarkable character she had ever heard of, and it is certain that other ladies have been equally curious. In addition to this, it has been related, that the neighbours, especially those on the opposite side of the street, frequently offered to defray the expense of painting and repairing the front of his house, but this Mr. Bentley as constantly refused, alleging that his shop was so well known abroad, as well as at home, by the denomination of the *Dirty Warehouse* of Leadenhall-street, that to alter its appearance, would ruin his trade with the Levant and other foreign parts.

The appearance of this extraordinary place, and its no less extraordinary inhabitant, is described with much spirit, in the following lines :—

“Who but has seen (if he can see at all)
 ’Twixt Aldgate’s well-known pump and Leadenhall,
 A curious hardware shop, in general full
 Of wares from Birmingham and Pontipool?
 Begrim’d with dirt, behold its ample front,
 With thirty years’ collected filth upon’t;
 See festoon’d cobwebs pendant o’er the door,
 While boxes, bales, and trunks, are strew’d around the floor.

Behold how whistling winds and driving rain,
 Gain free admission at each broken pane,
 Save where the dingy tenant keeps them out
 With urn, or tray, knife-case, or dirty clout!
 Here snuffers, waiters, patent screws for corks;
 There castors, card-racks, cheese-trays, knives and forks!
 Here empty cases pil’d in heaps on high;
 There packthread, papers, rope, in wild disorder lie.

Oh! say, thou enemy to soap and towels!
 Hast no compassion lurking in thy bowels?
 Think what the neighbours suffer by thy whim,
 Of keeping self and house in such a trim!
 The officers of health should view the scene,
 And put thy shop and thee in quarantine.
 Consider thou, in summer’s ardent heat,
 When various means are tried to cool the street,
 What must each decent neighbour suffer then
 From noxious vapours issuing from thy den.

Say, if within the street where thou dost dwell,
 Each house were kept exactly like thy cell;
 O say, thou enemy to brooms and mops!
 How long thy neighbours could keep open shops,
 If following thee in taste, each wretched elf,
 Unshaved, unwashed, and squalid like thyself,
 Resolved to live?—The answer’s very plain,
 One year would be the utmost of their reign:
 Victims to filth, each votary soon would fall,
 And one grand jail-distemper kill them all.

Persons there are, who say thou hast been seen
 Some years ago, with hands and face washed clean;
 And wouldst thou quit this most unseemly plan,
 Thou art, ’tis said, a very comely man:
 Of polished language, partial to the fair,
 Then why not wash thy face, and comb thy hair;
 Clear from thy house accumulated dirt,
 New paint the front, and wear a cleaner shirt?”

The confusion which prevailed in the interior of this place was not less remarkable than its ruinous appearance without. Gold ear-rings, trinkets, and other valuable articles lay buried among his goods in various parts of the house. Nothing, perhaps, can convey a better idea of the disorder of Mr. Bentley's shop and business than the following anecdote. The traveller of a mercantile house at Birmingham, called upon him and obtained an order to a considerable amount, which was duly executed. About two years afterwards he waited upon him for payment for the goods. Mr. Bentley not recollecting his person, was astonished at the demand, and declared his total ignorance of the transaction. The traveller, after repeated applications, attributing the cause to the apparent confusion of the place, requested permission to search for the goods, which he thought he should know. After spending much time and trouble, he at length discovered the bale of goods, unpacked, exactly as it was sent from Birmingham. The traveller was agreeably surprised at the circumstance, and Mr. Bentley being convinced, honourably settled the account.

The ignorant circulated a report that Mr. Bentley had in his house a blue room, for the same purpose as that mentioned in the popular story of Blue-beard; but this is thought to have been set on foot by himself for the purpose of checking impertinent curiosity. It is, however, asserted as a fact, that he had a room which had remained locked up without being ever opened for a great number of years. Of this singular fancy the following circumstance is said to have been the cause. Mr. Bentley was engaged to be married to a young lady, and previous to the performance of the ceremony, he invited her and several of her relatives to partake of a sumptuous entertainment. Having prepared everything for their reception, he anxiously awaited in this apartment the arrival of his intended bride, when a messenger entered, bringing the melancholy intelligence of her sudden death. This unexpected event had such an effect upon him, that he closed up the room, with the resolution that it should never again be opened.

In this capacious habitation Mr. Bentley lived alone, without servant or domestic of any kind. For more than twenty years before he quitted business, he had not kept a servant of either sex, and if asked the reason, he would reply that he was once robbed by a servant, and was therefore determined never to keep one again. Some person who inquired whether he kept a dog or cat to destroy any vermin he might have in the house, he answered with a smile, "No, Sir, they only make more dirt and spoil more goods than their services are worth. And as to rats and mice," added he, "how can they live in my house when I take care to leave them nothing to eat?"

Though Mr. Bentley kept no servant in his house, he employed a poor man by the hour to watch his door, to prevent the intrusion of impertinent people, carry out his goods occasionally, buy provisions, and hand the shutters, which he himself put up and took down every night and morning. This man had directions, when Bentley was above, shaving or otherwise employed, to call him on the entrance of any customer, when he would come down just as he was, half-shaved or perhaps half-naked. Notwithstanding his oddities, he was remarkably polite to his customers, and the ladies, in particular, were loud in their praises of the elegance of his manners.

Amid the mass of filth which a long series of years had accumulated in his habitation, Mr. Bentley led the kind of life we have already described till his lease of the premises expired, and in February, 1804, he quitted them with great reluctance, being under articles to his successor, Mr. Gosling, to relinquish business in his favour. For thirty years he had invariably refused admittance to every one, the ground landlord not excepted, declaring that he would not suffer a saint from heaven to go over his house. His lease terminated at Christmas, 1802, and during the next year Mr. Bentley was the tenant of Mr. Gosling, and to him also he denied access till he could no longer withhold it.

Mr. Gosling, on obtaining possession of the premises, indulged the curious with a view of the apartments. This permission attracted great numbers of visitors, by one of

whom the following description of the interior of this extraordinary mansion is given:—

“The first objects that attracted attention were the ponderous folding-doors of the shop and the rusty bolts, bars, and chains for securing them. The ceiling in the hall exhibited traces of former elegance, and the staircase displayed much workmanship. On the first flight of stairs hung the remains of a long extinguished lamp. The first room on the first floor had been a kitchen, where there was seen a jack, spit, &c., the rusty condition of which demonstrated that it had not moved for many years. It had long been deprived of its chain, with which Bentley secured the tea-trays placed against the broken panes of his shop windows. Here also was a clock, which was once handsome, and no doubt regulated the movements of his father’s family, but now so disguised with dirt, as to be much better calculated to inform the spectator how many years’ filth it had accumulated, than to point out the fleeting hours and minutes. The kitchen range, once equally good and useful, had only been used to support a frying pan without a handle, curiously mended with pegs, in which Bentley used to burn a mixture of small-coal and charcoal for cooking his provisions. The furniture of this place consisted of a dirty round table, and a bottomless chair, made useful by the cover of a packing box. Except a few articles of broken earthenware, the shelves and dressers exhibited nothing but old shoes, a masquerade wig, cocked hat and sword. Beside the tin flour vessel, the cleanest article in the house, stood a chemist’s pipkin supplied with soap for shaving, a brush of his own manufacture, and a piece of broken looking-glass, curiously inlaid in wood. This was evidently the only dressing and sitting room, and here also its extraordinary inhabitant reposed, wrapping himself up in an old coat, and lying upon the floor, which, from the accumulated dirt and rubbish, must have been softer than the bare boards.

“Next to the kitchen was a small study apparently long inhabited by spiders. The closet was full of dirty bottles, from which it was conjectured that Mr. Bentley had formerly been engaged in chemical pursuits. The ceiling

of this room had been elegant, and the ground being blue, he gave it the name of the blue room. The secretaire and book-case contained some valuable works ; the counter part was his jewellery casket, from which he used to indulge his female customers with little ornaments as presents, which never failed to be very productive in his way of business.

“The dining-room contained a large round mahogany table, at which, as Bentley related, the company were entertained at his christening. Here the looking-glasses and pictures could not be distinguished from the sable walls. The antiquated grate, once of highly polished steel, but for many years a prey to consuming rust, contained nothing combustible, but seemed to groan under an immense burden of mortar and rubbish blown down the chimney. The marble sideboard, relics of chairs, the chimney-piece elegantly carved, and the shades of lustres hung round the ceiling, indicated the former respectability of the place. The carpet in this room was a curiosity, for unless the corner was turned up, the visitor imagined that he was treading on dirty boards. One of the closets was full of pipkins and phials, of which Mr. Bentley charged his successor to be particularly careful, as they contained poison enough to destroy one-half of London.”

In February, 1804, as we have already mentioned, Mr. Bentley finally quitted that business which for forty years he had conducted in a manner so truly extraordinary. It may be supposed that his time would now hang heavy upon his hands, after being for so long a period accustomed to the active pursuits of trade. But it was not so. Mr. Bentley, notwithstanding his singular habits and eccentricities, possessed an enlightened and well-informed mind, and sufficient resources within himself to pass his time agreeably, either amid the bustle of business or the calmer hours of retirement.

Mr. Bentley had a sister, a very accomplished lady, who for elegance and neatness was quite a contrast to himself. Her husband was Mr. Lindegreen, a considerable merchant of Mincing-lane, after whose decease she took up her residence at Durham Place, Chelsea. From

this lady some of the particulars above narrated were obtained. She often visited her brother in her chariot, but seldom alighted, being as much an enemy to dirt as he was to cleanliness. On one occasion, while paying him a visit, she bespoke some articles, which she desired him to send to her residence. Mr. Bentley accordingly hired a person in the neighbourhood to take them home, observing, that if he went himself he would not perhaps get payment on delivery. The messenger was surprised at the splendid appearance of the sister's establishment, who politely desired him to give her love to her brother, and tell him that she would soon call to see him, and then settle with himself. "Aye, aye," said Mr. Bentley, when this answer was communicated to him, "I was afraid how it would be, but it's of no use to complain of women."

JOHN BART.

IN France, previous to the Revolution, the common people were rigidly excluded from offices of trust and honour, these being all carefully kept for the special benefit of the aristocracy. Accordingly, it was only by the force of peculiar circumstances that any one of the *canaille*, or swinish multitude, could ever rise to distinction in any department of the state. Some few instances of this kind are upon record, and John Bart's promotion to the rank of admiral, although he was only the son of a fisherman, is one of the number.

This rough, home-spun son of the sea, was born at Dunkirk, in 1651. His father being a common fisherman, poor and illiterate, he himself was brought up to the same humble calling, and never had the benefits of education. He acquired, however, what served him in the stead of book learning, an early practical knowledge of the coasts in the narrow seas, and such an acquaintance with maritime life as enabled him afterwards to run personal risks and encounter dangers that would have appalled men of less experience. His early apprenticeship,

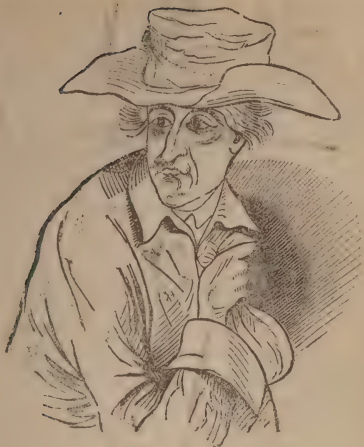
under his father, also inured him to the hardships of a sea-faring life, almost from his infancy. He was, of course, rough in his manners and appearance, as fishermen generally are, but this was compensated by his frankness, and a bold, though kindly, disposition.

After reaching manhood, Bart, in consequence of having been previously employed in the merchant service, got the command of a privateer, to cruise against the Dutch and English. His early acquaintance with the coasts of both countries was now of prodigious advantage to him. Keeping constantly within the narrow seas, his knowledge of which was perfect, he made innumerable captures, and signalized himself by so many daring and singular acts, that he became the terror of both the Dutch and English mercantile marine. His exploits in this way at length earned him so much notoriety, that the French government felt itself called upon to reward him, and he accordingly received a commission in the navy.

Bart, in his new position, displayed his wonted skill and bravery as a seaman, and was gradually promoted, till at length in 1692, he received the appointment of commodore, with the command of a squadron of seven ships and a fire ship. The harbour of Dunkirk, his native place, was at this time blockaded by the Dutch and English.

Bart passed through both fleets, and made a most successful cruise, taking and destroying a great number of merchantmen in the first place, then making a descent near Newcastle, where he burnt two hundred houses, and finally returning triumphantly to port with prizes of immense value. He distinguished himself on various other occasions after this; but his greatest exploit was in 1694, when he rescued a fleet of French grain ships, which had been captured by the Dutch. As it was of importance that the corn in these vessels should reach France, which was then threatened with a scarcity, Bart was purposely despatched to escort them home. But when he reached his destination, he found the grain fleet already captured by a Dutch squadron of eight ships of war. Although his own squadron consisted only of six ships, he at once attacked the Dutchmen; and after an obstinate resistance, he not

only recaptured the grain ships, but compelled the Dutch admiral's own ship, and other two ships of the squadron, to strike their flags and surrender. He then returned in triumph to France. In reward of his gallantry and success in this last action, Bart was ennobled. Thus to elevate a coarse, uneducated plebeian, was thought worse than sacrilege among the courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth. Accordingly, when the Chevalier Forbin, who was at the head of the Marine, introduced Bart at court, he was sneeringly called the bear-leader. It is related that John, on this occasion, agreeably to court etiquette, wore breeches of cloth of gold, which were most uncomfortably lined with cloth of silver, but he did not fail to express, in his own way, the uneasiness he felt at being confined in such habiliments. On being presented to the king, "John Bart," said the monarch, "I have made you a commodore."—"You have done right, Sire," replied John; upon which the mirth of the courtiers could not be restrained, and a universal titter ran through the circle that surrounded the king. In all that regarded dignity and good manners, Louis was remarkable for presence of mind. He accordingly rebuked the ill-timed merriment, by calmly observing, that the reply of Bart was that of a man who justly appreciated his own value, and who intended if opportunities offered, to give other signal proofs of it. Bart, however, did not live long enough to fulfil the expectations of him which the king thus handsomely expressed, nor to enjoy his newly acquired honours. He died in 1702.



DANIEL DANCER.

IN the life of this wretched miser we have perhaps the most striking instance of the insatiable thirst of gold, recorded in the history of human nature. He was born in 1716, near Harrow, in Middlesex. His father, who possessed considerable property, had four children, three sons and one daughter, of whom Daniel was the eldest. His youth was not distinguished for any particular passion or propensity, and it was not till he succeeded to the fortune which devolved to him by the death of his father, that he manifested the inordinate love of money which rendered him miserable during the remainder of his life. His sister, whose disposition exactly corresponded with his own, continued to reside with him till his death.

The fare of this saving couple was invariably the same. They used constantly on a Sunday to boil a sticking of beef, with fourteen hard dumplings, and this was made to last during the whole week.

Had not Miss Dancer lived in an enlightened age, she would most certainly have run the risk of incurring the

penalties inflicted in former times on those unhappy wretches accused of witchcraft; so perfectly did her appearance agree with the ideas attached to a witch. She seldom stirred out of her miserable hut, except when alarmed by the cry of huntsmen and hounds; on such occasions she used to sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, with which she endeavoured to repel the progress of these intruders on her brother's grounds: and her appearance was rather that of a moving mass of rags than of a human being.

During her last illness, her brother was frequently requested to procure medical assistance for her. His reply was, "Why should I waste my money, in wickedly endeavouring to counteract the will of Providence? If the old girl's time is come, the nostrums of all the quacks in Christendom cannot save her, and she may as well die now as at any future period."

The only food he offered his sister during her indisposition was her usual allowance of cold dumpling and sticking of beef, accompanied by the affectionate declaration, that if she did not like it, she might go without.

On the death of his sister, finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, who was a proper counterpart of himself. This servant, Griffiths, had, by severe parsimony, contrived to accumulate £500 out of wages which had never exceeded £10 per annum.

From a principle of rigid economy, Mr. Dancer rarely washed his hands and face; and when he did, it was always without the assistance of either soap or towel. Dispensing with those articles of expensive luxury, he used when the sun shone, to repair to a neighbouring pool, and after washing himself with sand, he would lie on his back in the sun to dry himself. His tattered garments, which were scarcely sufficient to cover his nakedness, were kept together by a strong hay-band, which he fastened round his body. His stockings were so patched, that not a vestige of the original could be perceived, and in cold and dirty weather he wound about his legs ropes of hay, so that his whole figure presented the most striking picture of abject misery.

When his sister died, he had a pair of sheets on his bed, which he would never suffer to be removed, but lay in them till they were worn out. He would not allow his house to be cleaned, and the room in which he lived was nearly filled with sticks he had collected from his neighbours' hedges. He was for many years his own cobbler, and the last pair of shoes he wore had become so large and ponderous, from the frequent soles and coverings they had received, that they rather resembled hog-troughs than shoes.

In his rambles, Mr. Dancer gathered all the bones he met with, and rather than return home empty-handed, he would load himself with the dung of the cattle on the common. The bones he first picked himself, and then broke in pieces for his dog Bob. His conduct to this favourite, whom he always called, "Bob, my child," affords a striking instance of human inconsistency; for while he himself would swill the pot-liquor of Lady Tempest's kitchen, to save the expense of a penny, Bob was allowed a pint of milk daily. His affection for this domestic was, nevertheless, overpowered by a consideration which, with him, carried irresistible weight. Complaints were made to him that Bob had worried some sheep. On this, he took the dog to a blacksmith's shop, where he ordered all his teeth to be broken off short, to prevent a repetition of the mischief, for which he might probably have been compelled to make compensation.

The report of his wealth, and the idea of its concealment about the house, once brought a troop of house-breakers, who very easily entered, but could find little property. This man concealed his treasure where no one would think of looking for it. Bank notes usually lay with spiders amongst the cobwebs in the cow-house; guineas were concealed in holes in the chimney, and about the fire-place, covered with soot and ashes.

This accident probably made some impression, and rendered him desirous of placing his money in a more secure situation than his own wretched hut. Repairing not long after to London, to invest two thousand pounds in the funds, a gentleman who met him near the

Exchange, mistaking him for a beggar, put a penny into his hand. Though somewhat surprised at first, yet recollecting that every little helps, he put the money into his pocket, and continued his walk.

Lady Tempest, who was the only person that had any influence on the mind of this unhappy man, employed every possible persuasion and device to induce him to partake of those conveniences and comforts which are so gratifying to others, but without effect.

During the illness which terminated his mis-spent life, Lady Tempest accidentally calling upon him, found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his neck. To her remonstrances against the impropriety of such a situation, he replied, that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, when he immediately ordered his old servant Griffiths to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose. Thus expired this miserable man, in October, 1794, in the 78th year of his age.

It took many weeks to explore the contents of his dwelling. One of his richest escrutoirs was the dung-heap in the cow-house, which contained near £2,500, and in an old jacket, carefully tied, and strongly nailed down to the manger, was the sum of £500 in gold and bank notes. In the chimney was about £200, and an old tea-pot contained bank notes to the value of £600; it was covered with a piece of paper, whimsically inscribed, "Not to be hastily looked over."

He left in landed property to the amount of £500 per annum to Lady Tempest, and after her death, to her only son, Sir Henry Tempest, of Stoke-end, Hereford; in short, the whole property which he left to Lady Tempest and her brother Captain Holmes, was about £3,000 per annum. Lady Tempest did not long enjoy the accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death; for she contracted an illness during her attendance upon Mr. Dancer in his last hours, that in a few months terminated her own life.

BIG SAM.

SAMUEL M'DONALD, better known in Scotland by the name of "Big Sam," from his immense bulk, was born in the parish of Lairg, Sutherlandshire, and during the latter part of the American war, was a private in the Sutherland Fencibles. He afterwards entered the Royals, in which regiment he became fugleman. It was while in this situation that he attracted the notice of the Prince of Wales, (afterwards George the Fourth,) who made him lodge-porter at Carlton-house. Having held this office about two years, he gave in his resignation, and again entered the Sutherland Fencibles, in which he was now appointed a sergeant.

Sam was six feet ten inches high, measured four feet round the chest, and was stout and muscular in proportion. He had also an exceedingly clear and sonorous voice. With these physical properties, he was bland in his manner and deportment, and extremely good-natured. As a drill sergeant, therefore, he was unrivalled; and consequently was very often employed in that capacity. In this position, however, as well as several others of a military nature, he acquitted himself so as to obtain general esteem. In consequence of his great height, he always marched at the head of the regiment when in column, and on these occasions his appearance was rendered more striking by his being accompanied by a mountain-deer of a size corresponding nearly with his own. Some extraordinary anecdotes are told of this Scottish Hercules, as he was usually called in England, but they generally savour of the marvellous. The following, which we extract from "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits," are given as authentic by the ingenious author of that amusing work.

When Sam was in London he was advised to show himself for money, but he spurned this suggestion as tending to degrade the Highland character. He so far acted upon it, however, as to dress in female attire, and advertise as "the remarkably tall woman." By this expedient, or rather this compromise between his honour

and his desire of gain, he became so well furnished with cash that his expenditure attracted the notice of his colonel, who was curious to ascertain from what source he obtained his supplies. Sam, on being interrogated, candidly acknowledged the fact at once, and thus the secret transpired.

While in the service of the Prince of Wales, he was once persuaded, at the request of his Royal Highness, to appear on the stage. It was in the dramatic entertainment of "Cymon and Iphigenia," which was performed at the Opera-house in the Haymarket, then occupied by the Drury-lane company. The character represented by Sam was the appropriate one of *Hercules*. How he acquitted himself is not recorded, but we may presume that he came off with no very great *eclat*, as he never appeared again. It is probable that this, and also some other tasks of even a less agreeable description, induced him to leave his Royal Highness's service.

Numerous anecdotes are told of Sam's great strength, some of which are also no doubt apocryphal. But the one we are about to relate may be relied on. He was one day challenged by two soldiers of his own regiment, on the understanding that he was to fight both at once. Sam reluctantly agreed, but said, as he had no quarrel with them, he should like to shake hands with them before they began. One of them instantly held out his hand, which Sam seized; but instead of giving it the friendly shake expected, he used it as a lever to raise its owner from the ground, when he swung him round as he would a cat by the tail, and threw him to a great distance. The other combatant, not admiring this preliminary process, immediately took to his heels. On another occasion, in the barrack-room, one of the men requested him to hand down a loaf from a shelf, which was beyond his own reach. Sam immediately caught the man by the neck in jest, and holding him up at arm's length, said, "There, take it down yourself." He died, universally regretted, while with the regiment at Guernsey, in the year 1802.

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